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November, 1910

# Tipyn o' Bob

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Bryn Mawr

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# Tipyn o'Bob

*Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.*

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VOL. VIII

NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 1

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*EDITORIALS.*

To 1914—Since the choice of subject is ever a difficult matter to the editorial mind, the Freshman class commends itself to us by this virtue: each year it offers itself, or must submit, to the pen of the ready writer, and indeed from sea to sea the editors of college papers are at this time pouring forth upon the heads of many a class of 1914 their words of welcome and their well-turned phrases of advice. Therefore, O 1914 of Bryn Mawr, we accept our privilege, embrace you as a subject, and welcome you, especially as possible contributors to our columns. But lest we should alarm you by untimely solicitation, we hasten on to a more congenial task. If you are already too much preoccupied to profit by our counsel, we ourselves are—let us in confidence admit it—in no sense beyond its reach, and therefore we should not write in vain. Long before you see this page you will be plunged, almost without knowing where you are, deep into the life of this little world. Practising songs,

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playing hockey, going to parties, talking, studying,—the beginning of an enumeration leaves us breathless. And this is the warning: keep your heads above water. Do not go beyond your depth in this swift stream of much doing unless you can swim, and be sure to set your feet on the firm ground of reflection at least once a day. The figure is tempting, but there must be no doubt as to its meaning. You are many, O 1914, and you hold in your hands that most precious of all human possessions, a fresh opportunity. Do with it as much as you can with all your might, but possess it, do not give it the mastery. If you who are newcomers among us could learn in these next four years to master a flood of many activities, to possess continually a certain knowledge of your soul's whereabouts, of your final aim, you would take out into the world the essential equipment for happiness, and the cause of education would, through your very lives, receive its only justification.

M. D. C.

*In Defense of Happiness*—If, traditionally, to compose an editorial is to pick a quarrel, let us for a little while be untraditional, and with never a murmur rejoice, this splendid fall of the year, that we are once more gathered at Bryn Mawr, the fairest spot ever dreamed of for quiet work, rich leisure, and the finding and cherishing of friends. How under the circumstances the veriest grumbler could find it in his heart to detect a flaw in the constitution of things is a problem. For us it would be necessary to invent one. And let not those but half approving of the manner and results of college life for women think to discover here fresh food for their theories. Such contentment as these lines intend to express is, in our belief, but one more justification of the life which inspired it. Too idealistic, too impractical, too remote from the things of the actual world we well may be, but that there is possible, for us who linger here, a careful joyousness not known to others, is surely no pity, but a great gain. For may not one of the world's larger aims be to create the greatest possible happiness for the greatest number? If so, the winning of the sheer gladness that belongs to four years of cloistered existence is in itself no unworthy end. In any case, if for even a few—and those how fortunate!—vivid enjoyment can issue from these serene swift days when duty, no less than inclination, admonishes us to forget that experience holds anything more vital or more absorbing than occupation with new ideas,—well, let it.

H. H. P.

*Why the Other Half Lives*—Too often neglected, we are told, is the question, How the other half lives. Of the related question, Why the other half lives, the same cannot be said; indeed, it obtrudes itself too constantly to be forgotten. To what avail the existence of people who do not interest, who do not attract, who do not amuse us? This fair world being created, as it obviously is, merely for our behoof and enjoyment, what purpose is served by tenants who fail to minister to that end? Sorrowfully it must be acknowledged that there are mysteries beyond our ken. But shall we therefore waver in our confidence? Shall we for a moment doubt our own worthiness to constitute ourselves judges and dividers? or shall we dare to imagine the Creator of all as taking an equal interest in the less and in the more engaging of His creatures,—a lack of taste which in one of ourselves we should instantly condemn? Rather let us hold firmly to the belief that these taxes on our time and space, on our air and sunlight, are levied with no other object than our own development and discipline; and that, in reward of our patience, we are destined ultimately to inhabit a select little universe of our own, into which no one who cannot pass our unerring tests shall ever be allowed to enter.

C. I. C.

In these days when spring hats linger, though faded; and soft collars and ribbons have not yet given way to the tight, highly starched variety of neckwear that winter brings with it; when cold drinks are popular at the tea house and the voice of the Freshman is still jubilant in the land;—in such weather even the editorial loins may be ungirded, the editorial frame relaxed, and the editorial brow serene. In such times informality is the very breath of life, and I choose this season for a dark confession, a secret hitherto undivulged. An editor is, public opinion to the contrary, a man as other men. On the authority of the office boy I give it to you, that the sole difference between editor and consumer is—the editorial “we.” It is both his weapon and defense, and the shield behind which he hides. What he might never dare to say at a friendly gathering in his own person apropos of the Monroe Doctrine or Self Government, he says with impunity behind the authority of “we.” Moreover, what would be scoffed at, falling from his lips, commands a certain amount of respect and consideration when appearing in

cold black print of "we." What in you or me is prejudice, in "we" is conviction; what in you or me is bitterness, is in "we" enthusiasm; what in you is narrow and in me is unfounded, is in "we" conservative and authentic.

And even if it isn't, what are you going to do about it? You can tell me that my words are false or I can tell you that you lack knowledge whereof you speak, but you can't challenge to a duel a pronoun shared by royalty any more than you can challenge the entire editorial staff. So you choke down your wrath and wonder what the fellow that wrote that is like in private life. But you can't know, because the "we" stands in the way, the official security of "an editor." And if you make little of my confession, if even the office cat jeers, I shall comfort my feeling of injury with the thought that it is all because I have backed these very statements only with the unofficial "I."

M. T.

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### *THE GIFT OF SIGHT.*

BY MARION D. CRANE, 1911.

It was toward high noon of a day in mid August, and the sunlight fell clear and hot on the road between leaf shadows. But the heat was only part of the pleasurable sensation of the moment to the man and woman who were walking at a vigorous pace toward the village. A swift wind was blowing high among banks of cloud; the clean air, scented from hay-fields lately cut, was a-stir with the life of the ripened year. Over in a meadow a quail piped sweetly, and the man and woman paused for a moment to listen.

"That's just the tune for an August meadow, isn't it, Jess?" The man was watching his companion's face with apparent pleasure, as she listened, with her head thrown back and upward a little. It was only when his attention was arrested by her pure enjoyment of her other senses, or by her wonderful facility in their fields, that he thought of Jessica Phelps as blind. And then he could give in his feeling no place to pity, but only to a peculiar sympathy with her happiness. They had known each other all their lives, these two. When Jessica had first

learned to walk alone in her world of dim shadows and dimmer lights, George Follett, a small wondering boy, had watched her from his side of an intervening hedge, had watched her grope and fall and laugh, while her nurse looked on; he had come creeping through a hole in the hedge to her side, and with a new feeling of merciful tenderness in his small breast, had given her his hand. Since that day he had kept toward her a sense of protecting proprietorship. Long ago she had ceased to need an actual helping hand. At this moment she was walking as she loved to do, quite free and unhesitating, with the width of the narrow road between them. But though he forgot her blindness he was subtly influenced by the fact of it, influenced to think of her as a child. And as she spoke to him now, her tone was vibrant with the sweet laughing cadences of a child's voice.

"Do you know, George, in weather like this I could walk all day long, especially if somebody played a march tune—I don't blame Bob White for singing."

Her companion laughed, a pleasant audible laugh, and the two insensibly quickened their pace. George Follett was no longer quite young, but he was in splendid health. His somewhat short figure, going a little toward stoutness, was well knit, his smooth shaven face was freshly coloured under its coat of tan. It was, save for an expression of great kindness and good humor about the eyes—keen grey eyes with curling lashes,—an inconspicuous face, well-balanced and without surprises. In contrast to it, Jessica's irregular features, the mouth rather wide and with upturned corners, the nose short and slightly up-turned too, the broad, low brow with its heavy dark hair parted away from it, were the more striking. It was a face strongly suggestive of youth, instinct with the spirit of play, of curiosity, of continual activity, above all, of happy innocence. As a matter of fact, she, too, was quite in the prime of her womanhood, with all the reserves of vigor that accrue to protected strength.

"It's a pity we didn't walk on and get dinner at Whitefield, Jess. Such energy as ours should never turn around so quickly." George Follett turned to watch her strong and supple movement, his eyes full of admiration.

"But then think of the vegetables in little bird-bathtubs and the terrible pie at the Whitefield Inn. Besides, you musn't forget that Emilie

Latimer is coming this afternoon. You will be off reading with her all the time, and I shall get lost by myself. You know your mother can't walk."

George interrupted. "Now, Jess, child, you mustn't cast reflections on my family just because you happen to be absolutely untiring. And besides," he added gently, "you must be nice to Emilie Latimer."

Jessica flushed like a child under an imagined reproof. This flush and the movements of her mouth at the corners, with the bird-like gestures of her whole head, made her personality delicately expressive, in spite of her wide, silent eyes. "Why, George, you didn't really think I would be anything but nice to her. Why shouldn't I be nice to her? Only I don't want to sit about and listen to reading in this weather."

"Ah, Jess," her companion smiled, but Jessica still heard reproof in his tone, "you are as illiterate as ever. But Emilie will teach you to like—let's see—Wordsworth."

"I'm sorry, George," she spoke submissively, and he moved to her side, touching her arm with assurance of an indulgence which she could not see. "But I pity Emilie Latimer. She is so young to be alone in the world."

George Follett turned toward his companion with an impulsive movement. "Jessica, dear child," he said, "I've been meaning to tell you something for quite a long while. I am glad you feel so; I know you will be glad. Emilie Latimer isn't alone any longer. I—She has promised to marry me."

George Follett had lived through this scene many times in imagination. He had been certain of Jessica's sympathy, and yet it was always hard to be sure that she actually felt a situation which was a relation rather than an activity. It was, he believed, the effect of her blindness that she should be almost irrevocably cut off from a mature understanding of life. But at least, for himself, the announcement just made was momentous; he expected to see its effect on the face which was, he thought, barring one, of all faces most significant to him.

The flush had died out in Jessica's cheeks, leaving her face strangely white under the glare of the sun, but it was quite still, still as only a face can be in which the eyes tell no tales. George waited eagerly for her answer, and when it came it was spoken with the slow, stumbling effort of a frightened child. "George, I am glad. Only—yes,—I am

glad. She is nice, and her voice is nice. Oh, George, tell me what she is like—again—I have forgotten.”

George Follett was touched, touched by her evident emotion, by her interest. He was accustomed to tell her of the things which were important to him; he was glad that he had told her this. He spoke much more fervently than was his wont as a sober middle-aged lawyer. “Oh, you do know. She is tall, a little taller than I, and very grave. She has had a hard life, you know, since Henry Latimer died, but it is nice when she smiles,—like a sudden light.” He used almost the only visual figure which Jessica could understand.

Jessica walked on with her head carried high and straight, with her face still motionless. She spoke in a low tone. “She is young, isn’t she? She married at first very young?”

“Yes, but experience has given her much.” He went on to speak of the depth of her nature, of the plans for work and thought that they had already made together. His enthusiasm was boyish. As they turned in toward the Follett bungalow he finished in a burst of humble confidence, “Oh, she is wise,—much wiser than I.”

Jessica had been listening without a word. Now she began to speak slowly. “I know—it makes you happy to think that, and I want you to be happy. Only,— I shall never see you”—she sprang to his side, touched his hand with her soft fingers, and then started away suddenly, running with her wonderful swift movement to the bungalow and disappearing inside the wide open door.

At the same moment for George Follett some of the fine zest seemed to go out of the sunlight air. He should be sorry not to see Jess as often as he had been accustomed to see her all his life long. He reflected as he sat down on the porch to wait for lunch, that she was a necessary part of his life. He loved her. He thought, not for the first time, that had it been given to her to grow out of the childhood of her blindness he might have been happy with her always,—even without Emilie. But Jess—the boyish little name still suited her best, in spite of her thirty odd years—Jess lived in a child’s world. She was a creature of pure joy, suited only to moods of joy, untouched by pain or care or ugliness, un-fitted to understand the complication of good with evil. She was happy in the mere passage of time; eager without reflection. His mind reverted to Emilie, with her rare, vivid smile; and when he turned to find her,

standing, a slim, dark figure in the doorway, he met her with both hands outstretched, with a great welcome in his kind eyes.

Jessica did not appear at lunch. Mrs. Follett sent to find out whether she was in her room, and the maid brought back word that she had gone for a ride. Conversation lagged at table without Jessica's vivacious additions to it. But Mrs. Follett explained to Emilie: they were used to Jessica's appreciation of the freedom which she always enjoyed away from the watchful care of her mother; her horse was trustworthy and she often rode alone for short distances. George was haunted by a faint presentiment of something like the real reason for Jessica's untimely ride. She had been afraid that they could not go on being friends, and it had grieved her. He determined to set the thing right when she should return. Meanwhile Mrs. Follett went upstairs and he devoted himself to Emilie. He was the soul of candour, and somehow did not like the interposing thought of Jess at a time when every motion of his mind should be toward his betrothed. But when at last Emilie went to her room, he admitted his anxiety. After all, Jess was his oldest friend. He would find her at once and tell her how little difference anything could possibly make. He ran up the short stairway two steps at a time and knocked on her door. There was no answer. He tried the door, and it opened. Jessica was not there. The half-formed anxiety which always waited in the back of his mind when she was riding alone suddenly took on features of terror. In a moment he was downstairs and at the stables. No, Miss Jessica hadn't come in. The groom had supposed that she was being met by somebody. She had taken the old Canadian road. George ordered his horse curtly. It was five o'clock and Jessica had been out three hours. What could have happened? He remembered with a sudden choking horror that the old Canadian road forked about fifteen miles from the camp, and that one branch ended abruptly at the edge of a ravine. By this time he was galloping along the road himself, a terrible fear clutching at his throat, his eyes straining to penetrate the leafy gloom ahead.

Three hours before Jessica had gone straight through the house and out to the stables, and had ordered her horse saddled. It was a horse that George had given her, that was always kept for her use on her visits paid every summer to Mrs. Follett. George had taught her to ride, to ride alone. Now she gave her horse full rein. She felt strangely light,

as men do in dreams. But for the sweep of the wind on her face and the actual ache at her heart she would have been utterly unconscious of her body. Her mind reiterated one thought—the pound of her horse's hoofs beat the rhythm of it. She had chosen purposely the path following this old stage road which led straight away for sixty miles to the Canadian boundary. By and by, when the first effect of the motion had worn off, she began to think more at length. She did not belong to him by any defined right. She knew that. But he had taught her everything. All the dear, active things that took her out of her prison house, and they had always done things together, and now she would be always alone. She galloped on, spurring her horse a little, just able to make out very dimly the dark mass on either side, where the trees crowded close to the bridle path, and the strip of light above, which was the sky. She knew—she had known for a long time that he thought her a child. A hot wave of anger, of jealousy swept over her. The blood pounded in her ears. She was bewildered by her own passion. She had been taught long ago to control herself, and people had been good to her. But now she would be a child, since they thought her one. She would ride on and on, and they could be frightened and think her lost, and he might forget about Emilie for a little.

Presently she reached the fork in the road. She felt her horse's hesitation, and wheeled around, bringing him to a stop and dismounting. She was quite calm now, and able to think. She remembered that one of those roads led over a precipice. She had forgotten which one it was, but she was not thinking of that: the idea of self-destruction was as far as possible from her mind. Her powerful grip on life was quite unshaken. But her passionate resentment had been swallowed up in a rebellion too profound for any outward manifestation of excitement. Why could she not make him see that she was not a child? What if she should try to show him his mistake; there were ways of appeal, she knew. How could she let him go, she who had known and loved him all these years, before Emilie Latimer was born? She knew now that she loved him more than all the world,—that she had always loved him so. She lived a momentary eternity in that thought. Then, inexorably, a recollection brought her back to the world of time and temporal limitation. She struggled against it, but her fine, indefatigable spirit took the mastery at last. After all, was it not better that George should think her

a child? What would he do with a wife like her? She often spoke lightly of her blindness. Now she did not even frame the word in her own mind. But she remembered. The blood of her ancestors—sturdy Scots with their desperate loyalties—was roused in her. After all she was not a child. She stood erect by her horse's side, and in the act of sacrifice knew herself a woman. She gave up her thought of him, her dependence on this friend who had taught her and treated her as a child; she stood suddenly alone in the darkness. Then for a brief space she sank to the ground, burying her face in the cool, moist smelling moss, and wept the mysterious tears of the blind. When she rose at last she knew that the light had changed, that it was towards evening. She leaped into her saddle, still with the splendid resilience of youth, and turned back toward the camp, toward the golden west, which shone dimly for her darkened eyes, and urged her horse into a trot.

It was thus with the late light on her silent face that George saw her first, as the old road making a sudden turn opened out a new vista. He spurred his horse toward her—a mist of joyful tears rising to his own eyes. But long before the turn in the road her keen ears had caught the fall of his horse's hoofs, had recognized them, and she had time to prepare. And now, before he could see her face distinctly he heard her childish laughter ring out across the silence.

"We thought we'd give you a great scare," she cried. "But we had to make up for not going to Whitefield. And now we want to be nice to you and to Emilie."

*THE INLET.*

BY HELEN PARKHURST, 1911.

A glimmering sail like a moon-blanch'd flower,  
I saw it drifting away, away,—  
Through amethyst gates at the evening hour,  
Through sapphire flame past walls that tower  
And lean, all silver and dim and gray,  
'Neath petals of odourless bloom that embower  
The skyey gardens where meek stars play.

A soul like a shell with its opaline gleams,  
I saw it flitting away from me,  
Softly out on the twilight streams,  
On moth wings borne past the caverns of dreams  
And the islands of sleep to the boundary,  
Where the flooding tide, stilled in darkness, seems  
To move to its rest in a shadowy sea.

And past the inlet are waters deep,  
And what they encompass they darkly keep.

*"THE HALF-GODS GO."*

BY DOROTHY SYBIL WOLFF, 1912.

The little girl sat frowning at her pencil. It was much chewed, and the paper over which it hovered, bore marks of the travail of literary creation. Suddenly she gave a little gasp of inspiration and scribbled furiously for a moment, then sank back with a placid sigh of contentment. Slowly she repeated the words to herself, nodding out their emphasis with bobbing curls. Unquestionably they had a beautiful rhythm, and the grammar was irreproachable:

"Vera, if you should die,  
What would I—  
What *could* I do—  
Without you?"

It *is* lovely, murmured her artist's soul in unqualified approbation. And it's true. How noble I am to think of it! . . .

"Betty," a cold voice sounded through the study door, "have you finished your parsing?"

"Yes'm, Miss Harley."

"Then it is time for us to go and visit Tommy's Christmas tree."

"Oh, all ri-ight!"

"Betty! don't drawl. Don't you *want* to see dear little Tommy?"

"Oh, yes'm, I guesso."

"Well, then, run upstairs and smooth your hair. And remember, we must be home again by five o'clock precisely."

Betty trudged off obediently enough, but her mood was far from enthusiastic. Truly, she did *not* want to play with dear little Tommy! Her mind was full of Vera—Vera, the clever and pretty, Vera the leader in all their childish escapades. Why, Vera was always captain in "Red Rover" (Betty was her trusty lieutenant); she could run as fast as the biggest boy in "Prisoner's Base" (Betty had cheered her on from the prison line); she could double-skip the rope forty times (Betty had held it and counted); and she *said* she could "skin the cat" on the crooked-elm bough when her governess wasn't looking (Betty had heard that story from her own lips). And now Vera had promised to show

her her secret "higher-gliff" alphabet with the curly letters, in which she conducted her most private correspondence, and signed all her clever caricatures of the teachers in school. Oh, joy! Betty cracked her double-jointed thumb in triumph at the thought (then she remembered that she could rotate each eyebrow independently, and did that too). Nothing did she love better than secrets. And she could keep them so well! Why, this poem now, that she had written to her inamorata, never, never was it to see the light until they were both dead; and even then, none but Vera should read it, for it would be written in the "higher-gliff" alphabet. But no, that would not do, either, she conceded reluctantly to her weaker self. Obviously Vera would have to read it before then; but at any rate not until they were both very old ladies. Still, the beauty even of this picture sent a warm glow of pride rippling up her august little backbone.

But this intrusion of Tommy—how annoying it was! In the first place, Vera disapproved of him; and in the second place, Betty didn't think much of him herself. She was quite sure of that, and the reason for it was obvious. Tommy was a weakling, and rumor said he was rich. At any rate he had more toys than was good for him, and he never could go out without his leggings, his muffler, and his English trained-nurse! That last was to the children of A Street the unpardonable sin. That a sturdy youth of at least six and three-quarters should be obliged daily to disport himself in the public park, watched and surrounded by these impedimenta—it was unthinkable. Perhaps it was they, perhaps it was to the attack of "spinal mosquitos" (from which A Street understood he had but recently emerged) that made Tommy so slow and "girlified." Why even Betty could spell him down in three words, and when it came to games, he could scarcely stand on one leg long enough for "Hop Scotch," and by preference always chose "Old Bachelor's Parlor." And even then he would as like as not laugh out loud in the wrong place! This had become more than Vera could bear. "He is a cry-baby and a silly," was her dictum, "and I don't want *my* friends to have anything to do with him."

That was final so far as A Street abroad was concerned. In Betty's particular case, however, the situation became somewhat delicate, for Tommy lived next door to her; and Tommy's mamma and her mamma were friends; and Tommy's nurse and her governess were beginning to take a sombre delight in sipping black tea together at short diurnal

intervals. Betty, accordingly, was sure to be thrown constantly in Tommy's way; and how she should ever, once and for all time, make him know his place, was a question. Only that morning at recess she had confided her troubles to Vera. But Vera had been cold. "You must just cut him dead," she said, "it's for the good of our crowd." And when Betty appeared rather shocked at so bloodthirsty a phrase—"I mean, you must just tell him he is a mollycoddle and a bad, rich little boy, so he mustn't think he can play with us any more. And after this you'll never speak to him again," she finished triumphantly.

Betty had been carried away by her enthusiasm for the moment,—had in fact promised to speak the fateful words this very afternoon, and had then been promised the "higher-gliff" alphabet as a reward of valor.

Now, however, her task loomed rather difficult. As she picked her way across the snowy street, she found herself vainly trying to frame the right words. "Don't mumble, Betty," reprimanded Miss Harley, "and do look where you're going!" Well, it would soon be over with anyway, and the curly alphabet was worth it. A warm chill replaced the cold one at the base of her neck; she would be firm, very firm; and, first of all, she would make Tommy cry. She knew that would be easy enough if she could once make him angry—and that end could surely be obtained by taunts and a judicious abstraction of his favorite toys.

No sooner had she mounted the heavy stairs, accordingly, than she called aloud up to the sunlit door, "Hey, Tommy, Tommy, sugar-'n-honey,—I've come to see your Christmas!"

"Hullo," said Tommy, genially, appearing, small and tawny-haired, in a burst of afternoon sunshine. "Gee, but I'm glad!" ("*Dear me, Master Tommy,*" from nurse, "how you do talk! Now Miss Betty, there—") "*Dear me,*" obediently echoed Tommy, "how I do—I—I've got a ten-foot tree," he continued, hurriedly; "with—with real 'lectric lights an' pop-corn (you—you can have some), an' a bigger 'quarium, an' a steam-engine, an' four cars, an' track, an'—an' a new fish-pond,—an'—an' two sailor-dolls,—an'—"

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Betty. (She really did it rather well, considering that they were what she had always longed for herself.) "Ho, ho, ho! *a boy doesn't want dolls!*"

("Just hear them," gurgled Nurse, in the far corner by the tea-table, "how nice they play together. As I was saying, 'm'—")

"Oh—h—don't I?" said Tommy. "Well—well, then, let's play fish-pond."

"All right," said Betty, "*I'll* play. Watch me." And quickly she unhitched the bright yellow cars, and carrying them one by one under cover of her pinafore from the corner, flopped them gently among Tommy's frightened pet gold-fish in the aquarium.

Tommy looked on attentively, with round eyes. "Gee, dear me," he said presently, "are you going to make the fishes play menagerie?"

"No, 'course not, silly," snapped Betty. "I'm going to fish 'em out. An' even if it *does* kill 'em an' rub the paint off the cars, *I* don't care."

"Oh—h," sighed Tommy, "ain't you brave!" and he lapsed into silence.

"Gee!" he cried, suddenly jumping up as the first fish finally rose to the surface in Betty's chubby fist, "I—I—" (Betty started and let it slip.) "Oh, my! I'm sorry. And he was such a fat one, too. His name is Sam. I thought he was going to scratch your hand."

"*What!*" said Betty, and then hastily. "Aw, come on, mollycoddle. I'm tired of fish-pond, anyway. I'll ride your rocking-horse."

"The stirrups is kind of short for you," said Tommy. "Wait a minute——"

And so it went the rest of the afternoon. Tommy sat and watched everything Betty attempted, with enthusiasm.

Finally Betty grew really anxious—the nursery clock pointed at ten minutes to five, and she could hear preliminary rustlings of departure from the gubernatorial corner. "Look here, Tommy," she cried, "you're a baby. You have too much to play with. I hate all your horrid old things. I only wish I was your big sister,—so's I could take 'em all!"

"Oh, my!" said Tommy, wreathed in smiles. "Gee! That—that's just what I been thinkin' all afternoon."

"*What!*" said Betty, open-mouthed. "Why, what *for*?"

"Why," said Tommy, and grinned radiantly, "so—so you could *have* 'em all, o' course!"

Betty stood and blinked stupidly at the red roses on the sunny floor. Then she kicked softly at the now twisted wheel of a wet yellow car, and her ears and forehead glowed very pink.

"My! See the gold-fish!" she stuttered loudly, dashing at her eyes. And then, in her deepest voice: "Tommy," she added huskily, "you come

on out to the Park to-morrow, and if the other kids want to play 'Hop-Scotch,' we'll have a game of 'Old Bachelor's Kitchen.' "

That night she added a postscript to Vera's poem:

"Vera, if you should die  
What would I—  
What *could* I do—  
Without you?"

P. S. I'd stay  
and play  
every day,  
beautifully,  
with Tommy!

This (she knew) was not as good poetry as the first part. But then, she had other things to think about now. And besides, the poem wasn't going to be copied into any old "higher-gliff" book, anyway.

---

#### SILHOUETTE.

By HELEN H. PARKHURST, 1911.

A shadow-world rimmed with gold and thronging with grotesque shapes—huge far-off buildings looming through the mist, figures of dim ships with sails, slow-moving structures packed with men and women whose looks, like his, gravitated to the city—this was what the stranger saw as he crowded close to the grating of the ferry-boat swinging out into the river. The early air was cold, and the stranger had fasted for many hours. But he could feel the pressure of a pocket weighted with a roll of bills which seemed a radiating center of warmth and comfort. Besides, he was moving toward the place where the treasure came from and bearing in his hands the key to more.

John Grant was his name, and he held now a periodical where that name appeared, attached to a page of verse of which he was ashamed. The exultation of the first surprise was gone—only repentance and the price of his degradation remained. At last had come full comprehension of what the deed had meant—dishonoring of his gift of song, relin-

quishment of his ideals, resignation of his steadfast purpose. Instead of the things that he had agonised to give the world, that he had brooded over and loved, there was this—this maze of words, no part of his heart, no reflection of his soul, but a thing to traffic with as merchandise. Before, he could hold up his head so proudly, gaze so grandly into the face of life, conscious of the peculiar sanctity which his calling had imparted to his acts. Now his head was bowed, for he had committed sacrilege. It was a hard case that he must see his real self rejected, and be compelled, because human, and under the bonds of hunger and discouragement and failure, to baptize as spiritual children what were only adopted waifs, unloved, uncared for. But the world was blind and deaf and hard to touch. It had turned from him in his need and wistful craving for its patience, and now with hollow smiles extended a welcome to this new utterance that he could not look upon for shame.

The mists were rising, melting away like snow before the sun, and the radiance streaming from the east flooded the whole world. The light struck the blank windows of buildings across the water, the blank eyes of the weary wayfarers on the river, the deadened heart of the man, and steadily on toward the city moved the boat with its stolid human cargo.

John Grant was at the front, watching the unfolding of this new day. His eyes were grave and quiet,—too weary to light up even in welcome to the gentle beauty of the morning. To him the journey meant one thing—renunciation. It promised but one future—a life of servitude. He was quite alone. The others, with faces full of the hungry pleading of dumb beasts were staring away toward the city. They were physically near, but very remote in spirit, giving no heed to the man leaning on the rail. His hand stole up toward the pocket where lay the token of his fall, and drew the thing out to gaze upon it. And the wind came softly, laden with strong untainted refreshment, and the sun sent forth its healing.

When the gates swung open the passengers crowded past the man at the rail, but he did not follow. His hand and his pocket were alike empty, for somewhere behind at the bottom of the river lay his treasure. His step was firm and his head very erect as he walked back through the boat for the return trip; for he was thinking of the freedom no man should ever take away.

*SONG.*

BY HILDA WORTHINGTON SMITH, 1910.

With silver grass bind up thy hair,  
Little child, so wild-rose fair,  
And tell me truly if you know  
Where oats, peas, beans, and barley grow.

Fields of oats streaked white with foam,  
Where the madcap goblins roam,  
Underneath the flowering pea  
Tents of fairy minstrelsy.

Heart-shaped banners of the bean  
Sheltering the elfin queen,  
Pearly heads of barley swing  
While tinkling bells of twilight ring.

Children know the magic spell,  
But they laugh and will not tell,  
Guarding in their charmed band  
The passport into fairyland.

Round the world and back again,  
All the windy fields of men,  
You may search, and never know  
Where oats, peas, beans, and barley grow.

---

*THE BROKEN CHAIN.*

BY VIRGINIA CUSTER CANAN, 1911.

Riverside, alluding to the old boathouse, always said with a hushed voice that it was haunted and then laughed, for Riverside knew that it was not. That was the summer colony's little joke. Each member of the colony had his own version of the story, but no one really believed it. Besides Riverside scoffed at superstitions and knew perfectly well that

the uncanny noises one heard there on a gloomy night came from the wind whistling through the chinks and crannies, from the creaking of loose boards and the clanking of an old broken chain fastened to the outside wall.

Late one night one of the summer residents was wakened by an approaching thunder storm. The wind was playing havoc with the boathouse and the sounds that issued from that deserted ruin were like the ghostly wailings of the damned. At intervals the broken chain rattled against the boards, and the water dashing against the pier might have been the swishing of ghostly garments or the rustle of demons' wings. The summer resident was not an imaginative man, but he shut his eyes hard and tried to go to sleep..

Suddenly he found himself sitting bolt upright in bed, staring straight in front of him, straining his ears to hear, he knew not what. He was cold all over and his breath was coming in gasps. There was a lull in the storm; not a sound broke the silence. But the wind soon rose again, and he heard the dismal wailings from the boathouse, the aimless rattling of the broken chain—and something else. Again and again he seemed to hear it, not above the tumult of the storm, but through it, like the undertone of some great chord, that cannot be heard in itself. It was lower than the wailing, shrieking wind, more vibrant than the groaning timbers—it was distinctly a human voice.

He dressed quickly. He was shaking from head to foot, his blood seemed frozen in his veins, his lips were drawn and stiff. Outside he met two neighbors. None of them said a word, but all looked toward the boathouse and listened. The sound became louder, more prolonged, rising above the howling of the wind, and then sinking into gasping moans. Then they heard the noise of footsteps, as of some one running wildly up and down, back and forth across the floor, and hurling himself against the wall. These sounds continued, until in a brilliant flash of lightning they saw a man standing outside on the pier. With the clap of thunder that followed they also heard the broken chain rattle loudly against the boards. Another flash and the man was still standing there, holding on to the chain, clutching it, swaying from side to side—and laughing. He laughed and laughed; one of the men shivered violently and fell to laughing too,—a grasping choking laugh that comes when one's throat is drawn too tight. It was very funny to mistake an old

chain for a ghost. He himself would probably have made the same mistake, if he had been shut up in that house on a stormy night. The other men evidently saw the humour of it also, for they too began to laugh.

When the wind died down before the coming rain, they heard the man on the pier still laughing over his mistake—a harsh laugh, uncontrolled and empty, like the maniacal hootings of a screech-owl in the mountains after dark. They heard him, laughing, plunge into the river, and rising to the surface, laugh again, and the laugh was lost in the gurgle of the waters. There was silence and then the rain.

The next day they found the body. It was that of a tramp, without marks of identification, so they buried it back on the hill. The boat-house was repaired and the broken chain removed. But the cottages that stood nearby were empty for the rest of the season, and the owners never returned.

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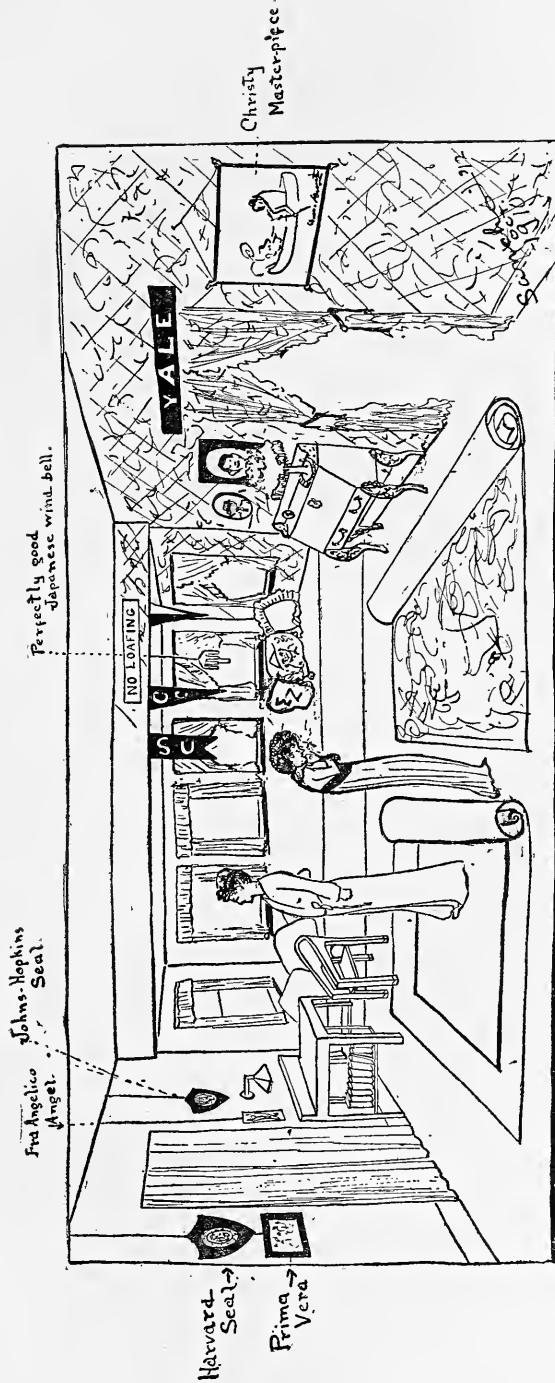
## *DULCI FISTULA*

### *THE SPIRIT OF HUMOUR.*

You'll find the great tragedian,  
Who brings tears to the eyes of men,  
Is dining at a fine café  
And joking with companions gay.  
Where'er the humourist doth go,  
He's steeped in the profoundest woe,  
And when from him a joke you pray  
He sobs and wipes a tear away.

R. MASON, 1911.

# Their First Quarter.



*RUSH NIGHT, OR THE PESSIMIST.**I.*

The day was drawing to a close  
(Because the night was drawing nigh)  
Command was given, "Wear old clothes."  
(Because the pressure would be high.)

*II..*

We met behind poor Radnor Hall.  
('Twas "poor," because 'twas there we met.)  
We formed a phalanx one and all;  
(Research may trace our foot-prints yet).

*III.*

We raised our song, a martial air!  
('Twas true each seized a different key)  
Red Imps and allies everywhere  
(But which was which we couldn't see.)

*IV.*

With patience grim we marched along  
(To me it seemed a year or two,)  
My next door neighbor howled with vim  
(Some song in which she mentioned "blue.")

*V.*

And when at last we breathed once more  
(And sorted out and counted arms)  
They said, "Was e'er such fun before?"  
(Are these the famed collegiate charms?)

E. BALDERSTON, 1914.

*ALUMNÆ NOTES.*

'89. Leah Goff was married on June third, at Bryn Mawr, to Mr. Alba B. Johnson.

'94. Ethel McCoy Walker has resigned her position as recording secretary at Bryn Mawr College to accept that of secretary of the Rockefeller Institute, New York City.

'97. Helen Matheson Saunders was married on June first, at Yonkers-on-Hudson, to Mr. William H. Appleton Holmes.

Cornelia Bonnell Greene King (Mrs. Paul King) has a son, Paul Bernard King, born July sixteenth, 1909.

'02. Jane Heartt Cragin Kay (Mrs. D'Arcy Hemsworth Kay) has a daughter, Elsie Cragin Kay, born April twenty-seventh, 1910.

'03. Helen Jackson Raymond O'Connor (Mrs. John Christopher O'Connor) has a son, born at Manchester, N. H., in September, 1909. Hetty Goldman has won the Charles Eliot Norton Fellowship at Harvard University for her thesis on "The Influence of the Trilogy on Greek Vase Painting." This is the first time that the fellowship has been given to a woman. She will study at Athens.

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's article, "Toilers in the Tenements," was printed in the July number of *McClure's Magazine*.

Ethel McClellan Bacon Smith (Mrs. A. Levering Smith) has a son, born March fifth, 1910.

Mary Montague Guild (Mrs. George M. Guild) has a daughter.

Lillie Elizabeth Müller was married on January eighteenth, 1910, to Rev. Carl E. Poensgen.

Dr. Marianna Taylor has been practicing medicine since January, 1910, in St. David's, Pa.

'05. The engagement is announced of Laura Alice Bartlett to Mr. Lawrence Stoddard, of Greenfield, Mass.

'06. Anna Elizabeth McClanahan Grenfell (Mrs. Wilfred T. Grenfell) has a son.

'07. Grace Stanley Brownell was married on May twenty-sixth, in New York City, to Mr. Harold Daniels.

Elizabeth Taylor Thompson Remington (Mrs. Herbert Malcolm Remington), the mother of the class baby, has a second daughter.

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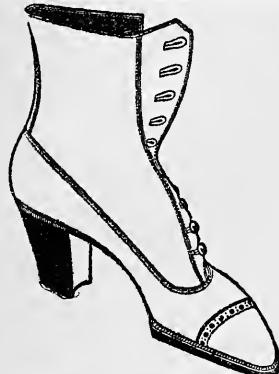
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VOL. VIII

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 2

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*Editors.*

CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN, '11

DOROTHY WOLFF, '12 MARY ALDEN, '12

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*Business Board.*

EMERSON LAMB, '12, *Business Manager.*

ELEANOR BONTECOU, '13, *Treasurer.*

MARJORIE THOMPSON, '12, *Assistant Business Manager*

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*The Twenty-fifth Anniversary*—It is safe to say that on the very day before “the Jubilee,” in spite of rumours and preparations, no one of us had an adequate idea of its significance. By the dislodged dwellers in Pembroke it was looked upon good naturally as an outrage; to the marshals and ushers it appeared in the light of an extemporaneous commencement; for the college at large it afforded an unexampled opportunity to master the intricacies of the *Star Spangled Banner*. In the event it swept away all our indifference and impatience, and left us exhilarated, inspired, rededicated to a very high calling. There was, first of all, the mere sight of the delegates,—men and women, college presidents and deans, professors, scientists, heads of schools, journalists,—a full representation of American educators. Their faces,—sensitive, well-controlled faces, unencumbered by the weight of worldly ambition and self-indulgence,—were thought-arresting. Though in the close quarters of the gymnasium basement, as the procession formed, we elbowed their pomp of academic hood and scarlet gown, we never once lost the sense of greatness present. And

with that sense went a joyful hope for the nation whose youth is entrusted to such as these. The tribute which they paid, both by their presence and by the word of their spokesmen, to Bryn Mawr College of the past and present, laid upon each one of us a heavy personal responsibility. We felt as never before our gratitude to the founders of the College, to President Thomas, to the succession of faculty and students who have made Bryn Mawr a chief upholder and exponent of scholarly ideals. Our own successful efforts, our own complaints and failures, suddenly took their places in the line of that tradition. We made a resolution, fearful and yet courageous, for the future. And, finally, we asked ourselves, Who so fit for the carrying out of brave resolutions as we, who still possess the gift of youth? Dr. Shorey struck the clear note of this most intimate appeal: He had found at Bryn Mawr "the ardent enthusiasm and idealism of the spirit of beautiful youth . . . the amorous youth of the understanding." And we who had already wasted so much of our portion in irrelevant occupations, in small fruitless anxieties, were glad of the splendid remnant. We determined to use it well in the pursuit and application of knowledge, that we might build a tradition even more lofty for Bryn Mawr College of all the years to come.

M. D. C.

*Orals*—We are a trifle battered and bruised, and yet, to be perfectly honest, quite without permanent injuries. We thought that orals were nothing less than death, and so did you, Sophomores and Juniors, who cheered us gently with your dirges and hung us with garlands as for sacrifice. Far be it from us, however, to declare that this strange impediment that blocks the path to a degree is, after all, a harmless game, and its insignia of white clothes and velvet chairs a mockery. But though we trembled and grew pale like all others who went before, we found nothing worthy of our agonies. You are reluctant and unconvinced. If it is the morbid terror which charms you, we advise: exercise your imagination in some less harmful way. By lavishing upon summer reading the tragic intensity now spent on funereal preparations you may still keep your emotions, and, at the same time, receive floral tributes in a somewhat less mournful and more becoming spirit. We speak not as those guiltless of the sins we deprecate, but with a public-spirited desire to make less difficult the path of our successors.

H. H. P.

We have omitted a heading, because had we entitled this effusion "A Plea for Cheerfulness," you would all have turned over too hastily, and, perhaps, have forbore to enjoy the other far worthier items on this page. And yet our request is one for less dark despair on the subject of Quizzes. They have come catalogued, and come, we fear, to stay; and though we hate them with all the loathing that you ever felt, we have both been told before now that they were "requested by the Student Body." What the Student Body, as a whole, requested with intellectual fervor the Student Body as individuals receive with execrations and curses. Were any of you at the breakfast table last week, I wonder, when mid-years seemed to be upon us in full force; when the Grim Grind-law was sputtering gutturals across the butter, when the eggs seemed saturated with equations of various methods, and Heraclitus' theory of perpetual motion was enacted visibly before our eyes. Every one had a book or a note-book or tabs, and every one was shrieking herself hoarse and exciting herself silly; and the place was unpleasant, to say the least. Then some of us went to chapel and were told that Quizzes were a pleasure; of somewhat that species of intellectual treat, I suppose, that the Faculty affords gratuitously several times a year on Saturday mornings to Seniors. We do not urge you to take Quizzes as a pleasure, because our own intellect is not cultivated up to the practising of that preachment. Nor do we urge a forced cheerfulness, because cheerfulness in that guise can become a vice, indeed. But we do urge you to take Quizzes as less of a hectic emotional bat, a fine opportunity for working up your feelings to a good hysterical pitch. After all, was our grandmother's method of fainting and smelling salts a much worse form of the same evil? If we have studied with a fair degree of application we will probably get through; if we have not we shall do less badly if we keep calm about it. So if we do get through, why this excitement? And if we do not get through it seems hardly worth while to lose our mark and our enjoyment of life at the same time. In all cases, why act like a hen with its head cut off? At present we may, indeed, say, let us cleave to our peace of mind; but when we see everybody else screaming and agonizing the temptation to scream and agonize, too, is not to be denied. So we all rush round together quite as if we were unemancipated emotional females, and our twentieth century hysterics leave us woefully ill-natured and weary;

and ready to do it all over when the next Quiz comes round. So seriously we urge upon you as well as upon ourselves, let us be calm, and if we must indulge in hysterics let us not mix them up with business, but keep them for recreation and the lady novelists.

M. T.

---

#### *AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.*

The editors of the TIPYN O'BOB beg to announce a new department. Its name has not yet emerged, but its character is within certain broad limits decided. It shall consist of brief prose paragraphs, written over the initials of their authors on matters of local interest. In these paragraphs any one in College may express an opinion, provided it be pertinent. And though, for obvious reasons, we must rule out the impertinent, we crave adverse criticism, and clamour for the views of the minority. If you have any well-timed complaints against the College, any witticism at its expense, any deserved praise to bestow upon it, you are *ipso facto* a contributor to this department. We urge you to throw discretion to the winds,—to put your trust in editorial conservation of this commodity. We invite you to be an insurgent. Copy for the January number must be in by December thirteenth.

M. D. C.

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#### *THE WORDLY AND THE ACADEMIC.*

MARION D. CRANE, 1911.

*Worldly*—it is a good term, terse and yet well rounded, wrought from Anglo-Saxon, and ringing a sound note. Why should it yield its prerogative of expression to “cosmopolitan,” a many-syllabled alien, which, in spite of its classic origin, brings with it a subtle suggestion of traveled dilettantism? In worldlywise we may sit at home and still be pleasantly and most truly conversant with the ways of the world. Indeed, to be worldly, in the solid sense of the word, is exactly to take shrewd observation from some point of vantage; to get, as it were, a bird's-eye view of men and things, and to draw therefrom conclusions

practical, but by no means of necessity superficial. For to be well informed with respect to the apparent may lead to an over-estimation of its importance; but may also lead, and with the same directness, to a true vision of its significance.

In any case, to be shrewdly intent upon facts, upon external happenings, to be in this sense worldly, is to be blessed with a certain spontaneous gayety. For this comes most surely by the way of the world, by preoccupation with things and people for their own sakes.

And this gayety is a passport to any company. For to be worldly, to be actually concerned with the world, is to be approachable on all sides by all sorts and conditions of men; to be able by grace of this unself-conscious worldly wisdom to put them instantly at their ease. To be worldly—and here, indeed, lies the borderland, in whose shadows this good word receives its burden of opprobrium—to be worldly is to come gayly to terms with all the world—even with the Mammon of unrighteousness.

Well within the wide horizon of the worldly lies the province of the academic. For to be academic is to be limited to the academic sort, though the sources of all human knowledge be our study. What is it about the pursuit of truth in the abstract, of facts apart from their human connection, which gives rise to this attitude, typically academic, of shy scorn toward humanity in general? For to be truly academic is to be mysteriously ill at ease, or at least apparently detached, in a mixed company. Your true academic is a poor conversationalist, for he cannot talk easily on small topics. His province is the field of knowledge which lies above the level of general information, and the lower atmosphere oppresses him. It is too crude, too raw for his breathing, and he gasps for his native heights. In that rarefied air life is ordered as he would have it, for to be academic is to be, in a special sense of the word, a ritualist, given to the uses of symbols, to the wearing of insignia, and attaching unspoken significance to an accent, to the turn of a phrase. All of the ritual of his limited life, which stands at best for a very fine code of intellectual sincerity, is followed with a seriousness of purpose almost religious in its intensity. For to be academic is, almost inevitably, to be over-serious, to be lacking in the saving grace of humour, which deals with the concrete, and which calls for an inclusive sympathy with things and people as they are.

*EPITAPH.*

HELEN H. PARKHURST, 1911.

Earth, receive thy own;  
We withhold  
In our thoughts alone  
More than clods enfold.

All her body's grace  
We resign;  
Laying low her face  
On thy breast benign.

Less we give, than keep,  
Earth, from thee,  
Yet fairer doth not sleep  
Of mortality.

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*THE TURN OF THE YEAR.*

MARION D. CRANE, 1911.

It was six o'clock of a Saturday morning in mid-May, and Tom Daggett was already swinging down Main Street toward the golf links with a japanned lunch box under his arm, and a sickle in the other hand. He whistled as he went, keeping time to a bit of a popular song, and his homely, freckled face was full of the joy of life. As he passed the little Chinese laundry on the corner he spoke through the open window to the proprietor, who was already doing up the bank president's Sunday collars.

"Morning, Ti," his young voice rang out pleasantly, with a faint broken suggestion of laughter in its undertones. "You and I are the up and coming folks in this town. Great day for the country, isn't it?"

The postmaster, who had plenty of time for cogent observation, was fond of saying that nobody in town but Tom Daggett could make a Chinaman look like anything but a carved clothespin. Ti bore out his

part in the statement now by beaming upon the boy's disappearing back with an animation positively occidental in degree.

But Tom waited for nothing. His light, awkward stride carried him quickly over the ground toward the day's work, which he anticipated with unaffected joy. As a matter of fact, no one else would have said that there could be anything essentially pleasurable about cutting grass on the golf links. Somewhat apart from the village, they stretched down from the roadside through rocky New England pastures to the inevitable swamp at the lowest level of the land. One used a scythe for the rougher parts of them, or a sickle in spring, and a lawn mower for the putting greens. Excepting the bank president, who did his thirty-two holes regularly twice a week, and the new homeopathic doctor, who had committed himself and his young wife to a first season of golf in lieu of practice, there were few players on the links, and Tom Daggett could be fairly sure of uninterrupted solitude on his afternoons and Saturdays of grass-cutting.

Not that Tom was by nature averse to the society of his kind. Indeed, he spent so much time of an evening in loafing about the town, speaking to everybody, or playing the piccolo in a corner of the grocery store, that the wisest heads in the village shook over his pedigree, prophesying that he would grow up and amount to nothing, like his grandfather Thatcher. But Tom himself would have stoutly denied such a possibility. He was seventeen years old now, and next year he was starting at college with money earned from cutting grass and weeding Deacon Howland's potato field. He had never decided just what he would do in the world. Indeed, he spent very little time at thinking of himself in any connection. He was cheerfully sure, however, that he should find something to do—probably something with a great many different kinds of people in it. But there were so many fine things to be done in the meanwhile.

Tom lingered a little over the beginning of his day's task on the golf links. The sun lay warm already between the long shadows of early morning, and beyond the swamp all the underbrush and low woods were clothed in mysterious color. As for poetry, Tom cared only for Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads, but now, as he looked up at the sound of a bobolink's song, he spoke aloud, "Spring's come, sure enough"—and he felt an unaccountable and yet familiar gladness, the gladness that

quickensthe dullest heart at the sudden miraculous advent of a New England spring,—the spring that comes by secret ways after long months of grey winter weather. But Tom was not dull of heart after all, and he looked up again and again from the flashing sickle to whistle at the bobolink. Once he left his work altogether, and vaulted a low-barred gate into a field, where an old horse was browsing in the crisp dewy grass. He threw an arm affectionately over the creature's neck, and laid his face against the soft brown cheek. "Nice old boy," he said. "It's great weather, isn't it?"

He had gone back to his work at last with a longing, wholly new and only half-understood, tightening his throat and making it hard somehow to stoop industriously over the springing grass. He spoke to himself in his boyish, laughing voice. "Look here, you, why don't you get at your work? Guess they don't pay us twenty cents an hour for this sort of thing." And he went at the grass vigorously, sparing here and there a little clump of blue Quaker ladies.

When he looked up again it was at the sound of a step. Just above him at the edge of the cupped green hollow where he was at work he saw a woman,—a very tall woman all in warm brown, watching him with friendly eyes. Tom knew every one in the village. He had never seen this person before,—a very tall strong figure, with big shoulders and curly brown hair and brown eyes full of the sun. For one strange breathless moment he stared, and then the woman smiled, a frank generous smile, while she looked at him, and almost before he could give so much as an answering look, she had walked away toward the road and out of sight.

The boy stood looking after her. Suddenly it seemed to him that he could not bear the loneliness of the place. He looked almost resentfully at the red-winged blackbirds, as they flashed in and out among the reeds at the foot of the pasture. There were so many of them! Then he wondered who she could have been. She was without a hat—perhaps she had come to visit the doctor's wife. He might have said good morning to her. But he was a blockhead, who never thought of things until afterward. How nice of her to smile at him! And she looked to be just the kind of a person a fellow would like to talk to. On a sudden impulse he went dashing up to the road, just in time to see her disappearing into the doctor's place.

After that there was no more trying to work. Tom flung himself down on the short grass by the roadside, and fell a-dreaming. He wondered how he could see her again. He had, after all, no great desire to speak to her. He was shy and of stammering speech in the presence of strangers. But he would like to have her there again. He could not have said it, but she had filled up for that brief moment the empty place for him. He did not quite understand what had happened. Once he shook himself together, and looked at his watch to mark the time when he had stopped working. "My, but I'm lazy this morning. Guess the Thatcher blood must be coming out after all," he murmured.

The sun climbed up the sky. A noonday silence, presaging summer, fell upon the land. Still Tom did not go back to his work. Over and over in his mind he lived the little scene, then ventured into shy imaginings, where he saw himself greeting her, giving her flowers. He decided upon the tall grape hyacinths that grew out in the little pool beyond the edge of the swamp. That good blue colour—surely she would like it. He had quite forgotten the lunch box which lay with his coat in the hollow below. At last he fell asleep there on the grass, and dreamed of her,—saw her come wading through the pool with her hands full of blue hyacinths. In his sleep he remembered the deep spot in the center of it,—the spot which had been held up for a warning to all the children of the village. He sprang to save her from that death,—and awoke, shivering in the cool wind of late afternoon.

As he trudged homeward, he noticed for the first time the dark living branches of the elm trees against the silvery sky. "They don't look as they do in winter," he said to himself.

He said little at supper, and his mother asked him why he was so quiet—if he were tired, or sick. He answered her gently—he loved his mother with gallant devotion—but he slipped away to his room without paying his nightly visit to the village. For the first time in his life he had lost his hold upon the homely world of everyday. He could not have put it into words, he did not understand it, but the faces of his little brothers, the familiar rooms, the moonlit orchard seen from his window were strange and far away. He was alone in a strange golden silence,—a silence so like a dream that he turned instinctively to night and to sleep.

There he walked with her—in the same silence—up and up green slopes to a place where they looked together upon a blue winding river

a child? What would he do with a wife like her? She often spoke lightly of her blindness. Now she did not even frame the word in her own mind. But she remembered. The blood of her ancestors—sturdy Scots with their desperate loyalties—was roused in her. After all she was not a child. She stood erect by her horse's side, and in the act of sacrifice knew herself a woman. She gave up her thought of him, her dependence on this friend who had taught her and treated her as a child; she stood suddenly alone in the darkness. Then for a brief space she sank to the ground, burying her face in the cool, moist smelling moss, and wept the mysterious tears of the blind. When she rose at last she knew that the light had changed, that it was towards evening. She leaped into her saddle, still with the splendid resilience of youth, and turned back toward the camp, toward the golden west, which shone dimly for her darkened eyes, and urged her horse into a trot.

It was thus with the late light on her silent face that George saw her first, as the old road making a sudden turn opened out a new vista. He spurred his horse toward her—a mist of joyful tears rising to his own eyes. But long before the turn in the road her keen ears had caught the fall of his horse's hoofs, had recognized them, and she had time to prepare. And now, before he could see her face distinctly he heard her childish laughter ring out across the silence.

"We thought we'd give you a great scare," she cried. "But we had to make up for not going to Whitefield. And now we want to be nice to you and to Emilie."

*THE INLET.*

BY HELEN PARKHURST, 1911.

A glimmering sail like a moon-blanchéd flower,  
I saw it drifting away, away,—  
Through amethyst gates at the evening hour,  
Through sapphire flame past walls that tower  
And lean, all silver and dim and gray,  
'Neath petals of odourless bloom that embower  
The skyey gardens where meek stars play.

A soul like a shell with its opaline gleams,  
I saw it flitting away from me,  
Softly out on the twilight streams,  
On moth wings borne past the caverns of dreams  
And the islands of sleep to the boundary,  
Where the flooding tide, stilled in darkness, seems  
To move to its rest in a shadowy sea.

And past the inlet are waters deep,  
And what they encompass they darkly keep.

*RESPICE.*

MARION STURGES SCOTT, 1911.

I had forgot  
All that was bound up with those former days;  
At least no more could kindly memory raise  
Than calmest thought.

The time, the place,  
I could recall, I thought I was serene;  
Till for a moment, fleeting as a dream,  
I saw your face.

You saw me not;  
Within the instant you had passed from view.  
But now I know how much, these long years through,  
I had forgot.

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*THE EGYPTIAN RING.*

VIRGINIA CUSTER CANAN, 1911.

The younger brother held the ring idly in the palm of his hand and gazed at it seriously. Although he had seen it all his life, he was struck anew by the strangeness of it. The two diamonds and the sapphire gleamed with hypnotic brilliancy, less like jewels than like the eyes of the serpent they were supposed to represent, in their setting of gold-wrought scales.

"And this is my inheritance!" he burst forth with a bitterly amused laugh, as he tossed the ring in his palm.

There was something almost self-righteous in his brother's reply: "Do you think you deserve anything more?"

But the younger man, thoughtfully slipping the ring on and off his finger, did not seem to hear. He sauntered slowly around the room, or stared abstractedly out of the window. Now and then he turned to gaze silently at his brother, who was bending industriously over his desk;

then, turning from him to the portraits covering the walls, he contemplated their faces and looked at the ring set with two diamonds and a sapphire which each one of them wore on his left hand. He realized how much he looked like these men, these ancestors of his, except that the hardness of their faces had not yet touched his own. After his slow inspection, with the ring still in his palm, he replied to his brother's remark.

"You asked me whether I deserved anything *more*. It seems to me more than any man ought to have to bear."

Sir Henry, the elder, sneered. "Oh, you believe all that nonsense, do you?"

"Believe it!" Peter's voice was hoarse. "Can't I feel it all here in the palm of my hand? Didn't I slip the ring on, and feel my face harden like those in the pictures there? Is it nonsense that from the minute I put it on I will have no peace in this life or the next? Nor will you either, for that matter. Yes, this is my inheritance, and possibly I deserve nothing more,—but what will you give to get rid of me?"

Sir Henry sneered again, but his sneer was only a mask to conceal emotions that he dared not reveal. Without a word he wrote out a draft on his bank, and his thin, parsimonious fingers trembled into flourishes. He took out his wallet. It was very full, but he emptied it with undue eagerness into Peter's outstretched hand. The draft, also, was very large, and Peter wondered at it as he folded it slowly and put it away. Then, slipping the ring into his waistcoat pocket, he turned to go.

"Goodbye," he said, without putting out his hand. "I hope we shall never meet again."

Sir Henry did not reply, but through the window he watched his brother pass down the driveway and out of the gate, until he disappeared behind the hedge. Turning back to his desk, he sighed heavily, half from relief, half from uneasiness. He began to wish that he had made the draft larger. Walking slowly around the room, he, too, contemplated the family portraits. They were all of them,—all these that hung in this room,—younger brothers, and many people suspected, although nobody could prove it, that each of them in one way or another had murdered his elder brother and taken possession of the title and estate. Henry, absorbed in his own cares and the greed of making money, had forgotten all these old stories; and even to-day, on

the occasion of his brother's majority, he had been inclined to scoff when they were so abruptly recalled. But now there was something sinister in that gallery of ringed usurpers. The ring, which even in the portraits had a weird radiance about it, had been found by the oldest of these younger sons in an Egyptian tomb, and it was he who had started that unbroken will, which the family had observed through long generations, that the ring should be the sole inheritance of the younger son. To-day, Sir Henry had thought it a pittance, an ample reward for young Peter's reckless and spendthrift ways; but now, after long contemplation in the darkening study, he decided that it was pretty much for one man to bear, that so far one man had never borne it and the brunt of the burden had not fallen upon the younger son.

A board creaked suddenly, and he leaped to his feet, his lips drawn back in terror. He realized then what it meant, and with a moan he buried his face in his hands. Peter had rebelled at his own burden; he had not considered what his brother had to endure. Henry, brooding alone in the darkness, realized what those other first sons had gone through, and knew that the family curse was upon him. Henceforth he was doomed to start at every noise, to turn white at the sound of his brother's name, and to faint at the sound of his voice. In abject terror of the night, yet fearful of the coming day, dreading to live, yet loving his life, he would drag out his tortured existence from one long hour to the next until Peter should come back to claim his own—or until he himself went mad. The shadows in the corners seemed to rise and move toward him, the portraits threatened him with their ringed hands, his flesh began to creep uncannily, and, trembling and gasping, he fled from the room and never again knew peace.

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Peter, standing alone in the stern of a ship steaming swiftly toward the tropics, was watching the foaming water curl and dance in the moonlight, listening to the rush and roar of the upturned waves and the sound of light voices behind him. It was two weeks ago that he had left England, and the languor of the tropics was already upon him. All he wanted was to live his life as he pleased, responsible to no one, to die and leave nothing behind him. In the fervid splendour of the southern days and the mysterious magnificence of the moonlit nights, he might have forgotten England and why he had left, if it had not

been for the ring in his waistcoat pocket. It had burned itself into his consciousness day and night, clamouring hideously to be worn. He took it out now and gazed upon it for the hundredth time. The jewels gleamed and glowed like living fires in their deep sockets; in the uncertain light of the ship's lamps the shank seemed to writhe and coil and the scales shone dully. He felt as if it must be something alive—the snake whose poison ran in his veins. How easy it would be to toss it into the sea, to shake the burden of his inheritance from his shoulders forever, and then to join those light and carefree voices, laughing and singing behind him. Why did he hesitate? Had he not left England to put himself beyond any temptation that the possessing of the ring might bring up? Yet, somehow, he did not feel free to throw it away. He saw before him that succession of younger sons, each with the ring on his finger and a face as hard as flint, cunning and avaricious. He hated them all, yet knew that he was one of them. He did not believe that that strange Egyptian trophy really had some dire power in itself, which the first Peter had known and had so subtly transmitted. He felt that the curse was in his blood and would work itself out, whether or no, that the ring was a symbol that did not belong to himself alone. He was not free to choose. The burden had been handed to him and he had to take it up. The sea and the ship were forgotten; there was nothing but the ring in the palm of his hand, and he slipped it on his finger and turned back to the laughter and lights.

But he could not stay there long. He felt like a criminal, afraid of betraying his secret in every look and word. He wanted to hide his face in the darkness. Besides, these people were young and carefree; he was old by many generations and had forgotten how to smile. He began to wonder when he could return to England, suddenly caught himself thinking of Henry, how weak he really was, and what a coward. Hating himself and afraid of his thoughts, he rushed out to the deck again. Out in the warm, soft night, in the radiance of the tropic seas, the longing for a new life took hold of him. Why should he bind himself irrevocably to the past, when the future stretched brilliant before him? What right had he to damn not only himself, but that younger son who might follow? Before, he had thought only of himself and the past, but now he knew he was responsible for the souls of those to come after. The ring was pricking his finger! The scaly edges were rough and sharp, and a drop of blood was gathering on his

on out to the Park to-morrow, and if the other kids want to play 'Hop-Scotch,' we'll have a game of 'Old Bachelor's Kitchen.' "

That night she added a postscript to Vera's poem:

"Vera, if you should die  
What would I—  
What *could* I do—  
Without you?"

P. S. I'd stay  
and play  
every day,  
beautifully,  
with Tommy!

This (she knew) was not as good poetry as the first part. But then, she had other things to think about now. And besides, the poem wasn't going to be copied into any old "higher-gliff" book, anyway.

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### *SILHOUETTE.*

BY HELEN H. PARKHURST, 1911.

A shadow-world rimmed with gold and thronging with grotesque shapes—huge far-off buildings looming through the mist, figures of dim ships with sails, slow-moving structures packed with men and women whose looks, like his, gravitated to the city—this was what the stranger saw as he crowded close to the grating of the ferry-boat swinging out into the river. The early air was cold, and the stranger had fasted for many hours. But he could feel the pressure of a pocket weighted with a roll of bills which seemed a radiating center of warmth and comfort. Besides, he was moving toward the place where the treasure came from and bearing in his hands the key to more.

John Grant was his name, and he held now a periodical where that name appeared, attached to a page of verse of which he was ashamed. The exultation of the first surprise was gone—only repentance and the price of his degradation remained. At last had come full comprehension of what the deed had meant—dishonoring of his gift of song, relin-

quishment of his ideals, resignation of his steadfast purpose. Instead of the things that he had agonised to give the world, that he had brooded over and loved, there was this—this maze of words, no part of his heart, no reflection of his soul, but a thing to traffic with as merchandise. Before, he could hold up his head so proudly, gaze so grandly into the face of life, conscious of the peculiar sanctity which his calling had imparted to his acts. Now his head was bowed, for he had committed sacrilege. It was a hard case that he must see his real self rejected, and be compelled, because human, and under the bonds of hunger and discouragement and failure, to baptize as spiritual children what were only adopted waifs, unloved, uncared for. But the world was blind and deaf and hard to touch. It had turned from him in his need and wistful craving for its patience, and now with hollow smiles extended a welcome to this new utterance that he could not look upon for shame.

The mists were rising, melting away like snow before the sun, and the radiance streaming from the east flooded the whole world. The light struck the blank windows of buildings across the water, the blank eyes of the weary wayfarers on the river, the deadened heart of the man, and steadily on toward the city moved the boat with its stolid human cargo.

John Grant was at the front, watching the unfolding of this new day. His eyes were grave and quiet,—too weary to light up even in welcome to the gentle beauty of the morning. To him the journey meant one thing—renunciation. It promised but one future—a life of servitude. He was quite alone. The others, with faces full of the hungry pleading of dumb beasts were staring away toward the city. They were physically near, but very remote in spirit, giving no heed to the man leaning on the rail. His hand stole up toward the pocket where lay the token of his fall, and drew the thing out to gaze upon it. And the wind came softly, laden with strong untainted refreshment, and the sun sent forth its healing.

When the gates swung open the passengers crowded past the man at the rail, but he did not follow. His hand and his pocket were alike empty, for somewhere behind at the bottom of the river lay his treasure. His step was firm and his head very erect as he walked back through the boat for the return trip; for he was thinking of the freedom no man should ever take away.

## SONG.

BY HILDA WORTHINGTON SMITH, 1910.

With silver grass bind up thy hair,  
Little child, so wild-rose fair,  
And tell me truly if you know  
Where oats, peas, beans, and barley grow.

Fields of oats streaked white with foam,  
Where the madcap goblins roam,  
Underneath the flowering pea  
Tents of fairy minstrelsy.

Heart-shaped banners of the bean  
Sheltering the elfin queen,  
Pearly heads of barley swing  
While tinkling bells of twilight ring.

Children know the magic spell,  
But they laugh and will not tell,  
Guarding in their charmed band  
The passport into fairyland.

Round the world and back again,  
All the windy fields of men,  
You may search, and never know  
Where oats, peas, beans, and barley grow.

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*THE BROKEN CHAIN.*

BY VIRGINIA CUSTER CANAN, 1911.

Riverside, alluding to the old boathouse, always said with a hushed voice that it was haunted and then laughed, for Riverside knew that it was not. That was the summer colony's little joke. Each member of the colony had his own version of the story, but no one really believed it. Besides Riverside scoffed at superstitions and knew perfectly well that

the uncanny noises one heard there on a gloomy night came from the wind whistling through the chinks and crannies, from the creaking of loose boards and the clanking of an old broken chain fastened to the outside wall.

Late one night one of the summer residents was wakened by an approaching thunder storm. The wind was playing havoc with the boathouse and the sounds that issued from that deserted ruin were like the ghostly wailings of the damned. At intervals the broken chain rattled against the boards, and the water dashing against the pier might have been the swishing of ghostly garments or the rustle of demons' wings. The summer resident was not an imaginative man, but he shut his eyes hard and tried to go to sleep.

Suddenly he found himself sitting bolt upright in bed, staring straight in front of him, straining his ears to hear, he knew not what. He was cold all over and his breath was coming in gasps. There was a lull in the storm; not a sound broke the silence. But the wind soon rose again, and he heard the dismal wailings from the boathouse, the aimless rattling of the broken chain—and something else. Again and again he seemed to hear it, not above the tumult of the storm, but through it, like the undertone of some great chord, that cannot be heard in itself. It was lower than the wailing, shrieking wind, more vibrant than the groaning timbers—it was distinctly a human voice.

He dressed quickly. He was shaking from head to foot, his blood seemed frozen in his veins, his lips were drawn and stiff. Outside he met two neighbors. None of them said a word, but all looked toward the boathouse and listened. The sound became louder, more prolonged, rising above the howling of the wind, and then sinking into gasping moans. Then they heard the noise of footsteps, as of some one running wildly up and down, back and forth across the floor, and hurling himself against the wall. These sounds continued, until in a brilliant flash of lightning they saw a man standing outside on the pier. With the clap of thunder that followed they also heard the broken chain rattle loudly against the boards. Another flash and the man was still standing there, holding on to the chain, clutching it, swaying from side to side—and laughing. He laughed and laughed; one of the men shivered violently and fell to laughing too,—a gasping choking laugh that comes when one's throat is drawn too tight. It was very funny to mistake an old

*OH, DEAR!*

HILDA WORTHINGTON SMITH, '10.

An editor has got me in her grip.  
Said she: "Write me something funny for the Tip."  
I promised her and fled,  
But now that I'm in bed  
I'm feeling rather sleepier than flip.

I could write a pensive pastoral with ease,  
Or a tragedy that could not fail to please.  
As for elegies and odes  
In the very latest modes  
I'm fairly in my element in these.

I'm not meant to be amusing, that is clear,  
For the process makes me shed a bitter tear.  
I toss off an epitaph  
In a minute and a half,  
But this writing funny verses takes a year.

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*BANNER PRESENTATION.*

The banner presentation on the evening of November , afforded 1912 another opportunity to rise above necessity, and gave to the college, especially to the Freshmen, an hour or so of hearty enjoyment. Gay, red-coated Hussars, Dutch folk in wooden shoes, sparkling Pierrots and maidens, light-stepping through the dance, made the stage gay. At the end, when "Alias Jimmie Valentine" was pantomimed, there was no need for a preliminary warning, whispered about in the gallery, that we were "not to laugh," for Jimmie and Miss Betty made us forget the silence in our own breathless appreciation. More than this of praise is due to the management of the show and to 1912, whose dramatic deprivations have been in great measure compensated, since they have discovered the secret of working together. The regret remains, however, that we should ever be reduced to the giving of an entertainment whose success depends upon an apt imitation of professional vaudeville.

M. D. C., 1911.

*THE SOPHOMORE PLAY.*

Saturday night, November 12, 1913 gave its Sophomore play, and the gallery, sitting again as interested censor, was puzzled. They hesitated, whether to criticise or ignore the very evident demerits in the story of a love that thronged in a spring garden of cherry blossoms and moonlight; of a silver blade that made three ineffectual attempts to stab; of a clerk's emphatic fall at the feet of his queen; of a court plunged into despair and mourning—then curtain! But one cannot blame the actors for the playwright's inadequacy. Rather, one must needs praise them as they deserve. So the gallery applauded. Lucile Perkins, as Guinevere, played a difficult part—a part that in a gesture might have become that of a towering “tragedy queen”—and played it with such moderation and restraint as to make Guinevere simply a very human girl queen, doubting, perplexed, harassed. Lucile Shadbourne was delightful, and the gallery applauded again when she pulled a battered faded Folly, still jangling of May-day, from behind the queen's throne. The rather difficult detail work of the play was carried out carefully and exactly—and Margaret Blaine, stage manager, well deserves our congratulations.

M. B. A., '12.

  
IN MEMORIAM.

'05. Jane Cushing Shoemaker.  
'93. Ruth Emerson Fletcher (Mrs. Henry Martineau Fletcher); died April 13, 1910, at Camberley, Surrey.



*ALUMNAE NOTES.*

'92. Elizabeth Ware Winsor Pearson (Mrs. Henry Greenleaf Pearson), has a fourth child, Robert Winsor Pearson, born in Newton Centre, Mass., February 18, 1910.

Edith Wetherill Ives (Mrs. Frederick Merwin Ives), has a fifth child, Margaret Newbold Ives, born in New York City, June 26, 1909.

'97. Elizabeth Bethune Higginson Jackson (Mrs. Charles Jackson), has a son, born in Dover, Mass., January 8, 1910.

'99. Mary Tyler Thurber Dennison (Mrs. Henry Sturgis Dennison), has a daughter, born in November, 1909.

'01. Caroline Seymour Daniels Moore (Mrs. Philip Wyatt Moore), has a son, Philip Wyatt Moore, Jr., born February 17, 1910.

'02. Frances Dean Allen Hackett (Mrs. Frank Sutliff Hackett), has a son, Robert Sutliff Hackett, born January 27, 1910.

'04. Louise Lyman Peck White (Mrs. Albert C. White), has a daughter, Jean, born February 28, 1910, Sangerties, N. Y.

'05. Florence Colgate Craig Whitney (Mrs. Arthur Edward Whitney), has a son, Craig Wentworth Whitney, born March 6, 1910.

'06. Mary Tuckerman Richardson Walcott (Mrs. Robert Walcott), has a son, Robert Walcott, Jr., born at Cambridge, Mass., January 24, 1910.

Helen Stockton Waldron Wells (Mrs. Clifford Giddings Wells), has a daughter, Kathryn Stockton Wells, born in Chicago, February 9, 1910.

'11. Ruth Perkins Vickery Holmes (Mrs. Bradford Buttrick Holmes), has a daughter, Elizabeth Holmes, born in Boston, July 7, 1910.

Mary Frank Case was married to Mr. Chase Keith Pevear, of Boston, at St. Louis, September 7, 1910.

Florence Wood was married to Dr. Herring Winship, of Princeton, N. J., at Brooklyn, N. Y., November 3, 1910.

Recent visitors at the College have been Florence Wood, Mollie Kilner, Elizabeth Willis Taylor, Anita Stearns, Beulah Mitchell, Elizabeth Conrad.

*ATHLETICS.*

The hockey season is now well on. In the match games that have been played so far 1911 has beaten 1914 in two games. Scores, 7-1, 11-0; and 1912 has been beaten by 1913, with one game played, with a score of 4-3. Gym is in full swing, and 1914 is already swelling its biceps for the meet.

*ORAL SONG.**1913 to 1911.*

Last night on the campus a pale ghost did glide,  
Crying, "Orals, oh orals, oh orals!"  
It sobbed and it moaned and sat down by my side,  
Sighing, "Orals, oh orals, oh orals."  
I said, "Gentle spectre, your actions are queer,  
There's something gone wrong with your noddle, I fear."  
"Alas!" it replied, "all this happened last year  
In the orals, the orals, the orals!"

As I soberly mused on its terrible fate  
In the orals, the orals, the orals,  
I noticed a light that was burning quite late  
For the orals, thought I, for the orals.  
But each Senior I found was asleep in her bed,  
And this was a hollow-eyed Junior instead—  
"I've learned Goethe by heart and all Hugo," she said,  
"For my orals, next year, for my orals."

Next morn I passed Taylor exceedingly cross  
At the orals, these murderous orals,  
When I heard the low tones of a gentle discourse  
In the orals, just fancy! the orals.  
"Shall I read it in Latin?" I heard a voice speak,  
"Or in Spanish or Hebrew or Sanscrit or Greek?"  
Miss Thomas replied, her voice painfully weak,  
"You know really too much to take orals."  
Just imagine!  
They know really too much to take orals.

GORDON HAMILTON, 1913.

*ORAL SONG.*

1912 to 1911.

(German Student Song.)

On the campus of Bryn Martius—  
 Dreadful battle, dreadful day!  
 Was a conflict nothing farcious,  
 Raging prattle, gory fray!  
 Seniors 1911 stood  
 Waiting for their A-B-hood  
 Come to fight through Orals—Oh-Oh-Oh-Orals.

German words with ghoulish faces—  
 Dreadful battle, dreadful day!  
 Allied there with French grimaces,  
 Raging prattle, gory fray!  
 Wörter-bücher were put to flight,  
 Seniors had, at fall of night,  
 Triumphed in the Orals—Oh-Oh-Oh-Orals.

LORLA STECHER, 1912.

*1914 CLASS SONG.*

Come, 1914, let us sing!  
 And to Bryn Mawr our tribute bring,  
 Knowing that we can ne'er forget  
 The friends we here have met.  
 May we bring honour unto thee!  
 May we forever faithful be!  
 To thee, our college, and dark blue,  
 Through all the changing years.

Time heard and whispered, as he passed:  
 "Great deeds alone are doomed to last,  
 Vain things and small are hurried fast  
 To their forgotten graves."  
 May we this thought before us keep,  
 And glory, fame and honour reap,  
 For thee, our college, and dark blue,  
 Through all the changing years.

FRANK CAPEL, 1914.

KATHARINE HUNTINGTON, 1914.

*BANNER PLAY.*

1912 to 1914.

'Ere the curtain parts disclosing  
    All our trifles airy light,  
Make we earnest our entreaty  
    For your favor this one night.  
If our play with all its folly  
    From your tho'ts drive care away,  
Then our only care were banished,  
    This the purpose of our play.

1912 a band of players—  
*Gretchen, Hans and Pierrot,*  
*Fifi, Valentine and Cholly*  
    Wait your verdict on their show.  
Freshmen, Oh! forgive this motley  
    Much there is for us to rue.  
Let one merit claim your mercy  
    All is done with thought of you.

H. D. B., 1912.



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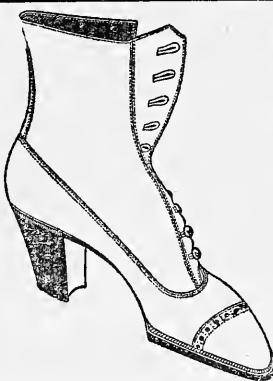
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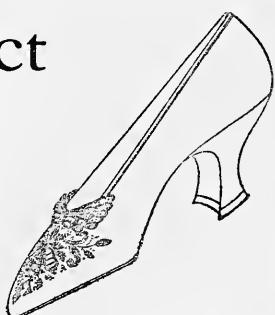
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January, 1911

# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o'Bob

*Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.*

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VOL. VIII

JANUARY, 1911

No. 3

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*Managing Editors.*

MARION DELIA CRANE, '11, *Editor-in-Chief.* HELEN PARKHURST, '11

*Editors.*

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DOROTHY WOLF, '12 MARY ALDEN, '12

MARY TONGUE, '13, ROSALIND MASON, '11, *Editor of "Dulci Fistula."*

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## EDITORIALS.

We do not presume to suggest that the college relapse into a state of contentment. Violent change is always dangerous. Besides, if we should all at once become perfectly satisfied with the breakfast menu, the quiz system and the individual peculiarities of all our Professors, heaven knows what we should talk about. Oh, by no means let us do away with complaining. It is the one surviving habit that can be taught with infallible success by example alone. It is the only discoverable method of proving to one's friends that, never since the days of Job, was mortal man more called upon to appeal to an inexorable fate and curse the day he was born than one's miserable self. To complain is, moreover, more discriminating than to commend; and for evidence of the development of the critical faculty at which college training aims, nothing is more convincing than railing at one's environment, state, and obligations.

Even the editorial eye can see the advantages of such a habit. So,

with a view to encouraging it still further, we modestly suggest, as a new target for our complaints, the library clock, an instrument which was, presumably, designed for telling time, but which has unaccountably fallen short of that hypothetical end. Now to transfer to a public nuisance like the clock, criticism hitherto directed to such petty individual grievances as five quizzes and six reports a week would, we feel, be an inestimable advantage. Not only should we continue to experience all possible benefits to be derived from exercising daily this precious critical faculty—and in a manner less influenced by violent personal feelings—but we should also be at last entirely unanimous in our crusade—whereas at present we are scarcely that, owing to the survival of a few contented souls who find good points in the quiz system.      H. H. P., 1911.

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*Praeterita*—For the enterprising investigator who shall some day undertake the task of writing the history of Bryn Mawr, ample material lies ready to hand in the files of the college magazines. In the dignified columns of the *Lantern*, and in the livelier pages of the TIPYN o'BOB and of its less ambitious predecessor, the *Fortnightly Philistine*, are recorded the births of our most familiar institutions, and the *floruit* of others long since forgotten. Is it generally known that we once had a Missionary Society?—also a Temperance Society, now, apparently, superseded? Of keener interest are the problems once hotly discussed, most of which seem to have solved themselves with marked success. “The Length of Enthusiasm,” to which freshmen allowed themselves to go in devotion to their juniors, was at one time a burning question; only settled by one of the former coming forward in print to disclaim, on behalf of her class, any inordinate partiality. Of the fears and forebodings which have, from time to time, assailed the editorial breast, not all, perhaps, were without foundation; notably the apprehension that the crowding in of more and more interests might damage the “serenity and poise” then characteristic of the student body. Editors have praised conservatism, and deprecated it; have warned against “outside interests,” and have pleaded their cause; the color of the covers, which on the *Lantern* has run the gauntlet of all shades of gold, and on the TIPYN o'BOB has varied from darkest purple to vivid orange, fitly reflects the mutability within. I do not advocate less faithful vigilance; but from this hasty

research I draw an augury of hope. How many dangers have been sighted in the past! and how justly, on the whole, has the good genius of our little community guided it on a safe and middle course! If some new peril seems imminent, let us not be too ready to take alarm. It was once feared that students would be allured to spend too much time in the magazine-room of the library.

C. I. C., '11.

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### THE SCARAB RING.

CATHERINE LYMAN DELANO, 1911.

"Yes," said Roger Morton, half aloud, as he folded a paper on the desk, "I must have that added as soon as possible. William must have my scarab ring; I don't see how I could have forgotten it, when I was having my will drawn up. He has always admired it so!"

As he lifted his white head, there was an expression of affectionate benevolence on his strong, old face. People in the outside world would have been surprised if they could have known that Roger Morton, whose name stood to them simply for many millions, had such a capacity for kindness in little things. They would have stood amazed, had they known of his constant tender thoughtfulness for William Hamill, his life-long friend, whose path had not been so prosperous as his own. Ever since their boyhood, first as fellow-students, later, when they had both married, then when Hamill had had misfortunes, and finally when he had lost his wife, the two had stood together in the closest friendship.

Roger Morton pressed a panel in his desk, and a secret compartment laid open. He drew forth from it a red velvet box, and opening it, disclosed an Egyptian scarab ring with elaborate gold chasing. Looking at it musingly, he continued to talk to himself:

"Except that it was an heirloom, I would have given it to him long ago. Why, even when we were boys he used to envy me that ring! Poor old Will; he loves beautiful things, and antique things so much; and has had so few of them! Well, it won't be long before he can wear it!" He touched his left side, and shook his head, half-smiling. "But he won't care for it so much *that* way! After all, why shouldn't he have it now! Of course, I *may* go this very day, but I *may* hang on for

years (as Jenkins said this morning, in his most encouraging professional manner). Anne and the children won't care; it's tremendously valuable, of course, but what's that to them! By Jove, that's a good idea. I'll take the ring to old Will this very afternoon, and then he can have some pleasure in wearing it, while he and I are still here together!"

Always quick to act upon a generous impulse, he had left the house within five minutes, and was walking slowly up the avenue in the late autumn sunshine. In fifteen minutes he had reached his destination—a door on the first floor of an apartment house in one of the smaller streets. After ringing the doorbell twice, without effect, he decided to let himself in, with the latchkey he always carried. With an air of familiarity, he walked up the hall; looked into two or three of the rooms, and finally shook his head. No, Hamill was not there. He must be at the house of one of his sons, who were both married and living in the city. Morton felt a little tired and out of breath, and sat down to rest. It was absurd, he reflected, how they coddled him. Why, he hadn't walked as far as that for weeks, and if Anne had known of his intention to-day, she would probably have made him drive. And yet, how well he was! Well, there was no use in waiting; he would leave the ring, in its case, on the dresser in Hamill's bedroom. So doing, he started homeward again.

Not two hours later, at about six o'clock, William Hamill returned to his apartment. He had scarcely entered the hall when the telephone bell rang violently. On lifting the receiver, he heard Mrs. Morton's voice, speaking in great agitation: "Roger has had a seizure," she said. "Yes, it's his heart. He is unconscious—and oh, William, the doctor says he can't live! But come, oh, come as fast as you can; he may be conscious again, and ask for you!"

William dropped the instrument with a groan, and rushed into his coat, and out of the door with desperate haste. But when Mrs. Morton met him at the door of her house, ten minutes later, he knew from her face that it was too late. Without a word, she led him upstairs to the room where his old friend lay; and together they gazed their last on the face, scarcely paler than it had been in life; on the lips parted by a smile so sweet and kindly that it seemed to forbid grief. The late sunlight had faded from the room, and all lay in shadow, when William Hamill rose from the bedside of his friend, and silently went out into the dark.

So, broken and bowed, he came back to his own home, lit a lamp with feeble, shaking fingers, and then sank into chair, to think. The maid came in, with a cheery greeting; he could not tell her what had happened, but gave her permission to go out for the rest of the evening. Alone once more, he fell into deep thought. Gradually, as the spell of Roger's still presence passed from him, he began to realize what this meant. The first hushed benediction of death left him, and her icy fingers began to clutch at his heart. Then, indeed, he prayed to be taken with Roger—not to be left alone. The sense of his utter loneliness made him restless, as well as miserable. He began to move about, and wandered into his bedroom. On the dresser there were pictures of *him*; he bent to look at them with streaming eyes. Then, suddenly, he caught sight of the red velvet box which lay close by; and, opening it, tremblingly, discovered Roger's scarab ring.

So intense was his surprise that he almost collapsed; recovering himself, he tottered to a chair, still holding the box in his hand. Yes, it was indeed Roger's ring; he knew it, perhaps, better than any other object on earth. But how had it come there? How could it have appeared, suddenly, in his bedroom while Roger lay dying? He knew where it had always been kept; knew the very spring which opened the secret closet. Then how, by all the powers of earth, had it been transferred? A dreadful fear took hold of him, a fear of he knew not what. Certainly no human agency could have conveyed the ring to him! Then—then—was Roger's spirit abroad that night? Was it there, in that very room with him, now? O God, it must be so, for the ring still remained a reality! All alone, in such an overwrought condition, the horror became almost more than he could bear. Weeping and crying out like a child, he flung himself upon the bed, and pulled the covers over his head. After a while, from sheer exhaustion, he fell asleep.

He awoke the next morning to see his older son standing beside his bed. Geoffrey Hamill had heard of Roger Morton's death early that morning, and had hurried to his father's house. As he waited there, for the old man to wake up, he noticed the strange scarab ring on his finger, but, not recognizing it, gave it no thought. Sleep seemed to have restored William's self-command. Geoffrey was at first aware of nothing unusual in his father's bearing, save deep sadness, such as he remem-

bered when his mother had died, fifteen years before. But, as the day wore on, he could but observe the fear and suppressed excitement in the old man's manner. It worried him, but he was unable to think of any explanation of it. He little guessed his father's superhuman efforts to keep back the horror that was still upon him. But that horror was constantly with him, during all the days that followed; growing stronger and stronger because he could bring himself to speak of it to no one.

A few days later, after they had buried Roger Morton, there came the trying ordeal of unsealing his will. Hamill, finding himself named as an executor, summoned up all his strength and consented to perform this last service for his old friend. At the first hearing of the testament, the Morton family, Hamill and his sons being present, Mrs. Morton stopped the lawyer in his reading of the clauses disposing of the dead man's personal property. He had just finished the description of an old scarab ring, which had been left to Morton's eldest son.

"It is very curious about that ring," she said, "for I have searched through all his things, and cannot find it. I wanted it, because I knew Roger wished it to go to you, William. The will is an old one, you see."

"What was the ring like?" Geoffrey Hamill spoke, in some excitement.

In reply, Mrs. Morton described it minutely; and then Geoffrey, turning to his father, exclaimed:

"Why, you have that, Dad! I saw it on your finger the other morning." Then, as there was no answer, he grasped his father's limp hand, and held it up so that all could see, on the fourth finger, the scarab ring.

A look at his father's face told him that something was wrong. After a long, painful silence, Mrs. Morton spoke:

"Then Roger did give you the ring, after all, William?"

After a tense moment, the answer came, in a broken, faltering voice: "No, he did not, Anne!"

And then suddenly, unaccountably, William burst into a low sobbing moan, and left the room. His son followed in time to see the house door close after him.

Six months passed and they learned no more of the ring's story than they had known that first day. William Hamill could answer nothing to their questions; could only moan as he tossed among his bed-

clothes: "Oh, I cannot tell! I cannot tell!" In all that time he had scarcely left his bed, and seemed to have become more and more broken in spirit, as well as in body. The fearful nervous shock—combined with something else—had been more than his enfeebled age could sustain.

The strain on his sons, too, had been very great; for, added to this anxiety about him, there was the horrible suspicion that neither of them could shake off—the suspicion that their father had stolen the ring. The Morton family had never mentioned the matter again; they had been all that was kind, considerate and generous. But Geoffrey and Roger knew that they, too, could not help suspecting; and their hearts were very heavy. Furthermore, they realized that it was largely the consciousness of this suspicion in everybody that was preying on their father; and yet they were unable to relieve him. This was the situation, one April day, when they were sitting in their father's study, waiting for the doctor to come out from the side room. Roger held in his hand the red velvet case which contained the scarab ring. They had determined to restore it to young William Morton.

"It's a queer old box," said Roger Hamill, as he fingered the velvet, and then opened it. "So much too large for the ring. It must be very old. Just look, Geoff, the top cushion's loose. Why, I can take it right out! And here's a piece of paper, all folded up, with writing on it. It's Uncle Roger's writing. Oh, I say, Geoff!"

Eagerly he handed the slip of paper to his brother, who read these words:

"I have brought you the scarab ring, William. You have always liked it, and I want you to have it while I am alive, and not only after I am dead. Please wear it, for me.  
ROGER."

The two men looked at each other, and then, as though by a mutual understanding, Geoffrey sped from the room, and Roger waited. He was gone for several minutes, but each one of them was an hour to Roger; an interminable interval seemed to elapse between each tick of the clock. When he returned, there was a change in his face. Sadly he extended his hand to his brother, and said:

"It was too late!"

*THE SHEPHERD TO A CRUEL RIVER NYMPH.*

ROSALIND FAY MASON, 1911.

At dawn I stood beside thy silver stream  
And saw thy beckoning hand, and, in a dream,  
Beheld among the reeds thy floating hair  
And thy fair face amid the lilies fair.  
I knelt—and worshipped but a wreath of mist.  
Ah, cruel nymph, to vanish there, unkissed,  
Since, Loris, I would die for thee.

Lo, I have driv'n my flocks unto this plain:  
These pretty lambs should tempt thee back again.  
And I have scattered violets on the wave  
To woo thee from thine emerald river-cave.  
I've sat and piped to thee the livelong day;  
Now that the sun is vanished quite away,  
Ah, Loris, I still sigh for thee.

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*AMERICA AND THE PHILISTINES.*

MARION D. CRANE, 1911.

Time was, nor was it so long ago, when the reconciliation of science with religion occurred in every university sermon. Each one of the good men chosen to preach before a college congregation saw himself the bearer of a unique and necessary message. "Go to," said he to himself, "I will show them how to be wise and at the same time faithful." And they listened to the first man gladly, as to confirmation of their dearest hope, but to the thirty-fifth rather sadly, for he at least might have given them a lift up the road upon which the other thirty-four had started their willing feet.

Of late the burden of the university sermon has changed. The emphasis has proceeded to ultimates, for the American preachers of 1910 are concerned with the materialistic tendencies of the age. Over and

over we are told that it is an industrial, a commercial age, that "we take no stock" in the things of the spirit. We *illuminati* are accustomed to the charge; our educators are publicly, oratorically certain of its justice, and we sit under it convinced, and yet with a sustaining sense of superiority to its worst implications.

These are embodied in the words of Matthew Arnold: "It is a machinery, an industrial machinery, and power and pre-eminence and other external goods, which fill its thoughts, and not an inward perfection." The words were written for general application, but their author would surely have applied them with alacrity even to the America of his generation. He had no love for America, and he did not abide by his own maxim: that love must be the medium for critical eyes. It is in fact the charge of Philistinism which is laid to-day at the door of America. The charge is brought, not by outlanders who must needs judge superficially, but by Americans themselves against their fellows. And no degree of illumination can after all except any one of us. If we are the best of our kind we must needs dominate by grace of that excellence; and if we, the educated, the enlightened, are leading American civilization, where is the acknowledged justice of the charge against it? If the charge of Philistinism is just, it must be just for the nation as a whole, for the masses of the educated as well as for the masses of the ignorant.

As a matter of fact, the ready and general acquiescence in the charge of gross materialism, wherever it is brought, leads somehow to a suspicion against its truth. It is almost as if we were told that we possessed violent tempers or artistic temperaments, or any one of the rare and coveted human failings. Feeling ourselves safe by our very self-knowledge from the black depths of our own materialistic possibilities, we take a specious modern interest in their surface manifestations.

But this understanding of oneself, especially if it be a case of national introspection, is notoriously a difficult matter. And majority opinions, even of a class about itself and the other classes, are liable to fallacy in spite of their inclusiveness. Certainly there are fallacies, at least hypothetical, in the current view of American materialism. That the materialistic tendency exists cannot be disproved: witness the great industries which we direct, the flourishing cities in which we live, the subsidized prosperity which we enjoy. These and others resulting from them are undoubtedly the facts which bring conviction to the majority

of the self-conscious. So that the question must lie in the interpretation of these facts. Do they justify national melancholy? Do they indicate constitutional enmity to inward perfection? For this is the essence of materialism in its worst implication, entirely aside from its narrow philosophical meaning. This is Philistinism: to be antagonized by the finer graces of mind and heart, to be an enemy of light.

Now as a rule it transpires that in turning away from the light which makes for inward perfection the Philistine comes upon the glitter of gold, and forthwith is occupied by the acquisition of external goods. The rule may even be granted as within certain limits invariable. If he be not a fool utterly, the mind of the Philistine must be filled by something. And he has no choice between a material and a spiritual content. So that it may be postulated that "where there is Philistinism there must be preoccupation with external goods." It is perhaps in the assumption of the converse of this proposition that we fall into fallacy and simultaneously into self-sufficient melancholy over the affairs of state. For it is not true that where there is preoccupation with external goods there must be Philistinism. It is not true that material interests necessarily imply souls aggressively insensitive, wilfully blind to the finer beauties of life.

Let us look at the history of the typical American, your ancestor and mine, your broker and my drygoods clerk. He has come from the narrow, crowded places, from the deserts, from the intemperate regions of all the world to a land which is wonderfully more than adequate, to a climate which is at once gracious and enlivening. Moreover in great numbers he has come out of the ranks of the very poor in an old country, to sudden prosperity, or the hope of it. Your ragpicker of ten years ago is your prosperous citizen of to-day. Sudden change in circumstances puts any man, and so also the typical American, in the position of an inexperienced child.

Furthermore, strong combinations of race are welding in him, the Celt with the Anglo-Saxon, the south with the north. The blood of the childhood of a nation runs in his veins. He is all energy, but like a child, he uses much of it in grasping at the objects of his desire. His hands are continually outstretched to receive—gifts for the health and adornment of his body, gifts for the venting of his zeal for play, gifts to satisfy his restless curiosity. And for the satisfaction of this last desire there is

education, the latest tool of materialism, so that to be enlightened here and now is to be in theory a socialist, or at least a believer in eugenics.

Is it not possible that we are still young, that we have not yet discovered which are the gifts that perish? For maturity is needed to solve the riddle of time, the riddle of its passage into virtual infinity. All this seeking after material things, "power and pre-eminence and other external goods," may be coupled with national youthfulness, perhaps more justly than with national Philistinism. So that our state may not be so hopeless after all.

If in some corners of our national consciousness we have formed a conception of our own limitations while the world still waits for the consequence of our vision, there again we do but suffer from an old malady of adolescence. As youth is wont to do, so the nation waits for the voice of a great cause, which shall call it out of self-consciousness, and away from the perishing goods of the world, to a spiritual allegiance.

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*ELIZA.*

MARY BOGUE ALDEN, 1912.

"Be good and you'll be happy!" Here was a statement you could prove to the satisfaction of the most exacting Logician—a proposition whose hypothesis "be good" and conclusion "you'll be happy" might be defined in the very terms of your own life. Every day from Sunday to Saturday, you carefully trod the most obvious paths of virtue and every night from Saturday to Sunday you fell asleep tranquilly. To be sure you were forced to attribute a large part of your untroubled optimism to the efficient workings of a good digestion. But on a Sunday morning, as you stood at the head of your immaculate, well-garnished family line, it was the inner consciousness of a deed well done, of profits well placed—as your crisp dollar bill slipped down some lean missionary's pocket—that added fervor to your last Amen. And, on a Saturday night, it was but the warmth of your own satisfaction that melted your icicled beard and sent an aurora of happiness steaming out in thin vapor from your dripping coat and sodden boots as you jolted home in the overheated comfort of the last car. But what better proof of your proposition could you

offer than your ability to read in the stony stare of a "welcome" done in white marbles on your door mat the sure promise of warmth and deserved comfort within.

Then the door opened—and you saw Eliza! As at a word of command you saw your conception of virtue shrink, grow puny and shapeless before this Presence. The leaping cheer of your warm self-satisfaction suddenly seemed coarse before the fine, cool melancholy of this young soul—the clear, calm soul of a saint that, called down from heaven, had missed its earthly habitation by a street or so and had come thus strangely to dwell in the slim, black and white person of your new serving maid. It seemed incredible that she should be born to wait on you, to take your coat and hat at night, to offer you warm oatmeal in the morning, to answer to the clamorous demands of your children. Yet there she stood every morning, with that same gentle droop of hair and shoulders, that same slow uplift of heavy eyelids from the searching glance of wide grey eyes beneath, ready to hand you the neglected Family Bible or the damp sheets of your morning paper,—capable, depressing, patently, maddeningly good. And you—you felt your existence needed no longer as a chastener of vice but merely as a target for the all penetrating glance of her virtue. As she grew gentler, more pensive, you grew coarser, gayer, with a pitiful, forced cheerfulness that prompted you to spend your crisp dollar bill on Pete, the furnace man, and shake his dirty hand eagerly as he assured you "it was a bloomin' fine day, Guv." It was bitter to feel an overlooked exception to your infallible rule of life react in this humiliating manner.

Then of a Sunday morning you took heart again. For as you knelt in dumb despair and felt your long vaunted axioms crumble away, you saw, across a bar of light, a host of painted angel faces, eager-eyed, smiling, and down in one corner two cherubs, choked with good deeds and happiness—yes, fairly grinning! But no, the thankful joy that struggled up from your burdened heart to echo in the last Amen recoiled at the thought that after all the angels themselves had probably never seen Eliza.

## HER SON.

HELEN H. PARKHURST, 1911.

"How charming of you to come just when I wanted a talk!" Mrs. Danvers rustled across the soft velvet rug, and laid a white hand prettily on her young visitor's shoulders. "Come close to the fire. We will have tea directly, and while you take off your things I must tell you: Tom comes to-morrow." When Mrs. Danvers was thoroughly impressed with the weightiness of her own remarks, there was something in her manner very like that of a kitten excited over a mouse. Nora Vance laughed and stooped to kiss her.

"Of course, I'm properly pleased, though I never met the young man and am perfectly convinced beforehand that we shall hate each other from the first moment. If he has been getting as glowing accounts of me as I have of him he will have been disliking me heartily a long time before our introduction."

"Now, Nora, that is unkind of you, besides being very vain. You know how thoroughly I disapprove of you—you are not in the least the person I should want my son to marry, though I do adore you myself."

"Particular Mrs. Danvers! I fail to see why I am not good enough even for her son." Nora leaned forward to rest her chin on her slim brown hands and looked up with much seriousness at her hostess.

"You *are* beautiful, Nora. I always did like your kind of skin and hair. That was what made me notice you that first time at the concert, though your playing was ravishing, too. But oh, why were you born with such peculiar ideas?" Mrs. Danvers uttered a pathetic little sigh, and glanced at the girl's brown curls, which escaped beneath her black beaver. Nora laughed, then a little pucker came in her forehead.

"You don't seem to consider. I am quite as bent on converting you as you are on setting me right."

"But, my dear child, with your talents and beauty and position, how can you throw yourself away, pursue this frightful course of life, miss all your splendid opportunities and be so—so"—

"Strong-minded?" queried the other, whimsically. "Of course we shall never agree about that. You think you are right and I know I am."

"Oh, you do argue off the point so, in spite of your boasted college training. What I am trying to say is that you have no right—positively no right—to bury your genius and be so queer and independent. The idea of a lovely young thing like you poking about in the slums and intending to be a nurse. Why, it will ruin your looks and spoil your health, and it would break my heart to have a daughter of mine act that way or a son—"

"Marry a person like me? Well, your heart is saved from even a crack as far as I am concerned. Come, now, don't scold any more. Shall I play a little? And you can think up all the pleasant things to say, for you won't have time for them after to-morrow. And no one else spoils me so delightfully, you know."

"So much thrown away," Mrs. Danvers murmured to herself, as she watched the girl's lithe strong figure moving toward the piano. Then aloud: "No, my dear, Tom would never approve, either. I'm very glad, for you would be hard to manage. But you do play charmingly." She leaned back with closed eyes to listen.

"You should study in Paris and come back after touring abroad to take New York by storm. You could do it," she said later, as they drew back to the fire.

"But my work," protested the girl, and this time her face was very earnest.

Mrs. Danvers' bright little eyes puzzled over it for a moment, then—

"Do come soon," she urged warmly, for they had both risen. "I shan't be with Tom *all* the time. And of course you must meet. I have told him about you."

"Of course. As I said, he believes me a paragon of all the virtues and hates me already accordingly. But it will be fun."

"Oh Nora, Nora!" Mrs. Danvers' voice trailed away into a querulous murmur, as she turned back from the front door across the velvet rugs with a step that was less serene and leisurely than usual. Nora, outside, looked back at the house with eyes that brimmed with merriment. Her free joyous step broke almost into a run. "It *will* be fun," she repeated.

It was more than two weeks later when Mrs. Danvers found her first opportunity for drawing Nora out on the subject of Tom. "And

what do you think of him?" she asked with the air of a fond mother displaying her young infant to an admiring caller.

"Think of him? Why, what do you want me to say?" returned the girl, with pretty hesitancy.

"The truth, my dear, on all occasions. But, you must like him, he is—"

"Well, he is precisely like you," ventured Nora, to stem the approaching tide of eulogy. "We didn't get on any dangerous topic, like woman's missions, for two days, and I thought the dreaded doom of his disapproval would be averted, but now everything is out."

"You don't mean to say you have discussed—your ideas! How shocked he must have been, and I never guessed it from anything he said when we were talking about you yesterday."

"I was so surprised that Mr. Danvers had wanted to be a doctor," remarked Nora inconsequently. Mrs. Danvers glanced up sharply, but the girl appeared to be absorbed in removing her gloves.

"Oh, that was long ago, my dear. He is quite devoted to business now, just as his father was. He has great common sense."

"He seems almost more interested in tuberculosis than in the new machine. I was so delighted. We agree entirely about the hospital reforms in the tenement districts."

"Oh, he never talks about such things voluntarily. It was only to humor you, my dear," finished Mrs. Danvers lamely, looking in a sort of bewildered way at her companion, who was now examining with great interest a Japanese print hanging over the desk.

"Really?" Nora opened her eyes in an astonishment that seemed very sincere. "Of course you know him so much better than I. You have been acquainted with me for two years and you don't pretend to know me even yet." She began to pull on her gloves again, and her friend did not attempt to stop her. She was watching the girl in a queer way.

"It *is* fun, you know," were the enigmatical words of the guest as she moved toward the door. The hostess did not even answer.

Mrs. Danver's talks with Nora grew rarer as the weeks passed by. There were, in the course of the winter, two or three delightful little theatre parties, several concerts, and some dinners which brought them together, but Nora was absorbed in her work, and while the mother was

mostly unsuccessful in capturing her, her son managed to see her sometimes only by joining in the daily expeditions to the downtown districts. Then came a time early in May when for over a week Mrs. Danvers did not see her once. She suddenly missed the girl, for her son had gone away for a few days, on business, as he said. She was driving in the park one afternoon when she met Nora, walking rapidly, carrying a large bundle. Mrs. Danvers stopped the carriage and made her get in.

"Well, I hope you know how far from decently you have been treating me—never coming to see me. And now Tom's away. Did you know?"

"Yes—he said he would—that is—I knew he was going." Nora's dark face flushed, and then paled.

"You look worn out, my dear; such foolishness for you to keep this up. Why should you? Just be sensible and take my advice."

"Ah—no!" The girl spoke passionately, and then went on more calmly. "It isn't this work at all that wears me out. It's trying to combine two things. No more dinner parties or operas, Mrs. Danvers. They make late hours."

"Not seriously, Nora? Why I was just on my way to hunt you up to ask you for to-morrow night. I expect Tom back and just a few people in. You must, child. I won't take 'no' for an answer."

"Oh, but you must. I have really made the resolution, and shall have to stand by it."

"Then you shall come back with me and make me a visit. You have promised for so long, and we will let you go to bed as early as you like. And Tom will enjoy it, too."

"Oh, Mrs. Danvers!" Again Nora flushed painfully, and her voice was a little unsteady. "I shall have to tell you or you won't understand. I am very, very sorry about it. It seemed as if we—Mr. Danvers and I—were to be such good friends, and then—he asked me to marry him, and, and—"

"You refused—of course." Mrs. Danvers' voice was very composed and lady-like.

"I—yes. And now that is over, so you see. Oh, Mrs. Danvers, I am so sorry for you!"

"For me!" The gently modulated voice was almost harsh.

"Why, you see, he says he is going back—to the West. And oh,

I hope you can keep him, for your sake, and you will never be troubled by me again."

"Nora Vance!" Mrs. Danvers' placid little face quivered. "What a terrible, terrible tangle." They drove on in silence, then came the words: "Nora, it is a great sacrifice—of my feelings, and ideas, and all, but I will tell you that—that you may marry my son. I give my consent."

"*Consent*, Mrs. Danvers!"

"I take back all I said before. If Tom can really feel that way, why—I must give in, that's all."

"*Give in!*" again came the echo.

"Don't speak in that way, child. Don't you see? I told you that you weren't the kind of girl I wanted for my son, but if he thinks—why I take it all back—I take it back. Nora—at least—"

"Mrs. Danvers!" the words were very passionate. Nora had moved away a little from her companion, and her hands were tight clasped around her paper bundle. "Oh, *must* I explain? Don't you actually understand? *I don't love him.* Oh—I am sorry. Please, please let me get out. I ought to go. Won't you let me?"

The carriage was stopped, and just as Nora turned to go she felt her arm clutched eagerly. "How *can* you! Tell me again. You are doing it because you want to? *My son* not good enough — — Oh, *go!*"

The carriage rolled smoothly away, and the girl did not look back after it.

Like the woman, sitting up straight and proud in her rich furs, she had her thoughts to think.

*FAIRY VOYAGES.*

MARGARET RICHMOND, 1914.

The happiest time of all the day  
Is when my toys are laid away,  
When I am safely tucked in bed  
And stars are blinking overhead;  
And in my room the moonlight streams,  
The lovely harbinger of dreams.  
In the white mist of light, moon-wrought,  
The fairy people of my thought  
Beside my pillow smiling stand  
Hailed from my distant fancy-land.  
Then forth we go, until we reach  
A shining stretch of sandy beach;  
There in a fairy boat embark  
Leaving behind the waiting dark,  
And sail across the waters deep  
To the dim border-lands of sleep.  
There waits Létiche, the starry-eyed,  
Who, yet a child, in sorrow died,  
And now, in her great tenderness  
Guards little children from distress.  
With her I wander, hand in hand,  
Thro' the far realms of fairy land,  
'Mongst the dear folk whose faces look  
From out the fairy story-book,  
Till I must leave my pleasant land  
And all the pleasures I had planned  
And skim away across the foam  
Back with Létiche to bed and home.  
The grown-up people never know  
How every night away I go;  
And it's a secret, as you see,  
Between yourself, Létiche, and me.

*THE INSURGENTS.*

One of the most pleasant and popular ceremonies of our college life is the fire drill. A shrill clang rends the sacred self-government quiet; then, after a five-minute interval, during which the possibilities of concealment under the bed or in the closet are thoroughly investigated, a motley array wends its way to the fatal spot. It is beautifully logical that wherever the fire is, thither we are marched. If it is on the first floor we assemble as near as possible to its roaring heat, and stand nonchalantly—an everlasting monument to the triumph of mind over matter. When we are all well accustomed to the heat we are marched slowly and with dignity to the second story, to a point as nearly as possible above the leaping flames. Then the roll is called, because it is felt that those who have thus far survived the ordeal now deserve the privilege of at least attempting an escape from the half-ruined building. We behave in a similar way if the fire is in the second story, our aim being in every case to rise above it. What an uplifting thought is this! Can one indeed imagine a more inspiring and heroic scene than one of our classic halls vanishing in huge flames, while in its midst two neat rows of students calmly stand their ground, waiting for the roll to be called or "draughts and warnings" to be completed. Nay, would not this move the poetess herself to alter her immortal lines, so that they might read—

"They called them, but they would not go  
"Because they loved their captains so!"

C. L. D., 1911.  
L. H., 1911.

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I should like to appear in print in glaring headlines of all the largest city journals, but since these are denied me as means of expression, I demand of the TIPYN O'BOB—why does the act of going to college convert a girl into a specimen, for the public at large? Before I came to college I was regarded as a human being; after I leave college I hope to resume the same footing; but in the meantime I am an example of college and its ways of thought and conduct. That is manifestly unfair to

college; it is also, I venture to suggest, a trifle unfair to me—though that is beside the mark. I have become accustomed at college to being merely a member of a class; but in the outside world it still amazes me to be taken as a specimen produced by Bryn Mawr College. “Ah, you are from Bryn Mawr! What do you think of Woman’s Suffrage?” says some mild-mannered man to me. I reply with a large quantity of personal prejudice and a varying amount of truth that I am or am not in favor with the movement, and a few moments later my jaw clicks with amazement to hear my statements, formulated solely with a view to promoting social intercourse, being repeated to said man’s next door neighbor as the popular theory of Woman’s Suffrage at Bryn Mawr. If I said that I was from Kalamazoo would he instantly conclude that I had represented in my own person the current opinion of all Kalamazooers on any topic mentioned? There are, of course, certain standards and principles of the college, certain opinions, perhaps, for which the college as a community does stand; but it seems unfair that the personal peculiarities of any solitary female should be confounded with these. We are all indeed members of a community, but even in community life we do not all wear the same sized shoes or hold the same sized opinions. Before each holiday I feel in duty bound either to prepare the public by impressing on them the fact that because I prefer cream soup to consommé it does not follow that it is a college tradition to prefer thick soup to clear; or to prepare the college by asking it to take a majority vote on such questions as “Do you like hockey?” “Do you read Greek for pleasure?” “Do you want to get married?” “Do you think a woman ought to smoke?” “Do you believe culture is necessary for happiness?” etc., etc., etc. Armed by the statistics answering these questions, we might effectively represent the feeling of the college; but that the college should stand or fall by our private pet prejudices—!

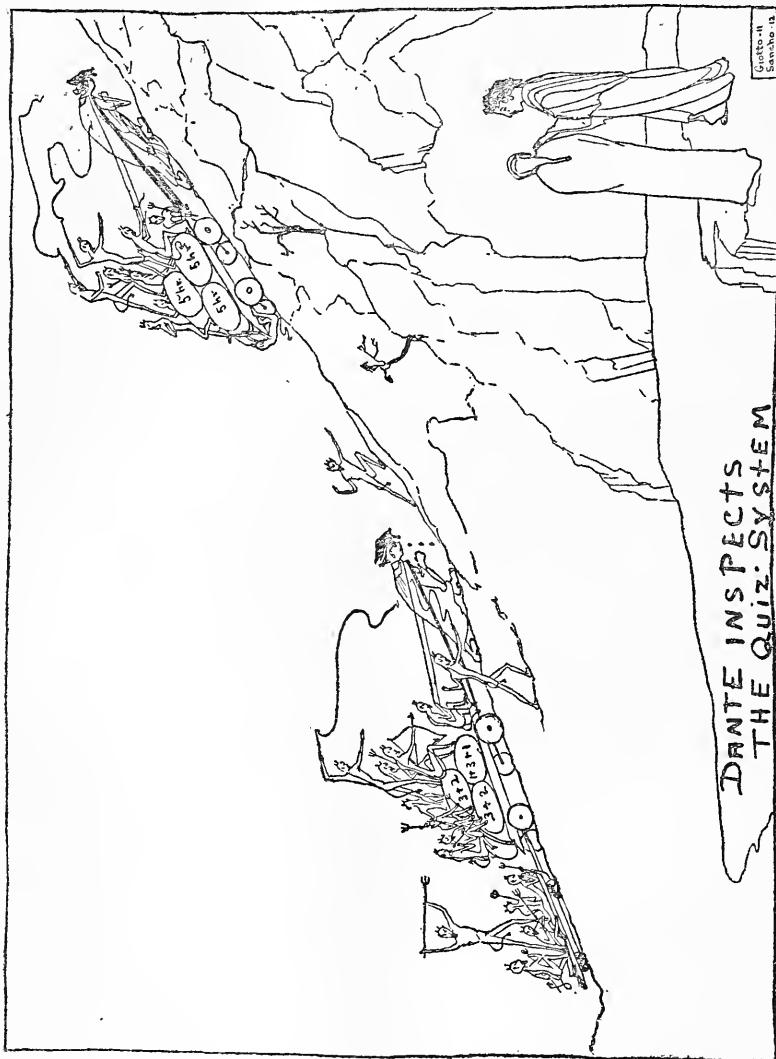
M. T., 1913.

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In the autumn days, as Taylor classrooms grow windier and windier, and hair-nets become an academic necessity, one looks with commiseration at the shivering necks of one’s friends who are slaves to the jumper habit. I say habit, for never did love of any dissipation creep more insidiously into the human heart than the love of this

academic abomination. Who has not watched the tragic fall of a beloved classmate or friend, as she gradually, unknowingly, and apparently irretrievably, becomes the slave of this all-embracing garment? The first morning she is not called until 8.00 and in frantic haste dashes into the first thing at hand. Alas, its easy comfort is all too alluring. Another morning, and another, and now she is wearing it to the Pike. Others see her example, and follow. Soon, for aught she can predict, they will be worn in town, to the theatre. One can see the Main Line holding up its hands in horror, then coming nearer in curiosity, then the bolder spirits making the experiment—liking it, and the demoralization is complete! In a year or two there would be nothing but a dull uniformity of jumpered commuters. For the sake of a little comfort here at college, can we afford to give up so much? Can't we, with heroic self-sacrifice, relegate jumpers to the athletic field, where they belong, and save ourselves, and future ages, the priceless vision of the clothes of the Main Line?

A. M. W., 1911.

*DULCI FISTULA*

DANTE E VIRGILIO A BRYN MAWR.

O L'INFERNO Rivisto.

CANTO PRIMO.

But after we had reached a mountain's foot

At that point where matriculation terminated,—

That lake that had with terror pierced my heart,—

Upward we looked, and we beheld its shoulders

Seamed with that pathway rough and steep

Which leadeth toiling souls to their degree.

"O spirit wise of Mantua," I cried,

"Since equal is the intellectual load

That each must bear who climbs this ancient hill,

Why is yon soul borne back by added weight

By fiendish quizzes numbering fifteen,

While yonder one doth strive, methinks I see

With lesser griefs and tears, urged by but nine?

Herein the Law of Justice seemeth null!"

And he to me, "This miserable mode  
(And out of pity, tears gush o'er his cheeks)  
Howso'er Misericord and Justice plead  
Must be endured, since they absent were  
When it was written, these no power have  
To change this law, unequal tho' it be.

"Tis here alone that which the Fates decree,—  
O nameless woe!—Justice cannot amend!"  
And since we were thus harrowed at the sight,  
We turned away. Then that high sage led down  
Into a circle where more ancient griefs,  
Yet none more dolorous, in torment were.

GIOTTO, '11.  
SANCHO, '12.

*THE MUSICAL LIFE.*

Tell me now pray what's the matter,  
For out of her room each student scurries,  
Footsteps down the corridor patter,  
Tell me, friend, what all the stir is.  
Subject we are, I know, to flurries,  
We answer every call inviting,  
But where to-night is it each maid hurries?  
You'll find them all with Mr. Whiting.

Taylor buzzes with tongues a-chatter,  
She only of a front seat secure is  
Who earliest comes—and by the clatter  
You readily see what music's lure is.  
A truce, alumnae and friends, to your worries,  
Lest our tastes have here an untimely blighting;  
These musical souls that college buries  
You'll find them all with Mr. Whiting.

Never could Hamelin's famous ratter  
Approach this flutist with cheeks like cherries;  
And yon soprano, a trifle fatter,  
A Melba's power of tone in her is!  
It goes to the spot where "the deep heart's core is"—  
Debussy's charm the ear delighting—  
And as for that delicate thing of Fauré's,  
You'll find them all with Mr. Whiting.

*Envoy.*

Princess, I know your conscience pure is,  
Think no more of your English writing,  
Charms that shall lure your soul from quizzes  
You'll find them all with Mr. Whiting.

C. I. C., 1911.

*TRIOLETS.*

## I. To MR. HENLEY.

You may say, when you have learned it,  
That the triolet is easy;  
(Though myself I've not discerned it).  
You may say when you have learned it,  
Or by chance have neatly turned it  
(Though I think you're rather breezy),  
You *may* say when you have learned it,  
That the triolet is easy.

M. S. S., 1911.

## II. CORRECT COURTSHIP.

To be courted in prose  
Is so dreadfully trite  
It is boring to Rose  
To be courted in prose.  
Love songs from her beaux  
Make their prospects grow bright,  
To be courted in prose.  
Is so dreadfully trite.

R. F. M., 1911.

---

*COLLEGE NOTES.*

On the afternoon of Saturday, December third, the Coburn Players presented the *Electra* of Euripides, in Mr. Gilbert Murray's translation. A number of people from town helped us to fill the gymnasium, and verified our suspicion that the stage is too low. The effect of a tragical crisis centering about the lower front of the stage was obscured by a prolonged rustle from the audience; and the appearance of Clytemnaestra's corse, borne on a litter, brought them to their feet as one man. But the supreme strength of the tragedy and the beauty of the lines triumphed over all interruptions and disillusionments. The leader of the chorus was too "engaging," Orestes, heaven save the mark, lacked the graces of youth, the Messenger's eyes suggested somehow a predilection for comedy, and

yet pity and terror laid powerful hold upon us. The *Electra* itself was acted with satisfactory dignity and restraint by Mrs. Coburn; Orestes and the Messenger did no violence to their lines. A personal estimate of the *Electra* as compared with the *Medea* gives precedence to the former as an acting play. The proceeds from the performance were divided according to agreement between the Players and the Students' Building Fund.

The Sophomore dance for the Freshmen was given on the evening of Saturday, December tenth. Executive ability was again recognized and rewarded, for the upper class officers of college organizations were as last year asked to assist with the multitudinous Freshmen. The dance was, according to precedent, a costume party, and turned out to be a very charming oasis of gayety and color in the midst of a sober stretch of lectures and "organized activity."

President Thomas' announcement of her first "mid-year vacation" in all her twenty-five years' service to the College brought a carolling choir to her doors, just two nights before her departure for Egypt on December seventeenth. Of course she asked them in, and told them, as they stood together at one end of the great raftered room, that they were surely better to look at than Egyptian ruins. The usual rounds of the choir were made on the last Sunday night before the holidays. They sang in chapel for the Christmas service, and then met again at nine o'clock, and went singing from Pembroke Arch to Low Buildings, and back by way of Yarrow and Pen-y-groes. The black-gowned figures with their lighted lanterns showed quaintly against the snow, and in spite of twentieth century constraints and complexities the cadence of the old English carol found us out:

"Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place;  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace."

As a matter of fact we do go at Christmas time to lengths unprecedented in matter of gayety. Costumes are worn in the dining rooms, while hall shows and charades develop on every side. It takes the pressure of the Christmas spirit to cause an outburst of joy in the College nowadays. And even at Christmas time the outburst is not wholly spon-

taneous. Truly we are over-burdened with necessity, academic and executive.

The first formal meeting of the English Club was held on Saturday, December seventeenth. The club and its guests met Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sedgwick at tea in the afternoon, and in the evening listened to a lecture by Mr. Sedgwick on Petrarch. Mr. Sedgwick introduced himself as a lover, rather than a student of Petrarch, and he made his subject live in our presence by the lover's magic touch.

---

#### *ATHLETIC NOTES.*

After various delays, 1912 and 1913 finished their series of match games, 1913 winning the first game with a score of 4-3, 1912, the second with a score of 4-0 and 1913 the deciding third game, with a score of 4-3. The games between 1911 and 1913 were then begun, but only one was played, which resulted in a score of 3-2 in 1911's favor. Then Thanksgiving and snow and finally Christmas intervened, and the games seem now to be indefinitely postponed.

---

#### *ALUMNÆ NOTES.*

- '95. Mary Denver James Hoffman (Mrs. Arthur Sullivant Hoffman) leaves a son, Starling, born August 12, 1910, five days before her death.
- '96. Caroline Reeves Foulke was married to Dr. John Francis Ulrie, U. S. N., at Richmond, Indiana, November 12, 1910.
- '01. Grace Phillips Rogers (Mrs. Gardner Rogers) has a son, born in July, 1910.  
Sylvia Church Scudder Bowditch (Mrs. Ingersoll Bowditch) has a daughter, Sylvia Church Bowditch, born August 19, 1910.
- '03. Sally Porter Law was married to Dr. Alexius McGlannan, July 2, 1910.  
Kate Isabel DuVal Pitts (Mrs. Henry Sullivan Pitts) has a daughter, Helen Dorsey Pitts, born August 10, 1910.
- '04. Marguerite Gribi Kreutzberg (Mrs. Otto August Kreutzberg) has a daughter, Marguerite Kreutzberg, born in July, 1910.
- '05. Nathalie Fairbank Bell (Mrs. Laird Bell) has a daughter, Helen Graham Bell, born August 16, 1910.

'06. Kitty Louise Stone was married to Mr. George Grant at Saginaw, Michigan, April 16, 1910.

Frances Witter Lyon was married to Mr. Foster Stebbins Noething, at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, July 2, 1910.

The engagement is announced of Ida Mercette Garrett to Mr. J. Prentice Murphy, Superintendent of the Children's Bureau of Philadelphia.

Helen Preston Haughwout Putnam (Mrs. William Edward Putnam, Jr.) has a son, William Edward Putnam, 3rd, born October 31, 1910, at Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

Grace Bennett Wade Levering (Mrs. Ernest Douglas Levering) has a second son, Ernest Douglas Levering, Jr., born August 31, 1910.

Alice Ella Colgan was married to Mr. George I. Boomsliter, June 24, 1910.

The engagement is announced of Ethel Roy de Koven to Mr. H. Kierstede Hudson, of New York City.

'07. Mary Lucretia Price Koch (Mrs. Edward Louis Koch) has a son, born June 15, 1910.

Jessie Dunlap Thomas was married to Mr. J. Platt Bennett, at Laurel Run, Pennsylvania, October 5, 1910.

'08. Kate Hampton Bryan was married to Mr. Robert R. McGoodwin, November 5, 1910.

Hazel Cooper Whitelaw was married to Mr. Benjamin Nields, Jr., October 22, 1910.

Marjorie Newton Wallace was married to the Reverend Robert Hastings Nichols, of Auburn Theological Seminary, June 9, 1910.

Edith Chambers Rhoads (Mrs. Joseph Edgar Rhoads) has a son, Joseph Edgar Rhoads, Jr., born July 7, 1910.

Ethelinda Florence Schaefer Castle (Mrs. Alfred Lowry Castle) has a son, Alfred Lowry Castle, Jr., born July 8, 1910.

---

*IN MEMORIAM.*

'94. Estelle Reid, died in April, 1910, at Naples, Italy.

'95. Mary Denver James Hoffman (Mrs. Arthur Sullivant Hoffman) died August 17, 1910, in New York.

'07. Marie Ella Muzzey, died in October, 1910.

*ORAL SONGS.**1911 TO 1912.*

C. DELANO.

When I was a babe in arms—babe in arms,  
I was told of orals' charms—orals' charms;  
Frantic Seniors said to me  
“When your turn has come you'll see.”  
And they laughed in fiendish glee—  
Well, it's come!

And perhaps you think it's fun, 1912;  
Perhaps you wish your turn would come, 1912.  
Cling to youth, it comes not twice:  
Take a dying man's advice,  
For these orals are not nice, 1912.

Note our pallid cheeks and smile—can you smile?  
Where the roses bloomed erstwhile, bloomed erstwhile;  
See our locks all streaked with white,  
That but now were golden bright,  
And our eyes' bedimméd light, dimméd light.

When to-morrow's sun has sunk, sun has sunk,  
And you hear of one great flunk, widespread flunk,  
Ope' the chapel portals wide;  
We'll be lying just inside;  
Tell our mothers how we died, 1912.

I'm moaning, I'm groaning,  
Oh, tell me some way to get through;  
I'm groaning, I'm moaning,  
For languages I never knew.  
If I were a girl in a novel  
I'd put on a flowing white gown,  
I'd carry a single, sweet lily,  
And wear my eyes gently cast down.  
And when I went into the orals  
They'd murmur benignly to me:  
"Du bist wie ein Blume, lieb Fräulein,  
"You needn't translate this for me."

CHORUS.

I'm groaning, I'm moaning,  
Those methods don't work any more;  
I'm moaning, I'm groaning,  
For flunking will be such a bore.

If this were the year 1800  
There would be no need for complaint,  
I'd enter and glance at the passage  
Then fall in an artistic faint.  
But now that would gain me no pity,  
Ideals have changed for the worse;  
They'd write down a flunk on the paper  
And have me removed by the nurse.—Cho.

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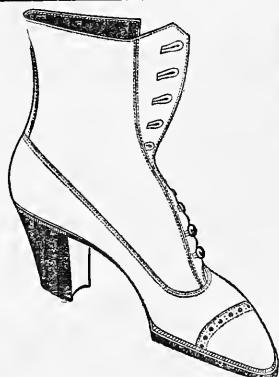
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# Tipyyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o'Bob

*Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.*

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VOL. VIII

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 4

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*Managing Editors.*

MARION DELIA CRANE, '11, *Editor-in-Chief.* HELEN PARKHURST, '11

*Editors.*

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DOROTHY WOLF, '12 MARY ALDEN, '12

MARY TONGUE, '13, ROSALIND MASON, '11, *Editor of "Dulci Fistula."*

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MARJORIE THOMPSON, '12, *Assistant Business Manager*

---

*EDITORIAL.*

*The Publicity in which We Live.*—One of the charges commonly brought against a democracy is that it sets up the opinion of the mediocre majority as censor, and so tends to level down the whole community. Is it because Bryn Mawr College is in truth a democracy that each one of us moves in a glare of public opinion? Obscurity itself is conspicuous. Our personal peculiarities are table-talk; our faults pass into witticisms at our expense; our virtues are turned to commercial commodities; and convictions in us,—or the lack of them,—are marked and estimated. Even our relations with one another are freely noted: Many windows look out upon our friendly walks together, and our conversations may be harvested by the casual listener. Nor does all this observation go on behind our backs. On the contrary, we see its results plainly posted, with appropriate grades, on the bulletin boards of public opinion, and we are forced to read. We suffer under the heavy disad-

vantage of knowing continually where we are, with everybody and with respect to everything.

It is said that this state of things is proverbial in a small community; but no faults, not even proverbial faults, are irremediable. It is further said that youth is naturally self-conscious,—prone to talk about itself; but the practice of talking unreservedly about others, even in a complimentary vein, cannot pass so easily under cover of our inevitable inclinations.

As a matter of fact there is much to be said for a judicious use among friends of free criticism, either praise or blame. Used indiscriminately and to excess these foster the temper of the examiner, who judges by appearances. If we force our acquaintances to sit under a perpetual quiz system, whereby they are to pass or fail in our estimation, we must expect the weaker ones to strain after a desired effect. Moreover, we must remember that some of the strongest among us are without the gift of passing examinations creditably. We must in short be satisfied to become superficial judges of character, if we do not succeed positively in acting upon others to their injury or confusion. If the victims of shallow candor are neither antagonized nor flattered, they may at least be driven to a self-consciousness passing the normal state of youth.

It is far from the editorial mind to suggest subtle secretiveness, enemy to all free progress, as a remedy for the evils of open criticism. The plea is for moderation: let us avoid the frequent and thoughtless expression of personalities, even in the good cause of conversation.

M. D. C., '11.

---

*On Our Fear of the Faculty.*—Why are we so afraid of our professors? Not merely in the class-room, but outside of it, we seem to regard them with the awe of a mouse for a lion—an attitude hardly necessary or justified by the facts. For, revolutionary as it may be to mention it, the faculty are human. The one great difference between us is, after all, quantitative. They know more things than we do, and they know some of them supremely well; beyond that, it is simply that they know better how to think and have had more time to do it in. If their personalities are stronger and more winning than our own, surely that

is not a difference in kind nor one that need drive us thus worshipfully to avoid them. It might rather send us frankly to them, as it does to the fine and helpful among our own number.

Surely the fault for this aloofness lies only in small part with our traditional Bryn Mawr system of student independence, exaggerated though that may be. In the main we have to thank for it only our own self-consciousness. That is so small and mean a form of vanity that one hates to attribute it to oneself, but we are guilty of it in many things besides this matter of intercourse with the faculty, and it is always and everywhere all wrong. What, are we not old enough, not sensible and charitable and hard-working enough to keep free of this perpetual self-contemplation, this "sizing up" of our thoughts and manners and words by the supposed standard of those our superiors whom we venture to address?

It is useless to seek exoneration by putting the blame on the attitude of the faculty themselves. The fault is still our own; we expect the professorial pose, we court aloofness, we have eyes for nothing but the qualities that keep us apart.

Let us be sensible and drop this silly and uncomplimentary pose—for uncomplimentary it surely is. You and I are none of us so humble-minded as to suppose for one moment that *we* could find complete self-expression in any one neat little descriptive formula, that *our* interests could be effectually bounded by the impervious walls of one favorite subject, one single line of thought. Yet this is what we are continually demanding of our professors, and demanding in voices of agonized respect. Of course, the faculty would be interested in the things we care about—if they are worth caring about in the first place. It is only when we play at grown-ups, tucking away our real interests and assuming attitudes that are not our own—it is only then that we become bores. What if we *are* young and crude and vague? That is nothing to be ashamed of; it is Time who is to blame, not we, and he has already cured a-many of these maladies. After all, is it not better to be young and ourselves than old and an imitation of someone else? Come, beloved "Student Body," can we not bravely and unitedly (and reckless of all metaphor) just put our best foot behind us and be happy?

D. S. W., '12.

*Midyears.*—We, who think we are about to die, salute you. In other words, this is our last communication before departing into that deep and rapt seclusion known as Midyears. Of all traditions of the College probably none is so closely and carefully preserved as the spirit of Midyears, that blending of the atmosphere of Lent and Quarantine. If we were to visualize it we might introduce into the landscape of Dies Irae a few figures of the Holman Hunt type, goaded onward by dreary demons from Doré's illustrations of the Inferno. The perfect whole is of course broken by a few irrepressible souls who go ostentatiously to bed at nine p. m. and smile cheerily across the morning egg into your haggard countenance at 8 a. m. But these poor souls cannot grasp the real significance of Midyears, the myriad gloomy possibilities for artistic tragedy that weight the air. In spite of Second Year English they do not see that Midyears are pre-eminently Aristotelian in method, through pity and fear effecting a most thorough purgation of these emotions. As to whether we find the protagonist something less than perfect—in the appreciation of those fine points probably each individual is best fitted to judge—at least the protagonists are numerous. Scientifically Midyears may be likened to any incubus with an unerring homing instinct for our human breasts, a bogey bird of fearful omen. But whether we mix metaphors yet more wildly, and rise from its ashes, or whether we sing our swan song and die, we give solemn warning that we shall emerge from our seclusion like the butterfly (regardless of zoology), knowing that our collegiate winter is over and no further keen winds can hurt us till the cold blast of Finals, which after all do come in the spring.

M. T., '13.

*VILLANELLE.**(Of Plato)*

By HELEN H. PARKHURST, '11.

In times forgot he trod Athenian ways,  
But far away and dim that lifetime lies  
In mellow sunshine of the elder days.

And we, accounting him too fine for praise,  
Scarce yet believe that once in human guise,  
In times forgot he trod Athenian ways,—

That once he spoke, undaunted by men's gaze,  
And uttered wisdom past our vague surmise,  
In mellow sunshine of the elder days.

We marvel slowly, pondering word and phrase  
Of pages old that hush and solemnize,  
“In times forgot he trod Athenian ways.”

And all the golden past in thought we raise  
And see him, dimly apprehended, rise  
In mellow sunshine of the elder days.

We, like the men of old that faced his gaze,  
Count ourselves rich, because, though genius dies,  
In times forgot he trod Athenian ways  
In mellow sunshine of the elder days.

*THE INVIOЛАBLE SHADE.*

VIRGINIA CUSTER CANAN, 'II.

The one thing he had always remembered and the one thing he would like most to forget was his father's death. He never understood why it had made such an impression upon him. It was quiet enough and apparently without any pain; they had simply found him there, in his work-room, his old white head bowed upon his arms as though he had fallen asleep amidst those endless calculations and innumerable drawings that he was forever working over. He himself was very young at the time, but how well he remembered playing with all the delightful bits of metal with which the room was littered—wires and springs and things that revolved at his touch—until his oldest brother gathered them all in a heap and sold them for junk. But the papers his mother had preserved and had given to him a few years later, before her own death, begging him to look them over some time. She knew they must be valuable and that he, her youngest born, might understand. He never looked at them, however, for by that time he had found out what they really were and all that they had meant. Partly by rumor, partly by his own sagacity—for his mother had never told—he learned that his father had wasted his life searching for the secret of perpetual motion, while his mother had wasted hers, working day and night at small profit, to keep the breath of life in him and their children. How she could still have believed in her husband, even to her dying day, was to her son one of the mysteries of life and the absurdities of women. The peacefulness of his father's death, then, only added to the tragedy of it, and the unexplained gloom of it had overshadowed his own unhappy youth.

At his mother's death, he had left school and had gone to work; he became one of those to him mysterious men who all his childhood had passed under his window before daybreak, and who crowded the streets when the twelve and the six o'clock whistles blew,—dirty, grimy men, who talked and laughed with loud voices and carried tin dinner-pails. He became just as greasy and begrimed as they, only he never even smiled, and his dinner-pail held only cold coffee and thick slices of unbuttered bread. At first he hated the machines at which he was set to work,

and he was afraid of them. He was still very young, and although he had been brought up within the precincts of a new and bustling railroad town, his mind retained something of the savage. The machines seemed endowed with a life of their own; they were the monsters and prodigies of olden times that he had read about, and when blood was shed, as it often was, it was all in keeping with his notion of the worship of heathen gods. But he soon found out that at the touch of the hand of a man on a spring, all that show of life departed, and nothing but shining and senseless steel remained, and with that his fear left him. The ringing and whirring became music to his ears. He saw the reason and the use of it all, and he also saw the crudity. Machines were man-made and therefore imperfect, and a thousand schemes for improvement swarmed in his brain. Some were good and some were bad, some rejected, some accepted. Men in power, seeing the worth of them, backed him up, and he had risen and risen, until now, with the best part of his life behind him, he stood at the head of the world of machines, and now he suddenly found himself thinking hard of his father's death, the keen memory of which had never been effaced. His own life well spent and his fortune made, he began to wonder what it was that had made his father waste his life so, and for the first time he got out those old papers and looked them over.

At first they were unintelligible and meaningless to him, and then he began to see the scheme and trend of the plans, and, as had always been his way, the crudity and imperfections of them. He grew interested and then absorbed. He gradually gave up all his other interests—he had made more money than even his children could spend, so it did not matter—and devoted himself day and night to perfecting his father's schemes. His wife and son protested, but the world always scoffed at perpetual motion; they did not know. Had he ever failed? He had a work-room fitted out on the upper floor, away from everybody, and he was seldom seen outside of it. Often the day and the hour would come when he was sure he had the secret—and then it would come out all wrong, and he had to go back and start all over again. He did not notice that his pile of papers had far surpassed his father's, that he had to stop more and more to see his figures and drawings, and that the days and nights were adding up to years,—he was concerned with eternity and time was effaced.

One day he had started out afresh. His scheme this time was quite different and he could see how much better it was. He grew feverish when for seconds at a time he felt himself lost, but he always recovered and went on and on. The brilliance and perfection of it dazzled him, but he did not dare stop to admire—and then, there it was, the whole thing complete and flawless, and he had done it.

He ran from the room and down the stairs, shouting like a boy, "I have it, I have it!" His son tried to stop him, but he rushed past him to find his wife, past him to plunge headlong down another flight of steps and to fall, a crushed and lifeless heap, at the bottom.

His son had the papers carefully investigated by all the best mechanics and scientists of the day, but they could find no clew to those endless and enigmatic plans; they could only shake their heads or tap them meaningly when none of the family was around. The son, for reasons that he never disclosed, then burned the papers, and had all the elaborate machinery carted away as junk.

*MAGISTER DIXIT.*

AMY GORDON HAMILTON, '13.

The master spoke and turned away; the king  
Replaced upon his hand the heavy ring  
Of smooth, clear emeralds and twisted gold.  
“Have then thy wish,” said he, “we do withhold  
“The gift which thou so hardily dost scorn.  
“This ring a mighty dynasty hath worn;  
“We offered it in all too fair return  
“For thy poor parchment. Now thou mayest learn  
“Our hot displeasure, therefore write no more  
“Lest thou shouldst find grim Death without thy door;  
“Death follows thee by day, attends thy bed,  
“Take heed, bold scribe.” The master raised his head  
And spoke serenely with untroubled brow.  
“My work undone I live as safe as thou?”  
The king—“Aye, safe as any of us all.”  
—The master turned and wrote upon the wall.  
“What writest, Insolent?” the monarch asked.  
“My book—these words, O king, shall be the last.”  
A silence fell upon the splendid feast,  
The master gravely wrote, then smiled and ceased.  
All looked. “Ah, kill him!” hoarsely cried the king,  
And as they led the master from the place,  
Reading again the tranquil marble’s face,  
He ground beneath his heel the finger ring.

*A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED*

BY HELEN H. PARKHURST, '11.

David Hilton was sixty-nine years old and had never in all his life been known to remember an engagement. People called him the "Sage," for he was believed to be very wise. They forgave him his shortcomings because they could not help loving him. He had a quaint deprecating way of accounting for himself, with a twinkle in his mild eyes and a smile that warmed like sunshine. "I shall be a pretty unsatisfactory angel if the Almighty happens to put me in charge of something important," he once said. "Maybe even Simon Tracy would wish me back again if I had to look after the rain."

Simon Tracy, so he said, was an enemy of twenty-five years' standing. Every one laughed at the idea of his having an enemy, but granted him indulgence to the extent of adopting the phrase he had chosen to use. Simon Tracy, as all conceded, was an irascible old bear. The only things one could forgive him for were his eccentric passion for farming and his odd taste for collecting old books. From sympathy with this latter whim "Sage" Hilton felt a secret liking for the man in spite of their differences.

"Wasted most of your substance lately on indecipherable manuscripts?" he inquired dryly, with a slight elevation of the brows, as he glanced up one day from his writing to find Simon in deep contemplation of the rose bushes outside the window.

"Nothing of the kind. Crops all failed last year and I'm a beggar," snapped the other, turning a cold shoulder. "Of course, if I forgot to eat my meals, as some people do, it might help. By the way, about through with that Petrarch? I'd like it back." Without deigning to glance at the old man he picked up a stick to poke among the roots of the roses. "It's a pretty rare bit to have visiting around the country, you know. Hand it out, please."

Mr. Hilton, upon whose face a slow flush had mounted, replied hurriedly.

"Oh, the Petrarch! Why, the fact is, I—er, I knew you wouldn't mind—I took—I left that at Mr. Ransom's for him to look at. I thought you were in no hurry, and I——"

"Oh, yes, yes. I hate explanations," interrupted the other testily, "only I shall need it soon," and he walked away with his rapid, uneven step.

The man at the window had started up from his desk, and was moving nervously about the library, running his fingers through his long grey hair, and peering with his little brown eyes along certain sections of the shelves.

"No, it isn't here. That is what has been making me uneasy! I couldn't remember." He sank into an arm chair and dropped his head on his hands. When he raised his face again it was flushed as when he answered Simon's question about the manuscript. "Yes, yes," he muttered. "He won't go to Ransom's. They haven't spoken since that quarrel. I'm all right for a while, but—where can it be?"

The afternoon shadows lengthened, and the sun set in a halo of gold. Still the old man sat, motionless, with bent head. From time to time his hand moved gropingly along the arm of the chair, and into his face came the look of bewilderment and terror one sees in the face of a little child lost in a great city. Accustomed as he was to a life of perfect serenity and quiet, he shrank from the thought of trouble with the hot-tempered owner of the manuscript as from physical pain. It was this instinctive recoil from words of reproach that had betrayed him into the utterance of a falsehood. It was this same horror which took from him now the power to move, and made him stammer again and again as he pressed his hands to his temples. "He would never forgive me. He despises me already. I must find it, but, oh, where can it be?"

That night the gardener, whose room was directly above his master's, fancied that he heard footsteps long after midnight. He was surprised next morning when he went to open the library shutters to find the old man up and dressed stooping over a pile of books. He had emptied six or eight shelves.

"It's all right, James," he said, smiling faintly, "I want to clean all the books and rearrange them." There was a note of finality in his voice, and James went his way.

Of the next four days David Hilton could not possibly have given an account. He seemed to himself to be driven by some terrible necessity to search—to search forever and without rest. At times he almost forgot what had been the cause of this strange new manner of life. His

little conversation with Simon had fallen into the past, and looked dim and far away. The feverish activity which had filled all the time between had crushed out his power to think.

One afternoon, when from sheer exhaustion he had dropped into his worn leather desk chair, a letter was brought to him. It was from Jacob Ransom, dated two days back, telling of a visit he was making in the city. It said that he probably would not return for a week, and it closed with a request that his friend should send him some papers which he had left in a certain drawer of his desk at home.

The thought of Ransom, coming so abruptly, was a shock. Hilton became all at once unaccountably excited. It occurred to him now that perhaps he *had* taken the precious manuscript over to the cottage as he had told Simon. Here was a chance to see; it was only five o'clock and he would start at once. A sense of possible deliverance brought back his failing strength. Picking up his old straw hat he stopped for a moment to tell James that he was going for a walk, and then set out. The man, looking after his master, thought that he seemed feebler than he had ever known him to be.

It was a warm June day, but Sage Hilton walked rapidly. He glanced neither to the right nor to the left, and never noticed when he passed the pond where he invariably stopped to watch the ducks. He rested for a moment by the stone wall at the entrance to Ransom's place, and thought vaguely that the wild roses were choking out the honeysuckle, and that the grass was very long and dusty. The small cottage, low and gray, and shadowed by a great willow tree, looked very deserted to him as he approached it. The key, he knew, would be under the mat at the back door. It was the way things were done here. He peered up at the windows under the eaves, but they seemed to give no welcome.

The kitchen was very dark, and he stumbled across to raise a window shade. He pulled open all the drawers of the cupboard,—though there was no chance of finding the manuscript there. In the same thorough way he searched the sitting-room, and then the small dark rooms upstairs. He had cherished no real belief that the object of his search would be here, and yet, from continual brooding over the thought for these two hours, it had come to seem reasonable. When he returned to the kitchen he was too much taken up with his disappointment to remember his real errand, and with hands that trembled from fatigue he hastily locked the

door again and started homeward. The sun was already setting, but he was too tired to hurry. The duck pond, when he came to it, looked very inviting, and, finding the stones on the bank cool and pleasant after his feverish afternoon, he sat down.

For a very long time he forgot everything, and a realization of where he was came to him only when the light of the moon suddenly struck across his eyes. He fumbled for his watch and found that it was nine o'clock. Remembrance of the manuscript, of his hopeless search, of the impending discovery came slowly back to him. If only he had lent that Petrarch to Ransom! Simon still thought he had. Simon would never—the thoughts trailed on, out of his control. Suddenly he sat up very straight. What if something should happen to Ransom's house? What if it should burn down? Simon would believe the Petrarch had been burned too. What if some one should set fire to the house? No one would ever know. Ransom would not be back for a week, and besides, he wouldn't care—there was plenty of money in the little strong box at home to pay for the building and the manuscript too. Hilton put his hand into his side pocket. He pulled out a box of matches and his watch together. It was just ten o'clock. His head felt queer and hot, and, scarcely knowing what he was going to do, he struggled to his feet. He had not realized before how cold and stiff he was.

The moon was sailing serenely overhead through a clear sky, and before him the road stretched white and shining. There was a little breeze, and now and then from the dark forest came the mournful cry of a whip-poor-will. The old man shuddered. At the edge of the orchard he stopped several minutes to try to think. When he started along the little footpath toward the cottage it was just eleven by his watch, which he could see plainly in the bright moonlight. There were some chips and small sticks by the woodpile at the back door. That was very convenient, he thought. It seemed appropriate that a fire should start from the woodpile. His head did not feel right, and he was not sure just what he was thinking.

The little blaze that sprang up at last was not close to the house. It would soon reach it, however, for there was plenty of excelsior scattered about. The old man started away, almost running. An odd feeling of fear, very different from his dread of Simon, had seized upon him, and he did not look back till he was out of breath. Then, far away

through the trees, he fancied that he saw a dull red glow. When he reached home he slipped upstairs in stocking feet. Somehow he did not care to speak to James to-night. He bolted his door and made no response to the man's knock. Then the odd shuddering seized on him again.

After a troubled night of dreams and wakings, he was roused by the bright morning sunlight streaming across his face and by the sound of voices beneath his window. He raised himself feebly on his elbow to listen.

"Awful, it was," some one was saying. "They can't tell nohow what started it. Fortunate the woods didn't catch."

Hilton's eyes glittered. His heart was beating uncomfortably fast and he trembled. He heard James answering.

"When did he get back?"

"Jes' last night about nine o'clock. Ellen said he wasn't coming till Saturday, but he changed his mind, I guess. She's kind o' crazy like, poor thing. It was her woke up first, and she run right out not knowing what she done. Then she began to call, but it went so fast and the roof fell in and she never heard nothin', and all that's there now is a heap o' ashes."

The man beneath the window went away. James came upstairs and tried his master's door. He came again after an interval and decided to creep around on the roof to see why the old man did not answer his knock. There was something strangely ominous about his silence. When he climbed in the window he saw at a glance that Sage Hilton would never speak again. His face was drawn and terrible. The doctor said he had died of an acute attack of heart failure.

Simon Tracy was touched, though he would not show it, when, at the reading of the will some days later, he found that he had fallen heir to all Hilton's books. He went over to the house one afternoon to pack them up, and in looking through a drawer of a table in the library he came across a small package which made his face light up with sudden pleasure. The Petrarch manuscript—how very fortunate! It had not been burned up at Ransom's after all.

*A LETTER OF THANKS AND AN APPEAL FROM JAPAN.*

Although Nature has endowed Japan with great natural beauty, she also shows her mighty destructive power in the form of disastrous earthquakes, floods, tidal waves and typhoons. In 1890 there was a terrible earthquake in the central part of Japan, which was much worse than the recent one at Messina.

Mr. Yoshiro Tonomura was a mere youth at that time, and had just become a Christian. Seeing the misery of the people, destitute of material and spiritual comfort, he decided to dedicate his life as a messenger of the Gospel to everybody, but especially to the poor. He has never since wavered, but has steadily continued his work in the midst of all sorts of difficulties. Thirteen years ago he organized his work more efficiently under the name of The Christian Volunteer Mission. In 1900 he moved to Tokyo and started the same work in the heart of the capital. There are now two centres in Tokyo under this band.

The necessity of medical work among the poor was felt by Mr. Tonomura, and at last, four years ago, a free dispensary was added to his evangelistic work. It is under the supervision of his brother, Dr. Morita.

Michi Kawai (Bryn Mawr, 1904) is a friend of these workers, and while she was in college she was fortunate enough to gain the sympathy of her friends for this work. In the autumn of 1902 money was sent to Mr. Tonomura for the first time from college. Ever since the college girls have been sending help every month, and it is impossible to express how much the gift is appreciated across the sea. The balance of the expenses of the mission is provided for by Mr. Tonomura's friends in Japan. There is no regular income.

The aim of Mr. Tonomura's work is to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ for the salvation of all people, but especially among the poor, and to give medical aid to those who are poor and friendless.

In Yotsuyo, Tokyo, a small house is rented for meetings, and a regular service is held twice every Sunday. Social and educational meetings take place on certain nights. This same house is used from eight to noon as a dispensary every day except Sunday. Several evangelistic meetings are held in different parts of Tokyo under the auspices

of this mission. During 1909 there were 368 meetings with 8,428 attenders. Seventy members have become Christians through this mission, and there are about the same number of inquirers from all classes. Last year 101,000 patients were helped by the dispensary and 2,000 in other ways, making a total of 103,000. Patients come from every district of Tokyo and also from suburbs and neighboring villages. There are now about one hundred regular patients.

On the evangelistic side Mr. Tonomura and two assistants take the entire responsibility. Mr. Tonomura is also business manager and treasurer of the mission. Dr. Morita takes the entire responsibility of the dispensary without any assistance.

The house occupied by the mission is about eighteen feet square and does not hold more than fifty people at a meeting. Moreover it is a rented house. The congregation now includes students and others of the more fortunate classes as well as the poor and ignorant, and the influence of the mission is steadily spreading.

Patients are often obliged for lack of room to wait outside the house for their turn, which wearies them and is often actually harmful in summer or on wet days. The pressing need is for a suitable house to hold at least one hundred people at a meeting, and a place where about one hundred patients can wait without discomfort.

Such institutions are numerous in America, but there is yet none in all Tokyo. If this mission is fully supported and carried on, it will pave the way for native Christians to follow and multiply this kind of work in many needy centres. Three thousand dollars is needed for the building and its furnishing. Will not the students of Bryn Mawr make this the Bryn Mawr Mission in Japan?

MICHI KAWAI, '04.

In the death of JANE CUSHING SHOEMAKER, Fellow in Economics of Bryn Mawr College, the Graduate Club has lost an officer and adviser who had its interests deeply at heart, the College has been deprived of a student of marked ability and enthusiasm for scholarly work, and the members of the College community have lost a friend whose energy, sympathy and good-fellowship were unfailing.

*Resolved*, That the members of the Graduate Club record in the minutes of the club their deep respect and admiration for the student who had begun life so gallantly and with such promise, and their sympathy for the loss which her family, her friends and her generation have sustained.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Faculty of Bryn Mawr College, the secretary of the class of 1905 of Bryn Mawr College, and the family of Jane Cushing Shoemaker, and that these resolutions be published in the alumnae and undergraduate magazines.

*THE INSURGENTS.*

*On the Giving of Flowers.*—Here in College we rejoice in many customs of which not the least beautiful is that of giving flowers. That is to say: here is a custom of a nature honourable, dignified, beautiful, prone to degenerate into a habit,—and an expensive habit. *Magna est vis consuetudinis.* Of course no one would censure the practice of sending a handful of bright posies to a certain lady about to essay her Orals—a practice sweetly reminiscent of Druid days when the maiden about to be sacrificed was decorated with a garland; or perhaps more truly suggestive of the laurel crown which was an inspiration to the Olympic runner. But after all, the victorious Greek received but one laurel crown, and verily the leaves and blossoms which attend an oral ceremony would strew a gypsy pattern from Dan to Beersheba. And it is not Orals alone which fill halls and campus with fragrance and enable some of us to sing:

“It is not raining rain to me,  
It’s raining violets!”

Yearly a dance and a play or two cause Lady Flora to rub her eyes, wondering if this time surely she has not overslept. Every year once and yet again do purses grow light and a few hearts heavier. Some folk who are proud send flowers which they cannot afford and some who are prouder do not send flowers which they cannot afford and so the world wags and Pennocks thrives apace. “To many fortune gives too much, to none enough,” wrote a Roman gentleman of antiquity—seeming quite to overlook the fact that to some fortune seems to give very little indeed. Perhaps fortune like ourselves is subject to habit and gives most abundantly to him who already hath.

A. G. H., '13.

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*The Fire Department Speaks.*—Our excellent friends, the insurgents of the last month's TIPYN O' BOB, present to our amazed and incredulous view an amusing and edifying picture of the fire-drill. Does it not thrill one to the very core to see with what intelligence these members of the class of . . . . , after four years of life in our college community, have at

last succeeded in grasping the very rudiments of those, our complicated fire-rules? The idea calls before one's imagination a vivid picture of what a fire would be in a certain hall indicated by said friends—the bell rings loudly, flames rise—but are the dauntless dwellers of these sacred halls a whit dismayed? Not they—while some sleep calmly to their death, others stroll arm in arm toward the scene of action, trailing behind them gowns of sheerest gauze, some perhaps still culling from the learned volumes they hold a last blossom of thought. The stern command of "draughts and warnings" stirs them not, rather it offers their courageous souls an opportunity for a composed stroll through the corridors, good for at least half a period of exercise (we wonder, by the way, how much of this cryptic phrase, "draughts and warnings," has really penetrated their interested brains), while friends and enemies peacefully burn, almost before their very eyes. An enlivening thought, this, and one in every sense worthy of a "*Senior of Bryn Mawr College.*" One might further call attention to the fact that while the writers are zealous in their praise of the "pleasant and popular ceremony" of the Bryn Mawr fire-drill, they seem to find flaws in its make up—roll-call, for example, which for some occult reason—undoubtedly a desire for plenty of fresh air—they could appear to wish held on the snowy campus of a winter's night. Doubtless their subtle criticisms will influence the powers that be and future generations of students will joyfully profit by their suggestions.

K. E. C., '11.  
P. R., '11.

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*On Class Spirit.*—Of all forms of hazy thinking none is more insidious than the unintelligent use of catchwords. Against one of our most potent phrases, "class spirit," I should like to register a word of warning. The phrase has become a shibboleth with us, a word to conjure with, in whose name all demands can be made, and with which all sentimental virtues are associated. I would not be understood as pleading against "class spirit." The class is one of those larger units which, like the family and the state, represent the wider view, and should claim our highest loyalty. I do protest, however, against subjecting "class spirit" to a single test,—attendance at athletic events. This is

the connection in which class spirit is most often abused. "19.. had only ten people at such and such a match game. What rotten spirit!" is a frequent complaint. From the tone of it one is tempted to picture the team as a devoted few who are doing something unpleasant for the sake of the class, instead of fortunately endowed mortals for whom the game is its own reward. Granting, however, that side line support is essential for athletics, is not the cry "class spirit" abused if it drives complying individuals to a game against their better judgment? It is conceivable that there may be some among us who consider shouting at games too facile an exhibition of loyalty, and who choose the harder part of staying away for some purpose which in the long run may make for the higher interests of the class. And so I urge that the catchword "class spirit" should not be made "as current as copper coin, and about as valuable," but should be used with some sense of its more remote and finer applications.

R. W., '11.

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*The Tragedy of Humorous Verse.*—That the would-be humorist of the TIPYN o' BOB should fill the place of a skeleton at the feast, that her professional plea should have on the artless disturber of quiet hours the same effect as the devastating proctorial tones seems like a perversion of her ancient office. Such was manifestly not the intent of our would-be benefactors who lesigned the comic poetry of this magazine as a foil to its more solid excellencies. Nevertheless, it is no longer any use to pretend that our professional humorist assumes her motley with cries of joy. Theoretically she has simply the grateful task of gathering in some of the examples of that wit and gaiety with which all young hearts are overflowing. But the mind which figures the room of the Editor of *Dulci Fistula* as piled high with contributions is a prey to dangerous idealism. As a matter of fact, voluntary offerings to that department may almost be said not to exist. People who shrink from no high and serious endeavor for others are unaccountably modest when asked to dispense a little gaiety equally for the common good. That she may attract attention to her pleas for copy the college humorist is obliged to assume a lugubrious aspect and to introduce her requests with tears. In order to furbish up the sober student garb with a little gay trimming, she is herself forced, most bitterly against her will, to assume a sack-cloth garment.

R. F. M., '11.

## *DULCI FISTULA*

*DUE AT SIX.*

I rise, a feeling in my brain,  
A sense of numbness, almost pain.  
At first its cause I cannot fix,  
But soon it dawns on me again  
    My critical is due at six.

At nine o'clock, I wonder why  
I can't, however hard I try,  
Grasp some of Plato's politics,  
But still am haunted by this cry,  
    "Your critical is due at six."

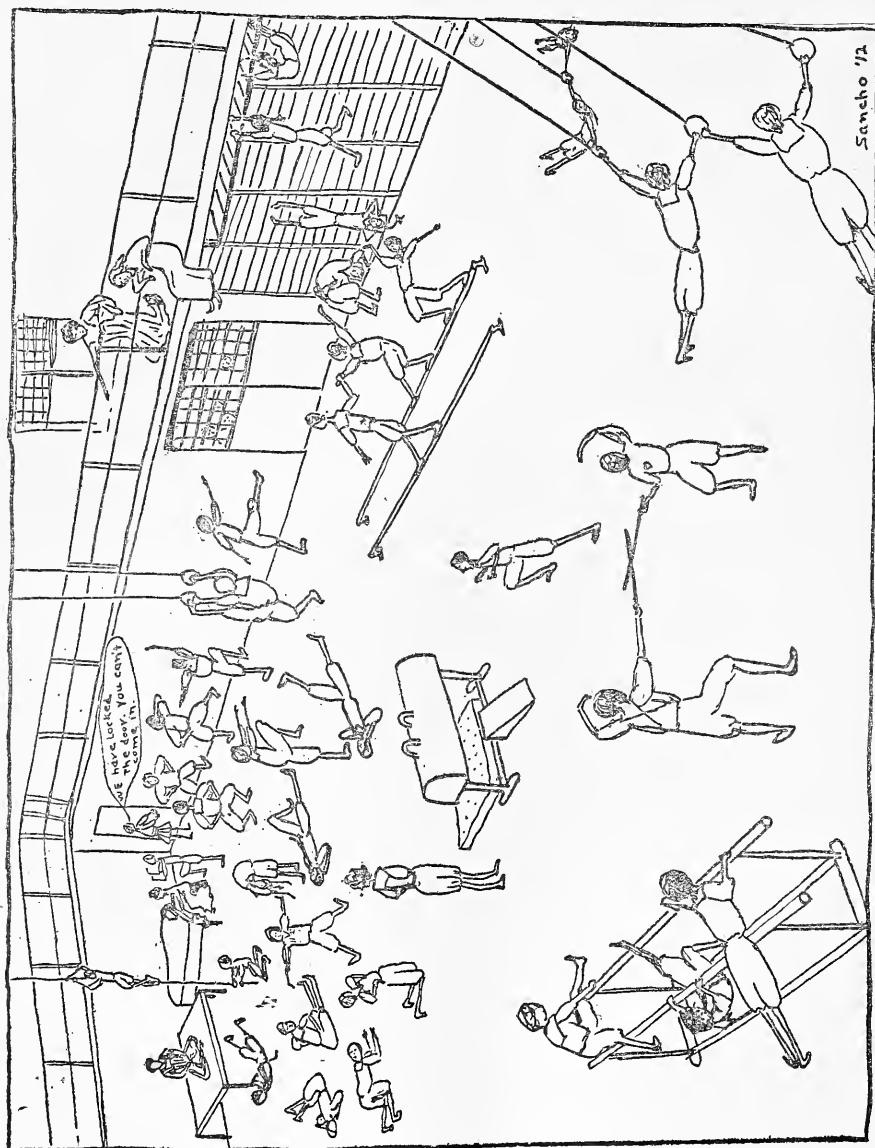
My English Lit. I cut at ten,  
For what's the use of going when  
My brain's in such an awful mix.  
Besides I must make time to pen  
    My critical that's due at six.

Another lecture then I hear,  
Which mildly trickles in one ear  
And out the other. Nothing sticks  
Because, the reason is quite clear,  
    My critical is due at six.

Again I try to write a bit,  
And then in lab. two hours I sit  
Watching the hydra's corkscrew tricks  
'And wondering, "Can I finish it,  
    That critical that's due at six?"'

I write like mad an hour or more,  
Then copy strange words by the score.  
I seize the whole, my name affix  
And run,—to find he's locked the door.  
    My critical *was* due at six.

M. F. M., '13.



Giotto, '11.

*Dante e Virgilio a Bryn Mawr od  
Il Purgatorio Rivisto*

---

CANTO SECONDO

---

We came meanwhile the gallery's portal through,  
And so precipitate we found the track  
That nimble legs were there of slight avail.  
As down we slid 'till stopped by iron bars,  
We peered upon a throng of laboring souls  
Who moved their feet in our direction.  
Upon a platform proud and high, sat one  
Who hurled wild threats against them, did they halt,  
Or else, in choicest phrase, did praise them all.  
Other than these, few sounds were heard, except  
From wondrous instrument, in dulcet tones,  
That ancient lay of "Not that you are fair."  
"Without your asking I confess to you,"  
Virgilius made beginning, "These have yet  
Some grace of limb and academic poise,  
But for the quickening of their spirits' sloth  
Are such contortions skilfully devised.  
(Th' abyss of Black List yawns for them who shirk!)  
For, know you well, this race doth labor so  
In gladsome expectation of release  
From bond of Doubled Exercise's woe.  
And should their sinews soon wax strong andfeat,  
They many eons shall not have to wait  
Before they may attain that longed-for height,  
Of bliss within the Earthly Paradise,  
Where those who head the strength lists do abide!"

*Giotto, '11.*

*Sancho, '12.*

*THE BALLADE OF THE COURSE BOOK.*

When all last year's courses are well nigh forgotten  
And those before that have quite vanished away,  
And marks—sordid things—you've not wasted a thought on  
Along comes the course book to your dismay.  
“Let bygones be bygones!” you vainly may say;  
Between present and past there's a horrible link,  
Where are the marks of yesterday?  
They're down in your course book—done in ink.

The Minor Latin you laboured not on,  
The Physics you learned, but it would not stay,  
The themes you turned in, though you knew they were—well!  
Why can't they all go to a peaceful decay?  
You've long said farewell to the times that were gay,  
Your Freshman-year joys in oblivion sink;  
But as for the marks of yesterday  
They're down in your course book—done in ink.

Freshman, whose books have not yet got a spot on,  
Gay Soph'mores, wise Juniors and Seniors gray  
Must all know the annual deadly monoton-  
ous visits four times from October to May.  
How the modest High Credits do nestle away!  
How bold are the marks in very bright pink!  
Whatever the marks of yesterday  
They're down in your course book—done in ink.

## ENVoy.

Poor undergraduates! Do what you may,  
Whatever your present, it's chilling to think  
That your bluffs and your failures forever and aye  
Are down in your course book, done in ink.

M. S. S., '11.

*WORDSWORTHIAN.*

To fits I have been subject from my youth  
Of strange scholastic zeal,—since, at Bryn Mawr,  
Have loved the reference room, severe abode  
Of reserved knowledge and of private thought.  
Have felt within me its deep power for good  
And all its volumes read, and when I saw  
More reading posted, laughed in simple glee.

I've taken history books down from the shelf  
And often talked with them, and called them names  
Of love, and told to them my utmost hopes  
Of Midyear H. C's, and I have communed  
With the indwelling soul of Pol. Econ.,  
And felt myself akin to Attic Greek.

But most of all a peace almost sublime  
Has crept into my soul when I have known  
That though I might have taken quizzes five  
There still was left before me the great joy,  
Th' intoxicating bliss of seven to take.  
With thoughts like these my heart was comforted,  
Though five were gone before me still were seven.

R. F. M., 'II.

---

*A GENERAL MATHEMATICAL FORMULA.*

She puzzled and she puzzled,  
But it wasn't any use,  
For though the angle was acute  
The student was obtuse.

A. E., 'II.

"*HIC JACET.*"

Who says I have not tried to write  
For you, ungrateful TYP?  
I've penned for you my inliest thoughts,  
Grave, tragic, gay and "flip."

I started (for the opening page)  
A solemn editorial;  
Then followed with a Latin verse  
On classic forms tonsorial.

Then (for the main part) I put in  
A ten-page moral fable.  
('Twas not sufficient; yet I'd made  
It long as I was able.)

So then I wrote an article  
Insurgent as could be  
(To help fill in—and rouse applause  
By slams at Faculty.)

And finally (in case the rest  
Should somehow be o'erlooked)  
I wrote a verse for Dulci, which  
Should tell all I had booked.

(I *knew* I wrote too well for that;  
Still, 'twould be safe for me  
Not to attribute to the staff  
*Much* perspicacity.)

Alas! how true was that surmise!  
(It's right that you should know)  
Those works of mine "*will not quite do*"—  
The Editor said so!

"Your 'Dulci' contribution, tho',"  
Said she, "I *may* put in:  
Your modesty is such that to  
Omit it were a sin."

\* \* \* \*

For you, ungrateful Tip?  
And may it do you good;  
Some day you will be sorry for  
Genius misunderstood!

D. S. W., '12.

---

#### COLLEGE NOTES.

More than a year has passed and the undergraduate body has mastered the art of appreciation. At first we protested when the silence between an allegro and scherzo movement was broken by definitions and analyses or when John Sebastian Bach was unexpectedly translated on a clavicord. But at our last concert we admitted our petulances and preferences and thanked Mr. Whiting for giving us Beethoven.

All who heard Miss Michi Kawai talk on Mr. Tonomura's work in Tokio must realise the urgency of her appeal for enough money to build a new mission house there. Besides our impersonal interest in Japanese missions we must remember our very definite responsibility towards Mr. Tonomura and the fact that three thousand dollars is not so great a sum if we are willing to economize.

On Friday evening, January the thirteenth, Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ Watson, of Johns Hopkins, lectured to the Philosophy Club on "The Experimental Evidence for a Homing Sense in Birds."

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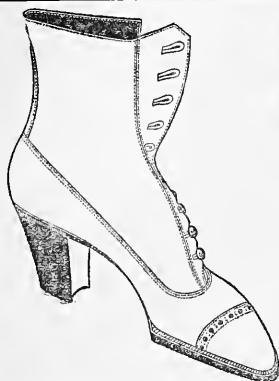
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March, 1911

# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o'Bob

*Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.*

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VOL. VIII

MARCH, 1911

No. 5

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---

*EDITORIAL.*

In former times it was necessary for weary students to prowl around the corridors of the library stack, hunting for the one book calculated to carry them safely through an examination. But it was found that, incidentally, they lavished their affections on other stray volumes which had nothing to do with the matter; that from time to time, happily lost among the poetry shelves, they failed to memorise some important list of dates; and that they even forgot Philosophy lectures in their absorption in one of the unrequired dialogues of Plato. At the present time we are safely guarded from such temptations. An unseen hand removes a few absolutely necessary volumes from the shelves of the stack, and lays them away in other shelves, carefully labeled. With even greater kindness another hand prepares reading lists which indicate at precisely what line of a page one must leave off to avoid running the risk of acquiring an irrelevant fact. From these things we make our deductions. Is it

unnatural that we are led to regard books simply as mechanical aids for passing a course, and fail to consider that courses might have been created as a means to knowing many books? Other students before our day did, we know, find in reading for its own sake one of the most splendid experiences of their college life. That to-day it is possible for one of us to draw a volume from the library for the first time in her Junior year, and that more than one Senior is puzzled by the card catalogue system argues that, with us, books hold a strangely unimportant place. How much we are missing we can, in spite of the reserve-book-and-reading-list system, sometimes dimly imagine. The passionate delight which was to those others an every day matter is known to us at rare intervals—on the day we encounter Homer in his own language for the first time, in the hour we first meet Beowulf speaking his own tongue, and the nights between, when Lucretius and Catullus and Dante and Webster become a reality. It may be that pleasures of this high quality cannot come at our lightest bidding. But if, every day and every hour they are possible and within our reach, and we, through negligence or ignorance or indifference, are missing them, then we should, very seriously and very soberly, feel ashamed.

H. H. P., '11.

---

*Symbolism*—which was once translated in this wise. A traveller, anxious to impress an audience of curious foreigners with the fact that the stories of his “city hall,” his “capitol,” some very high mountains and influential relatives were all summarised in a book called his “country,” ended his lecture by displaying a large piece of decorated bunting—which he called his flag and which, he said, stood for his “country.” The foreigners asked in wonder how a mere piece of bunting could connote so many relatives, high mountains, cities and prominent buildings. And the stranger perorated—“Because this, my friends, illustrates the method of Symbolism—the scientific compression of detail into a single exponent!”

But—“Lo the Poor Symbol” of to-day! Intent on improving ancient methods, you have forced your Exponent to stand both for detail and dogma. A peasant, you say, may stand as the symbol of Simplicity. And yet, as he offers you his potato as the token of his simple fare, his scanty

means, his contentment, you insist that at the same time he submit a written statement of his theories: as,—why he prefers country to city life, why he finds contentment in poverty, why he shoes his family in sandals. If he understands what you are talking about and answers your question he will prove conclusively that his potato was a pretence, that he can no longer pose as a faithful exponent of Simplicity but is a Russian nobleman in disguise.

You have dared even more. From insisting that your symbol stand for everything you now determine that it must stand for nothing. Carefully severing its connection with things definite, you send it out to trail in a manner mysterious across some stage as the soul of the four elements, the five senses, several favorite beverages or the feathered essence of joy! Your symbol itself has forgotten what it may stand for.

"Brother," said the Deafest Deaf man, "what are we here for?"

"I cannot tell," answered the Nineteenth Blind Man, "only that you are deaf and cannot hear and I am blind and cannot see."

"There is more in this than we realise," said the Nineteenth Blind Man—and fell a-meditating.

Intent on being confounded, you listen as your symbol says in solemn tones, "Ah! There is someone on the other side of the door"—and thrill at the awful thought, forgetting for the moment that someone generally is on the other side of the door.

I defy you to tell me what it all means. Why we must grow silent when someone whispers, "Hark! I think a symbol is approaching," sit with eyes downcast until we are confronted by a floury creature who announces in a hoarse whisper that she is the soul of bread. Why not slip back a year or so to the comfortable age of the Wooden Head—the cheerful, practical Wooden Head whose flag meant his country, whose potato his supper?

M. B. A., '12.

*A QUESTION OF SENTIMENT.*

BY AMY GORDON HAMILTON, '13.

One of the five men playing poker about the blackened table lit a fresh cigar and coughed.

"Let's have an 'honest John' an' then quit," said he; "it's nigh two o'clock."

The men silently laid their chips on the board and the speaker went on as he slowly dealt out the cards:

"'Tis a curious thing, this sentiment that ye have been talkin' about." He used the easy colloquial speech of his companions, but with the oddly unmistakable accent of the man who is at home with many tongues. "'Tis curious how it grips a man an' curious how it trips a man an'—I mind me once when I was travellin' up the Euphrates Valley, stoppin' here an' there with my eye out fer specimens. Us naturalists is a mad lot, as Jock here will tell ye." He looked across at the broad shouldered Yorkshire man, his partner, who grinned cheerfully back at him without speaking. "Sometimes we go fifty miles for a bird or a bug or just a queer plant. Its like gypsying. Ye just can't help it if ye're made for it. Well, anyhow, one evenin'—twas a Sunday too,—we was sittin' about the fire same as now; a Frenchman from Alsace-Lorraine—ye know that kind—an American—ye know that kind too,—an' me. We got to discussin' ways an' means an' men an' business same as now. The Frenchman he was collectin' pebbles,—beauties too—bits of onyx an' jasper an' queer crystals, some smooth, some rough, some all carved an' cut. I'd been collectin' shrubs that time. An' the American,—oh, he must ha' happened in. He'd no occupation. We got to talkin' about flowers, for I had run across the kin o' our English musk rose—not so similar, though. So I said I'd give a goodish bit to have one from home in my hand just for comparison like. An' here was a funny coincidence. The American leaned forward and pulled out o' his wallet a pressed rose, stem, leaves, petals, all perfect, except for the colour—it even smelled sweet! 'An' Haow would this dew?' he drawls out."

The narrator stopped and eyed his cigar ash meditatively.

"Go on, MacMorris," said one of his listeners, gathering in the chips.

"Me? Oh yes. I offered him two hundred for the rose as it stood." The men at the table stirred, and MacMorris went on rather hastily.

"Ye understand I was merry with my money in those days. An' us naturalists—it's different somehow. Ye got the pot again, didn't ye, Patsey, ye scamp?" turning to the blue-eyed young man who sat at his left. The Irish lad blushed scarlet for no apparent reason, but said nothing. "What was I sayin'? Eh—the—he refused my money." He paused again.

His listeners stirred a second time. "Go on, Mac," said the Scotchman. "'Tis a verra vile bad tale you tell. What did yon jackass, do, man?"

"He did nothin'. I gave him some drink, thinkin' maybe he wouldn't remember in the mornin', an' I relieved him o' the flower—but he did remember."

"Simly tha is a cool un," burred the big Yorkshireman, MacMorris's partner. "Did her kill tha, Mac?"

MacMorris pushed the hair aside from his forehead and showed a long white line running back from the brow.

"Nay," he said simply. "He was a poor shot."

"Whatever comed o' thiccy then?"

"Eh," said MacMorris easily, eyes on the fire. "The Frenchman pulled him off me."

"But who got the rose?" asked someone curiously.

"It fell in the fire," MacMorris laughed. "Funny thing—sentiment."

The men slowly got up from the table. At the door the Irish lad paused.

"Ye've no use for sentiment, have yez Mac? You hard-headed ould block," he murmured.

"Nay, Patsey," said MacMorris, grinning. "I suppose not." The boy smiled back and went out, closing the door.

"Shall wea' goo to bed," said the Yorkshireman, yawning. "Ah'm sleepy." Walking over to one of the rough cots on the other side of the fire, he threw himself down at full length.

"All right," answered his partner laconically, following his example.

"MacMorris," after a moment. "How much o' tha' tale were lies? Happen all o' it?"

MacMorris grunted. "Nay, there was just two differences. 'Twas no coincidence his havin' the rose. I had followed the little man out from Land's End. I wanted to know—if she really gave it to him instead o' me. D'ye see?"

"Yiss, ah see. I knowed some un else were tewed up in it. And the second difference, Mac?"

"Naught—only I dropped him first. I told ye he was a poor shot."

"Na—tha has na sentiment," muttered the Yorkshireman, turning to the wall. "But what made tha tell it, ah wonder."

"I'm blessed if I know," answered MacMorris. "Goodnight."

A moment later MacMorris raised himself on his elbow and fumbled with the tossed blanket.

"An' the third difference," he murmured softly as he lay down again—"it didn't fall in the fire after all."

The Yorkshireman snored.

---

### *SESTINA.*

BY HELEN H. PARKHURST, '11.

In the land of the sun by the sea of gold  
Whose westering tide is heavy and slow,  
Over the steep horizon rolled,  
The splendid blooms of the sunset grow  
In a glory undulled and never old,—  
While the weeping winds of the evening blow.

When from eastern spaces they faintly blow,  
Over the serried sands of gold,  
With their lilting music men heard of old  
Out of the twilight, solemn and slow,  
Then to distant tracts where cloud-blooms grow  
The flooding light like a tide is rolled.

And with it, empurpled and bright, are rolled,  
Past shoals of the sky where sea-flowers blow,  
Caught in pale tangles of mist that grow  
On the verge of the sunset's shore of gold,  
Clouds, like fishes, swimming slow  
In molten bronze that is dull and old.

They come from the place of their playground old  
In coils of the cloudy verdure rolled  
And hover dreamily, circling slow—  
With the motion of winds that lightly blow—  
In ranks of orange and amber and gold—  
And still as they move more splendid grow.

Crimson like flame and like blood they grow,  
And rain-bow hued as the Phœnix of old,—  
Stained with copper and jasper and gold  
Together in dazzling phalanx rolled  
Through purple shallows where sea-blooms blow,  
Up the horizon drifting slow.

Then turning they vanish away as slow,  
And ever fainter and ghostlier grow,—  
Pale as the pearldest buds that blow  
Dimmer than snow grown wan and old—  
With the ebb of the sunset's waters rolled  
Away to the heart of the shining gold.

While the glory of gold is melting slow  
To the regions rolled where twilights grow;  
Over all the old sad night winds blow.

*THE OPEN MIND.*

KATHARINE A. PAGE, '13.

An open mind! It is a thing to be valued beyond the wealth of nations and the goodness of saints—so I have been told. If I am poor and ignorant and have not an open mind, I shall probably be poor and ignorant to the end of my days. You will say that I have no excuse for so being; that an open mind can be acquired by the humblest if the humblest really wants it. Like many encouraging generalities, this one trips over the limitations and eccentricities of the individual. I am no humbler than the humblest: I have desired this thing; yet the gates of my mind never opened more than half way and, naturally, they swing ajar. The hinges have creaked of late under the hands of suffrage and the like. But the day will never come when, for instance, I can be persuaded to love anyone whose shoes turn up at the toes. This is rank prejudice, but it is no worse than some which are more common. Did you never know anyone who preferred square-jawed friends to any other variety, believing square jaws to be a sign of indomitable will and strength of character? Yet no one could comfortably change his jaw to suit his friend, while shoes can be changed satisfactorily for three dollars and a half.

This is not the only method of choosing friends that my more than half-closed mind offers me. Let me look into my neighbour's garden. If there is a hint or sign of anything resembling a petunia, I can promise you we'll never do more than pass the time of day over the garden wall. She will plant sun-flowers on her side; I, hollyhocks on mine. We'll water them and hope they grow both high and thick, and with that our civilities shall end. Now, if I were open-minded, I should clamber over and admire the magenta and purple tints of the petunia bed. She, in her turn, would offer me seeds. Once planted, they would flourish like the weeds they are and flaunt my open mindedness in my face. As it is, I enjoy my nasturtium bed in peace. I live in happiness among flat-shod friends. When I see a pin I pick it up without the least hesitation, sure that the rest of the day will consequently be filled with good fortune. No one can persuade me that it won't. The gates of my mind are too far

closed to admit any such argument—and I am glad of it. If they were opened wide enough to free all the little imps of prejudice, what is to prevent the escape of the wee thought and the very small angel of common sense? They, with all the other small but useful inhabitants would pass unexplained through the open gate into this cruel world, there to meet an untimely death. And my mind? It would be open, of course, but also, I fear, quite empty.

---

*RONDEL.*

R. F. MASON, '11.

Sing me again that old old song  
We sang in the garden of yesterday,  
When I sat at your feet mid the grasses long,  
And the sorrowful world was far away.

Oh time is weary and life is wrong;  
The things we love are short to stay:  
Sing me again that old old song  
We sang in the garden of yesterday.

Fain would I hear when the shadows throng  
The liquid notes of that old loved lay  
That when the world and we too were young,  
We sang in the garden of yesterday.

*THE DAWN OF THE FEMININE.*

BY ELISABETH SWAN, '14.

Judith sat down heavily in a low rocker, pulled up her short skirt and stuck her muddy square-toed shoes in front of the fire. For several minutes she sat still and squinted thoughtfully into the cracked, dim mirror over the mantelpiece. Judith was not lovely to look upon. She had small eyes set closely together, irregular features and a long neck accentuated by a low collar. Moreover, her clothes were ill-fitting and of ugly material, and she did her hair badly. She must, in fact, have realised her unhappy appearance, when she spoke presently to the oldish woman who sat close by the window, straining her eyes, in the dim light, over some pieces of red patchwork.

"Ma," she said, "I saw a woman on the street car to-day, and she was uglier than I am." Ma looked up from her work doubtfully. "And a man with her said, 'Say, Maude, you surely do look good to me in that dress,' and Ma, she was just plain ugly, uglier than I am."

"Law," said Ma, "just goes to show how a fool woman can twist a man about."

Judith was silent. Being as much like a man as was possible, she knew little enough about women and their ways; but she did know that in some inscrutable way she was different from most women, and the thought troubled her. She looked down at her ill-shaped boots and instinctively dropped her skirt a little lower and hitched up her collar, while a slight flush mounted her sallow cheeks. Ma, however, did not see, and if she had, she would not have understood.

Late the next Friday afternoon, Ma, coming back from the grocer's, sniffed curiously as the strong, hot smell of ironing reached her; then she went back into the kitchen.

"Now, Judith, what's possessing you to iron? I should think standing up behind a counter all day would be all you'd want."

"I'm pressing my skirt," said Judith, slamming the iron down with vigor, "so I can look respectable when I go into the city to-morrow."

"Go into the city to-morrow," echoed Ma, "may I ask how you

expect you'll get off from the emporium and what you're doing in the city?"

"Yes, you may," said Judith smoothly. "I asked leave for a day off from the emporium and they gave it to me; it's the first one they've given to me in eight years. The reason I'm going into the city is because I want to get a spring dress."

Ma set the potatoes heavily on the table. "You make me mad," she scolded. "When we're as poor as Job's turkey at the best, you go gallivanting into the city to get a spring dress. If your mind's so set on having one, why don't you buy it at the emporium?"

"Because the things at the emporium are ugly, so ugly I hate to see 'em and touch 'em," said Judith hotly, "what I want is a real pretty dress. I've never had one."

"Of course not! What would a pretty dress look like on you?" snapped Ma, banging the door as she went out.

Judith winced a little, then she resolutely took up her iron again, and began to hum, out of tune, a little street air she had heard. She was ugly and she knew that, but she was entitled to pretty clothes and all the other rights of women, and she meant to have them.

In one of the big cheap apartment stores next day, Judith looked eagerly at the rows of shimmering, bright coloured dresses hanging about. Presently a floor-walker, a meek inquiring-looking little man, walked up and asked her what she wanted.

"A dress," said Judith, happily. "A spring dress."

"All right," murmured the floor-walker vaguely. "One of the girls—"

"No," said Judith decidedly. She had got her man and she meant to keep him. "I want *you* to show me those dresses. Men have so much better taste than women," she simpered.

The floor-walker looked up astonished. It was seldom indeed that women complimented him on his taste in clothes.

"All right," he said shyly, "this way, please."

An hour later, Judith, having chosen her dress, which was a bright fashionable blue one with a slight train, sat down in a chair and looked contentedly from the dress to the bewildered floor-walker.

"I suppose I ought to get dinner and go home like a Christian," she said, "but, do you know, I feel just like a kid; I want to get out and have

some fun. If I only knew some one in this city, I'd stay over this afternoon and do something."

"You know me," muttered the little floor-walker, averting his eyes. "The store closes at twelve to-day, and, and,—suppose—dinner, a little show or somethin' or other," he ended weakly.

"You bet your jinks I will," cried Judith, who had heard the expression in the street car and considered it feminine and jolly. "Just you wait a minute 'till I get my new dress on."

Judith got home on a late evening train. She was grimy with train soot, and visibly tired, and the tawdry blue dress with its train hung about her in limp folds. Of this she was happily unaware, and it was with a cheerful airness that she strode into the sitting-room, flung her bundle of old clothes into the corner and sank down in a rocker. She looked expectantly at Ma, who asked no question, but locked the windows in silence. A few minutes before, Ma, sitting alone in the tiny room, fumy with coal-gas and kerosine, had been nearly frantic with anxiety. Now that Judith had returned, not for worlds would she have shown any interest. Judith's enthusiasm was not to be damped in this way, however.

"Ma," she cried excitedly, "look at my new dress."

Ma looked and turned away again, her mouth twitching slightly. "It's quite pretty," she said a little more softly than usual.

"Pretty," scoffed Judith, "it's grand. And Ma, I saw a play, with a man, a floor-walker I met when I got my dress. He's coming out to call on me some Saturday. He's the finest looking man. And Ma, what do you think he said? He said, 'You look mighty well in that dress. It's most becoming.' "

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### THE INSURGENTS.

*To the Editor of TIPYN o' BOB:*

DEAR SIR: During Midyears it is of course necessary to study every minute of the twenty-four hours; but is it quite courteous to choose, as the place of study, the middle of Chapel at 8.50 A. M.? I enclose my card.

I am, dear Sir,

"A chiel amang ye takin' notes."

H. P. H.

*The Library Symphony*—Many have praised in glowing terms the beauty of our Gothic library, but my high privilege it is to celebrate a quality of this belovéd haven of peace, enjoyed but yet unlauded, by the ungrateful members of our community. In the days when the books were kept in Taylor and the students fled for seclusion to room F, it was possible for them to study in quiet, lightened only by the footfall of Nelson on the stairs or the click of an English box padlock, for whole half hours. Hence the terrible danger of loneliness and monotony. But when our grand, new library was built, all this was changed. How seldom it is that the architect's dream of perfect acoustics is realised! How thankful we should be for the absolute success of the genius who planned our reading-room! A word whispered, or a sheet of paper torn, can be heard with great distinctness in every corner of the room, and a sneeze sings again among the gold and crimson rafters of the lofty roof.

Excellent use is made of this property, and ample amusement is provided for the students. The floors are left uncarpeted, and every chair is provided with a squeak. The musical murmur of the fountain is a continuous source of delight in the spring and the autumn, and in the winter we have the fires in which are burnt logs carefully selected for their explosive powers. A regular program of disturbances is arranged so that no hour is left uninterrupted. At stated periods the janitor carries heavy loads of wood up and down the room, or makes and remakes the fires. Our delightful, invisible clock goes off with a tick like the report of a pistol at three minute intervals. The piercing shriek of the telephone bell, a sound that resembles an engine whistle or a hockey cheer, vibrates through the building every ten minutes with a thrill that makes the loneliest student in the farthest seminary leap in ecstasy. The lift, heavy with books, rumbles and crashes—I think the harmonic period is seventeen and three-quarter minutes—from Reserve Room to Loan Desk. On Saturdays window-cleaners and blotter-changers are provided; and on Friday mornings, fire-drills. During Mid-years, as a special treat, we have the carpenter, who amuses the jaded students with his steady hammering which reverberates with a delicious continuity.

These, however, are mere extras. We ourselves fill the central stage. We have trained ourselves so conscientiously that we never fail to remember to raise our voices as we approach the library from without,

## *DULCI FISTULA*

*HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN.*

(*With Apologies to Kipling.*)

This is the sorrowful story  
    Told with a terrible groan.  
List to the sobbing of pedants,  
    Hark to the English Club's moan.

Bryn Mawr *was* exceedingly cultured,  
    It used to adore Henry James;  
It never read trash or dime novels,  
    It sneered at light literature's claims.

Its opinions were worthy of H. C.,  
    Its logic would fill one with awe,  
It dashed off light verse before breakfast,  
    It modelled its satire on Shaw.

—Then came the horrible Midyears,  
    Nothing of pleasure *they* knew,  
Only—they forced our theories,  
    Made us make tabs of them, too.

Set us in wood-walled prisons  
    To learn what our note-books said;  
Made us work at the things we had played at,  
    Tortured us—kept us from bed.

Made us weary of labor,  
    Of literature, without tea.  
Made us sit up over English  
    —Read poetry all night until three.

There was a dreadful sequel.  
—We fled from books loved before,  
Turned ill at the sight of a classic,  
Declared Henry James was a bore.

Out came the Marie Corellis,  
And Rider Haggard held sway,  
While those who had once scoffed at Kipling  
Cut lectures to read Bertha Clay.

This is the sorrowful story  
Told with a terrible groan.  
—List to the sobbing of pedants,  
Hark to the English Club's moan.

R. F. M., '11.

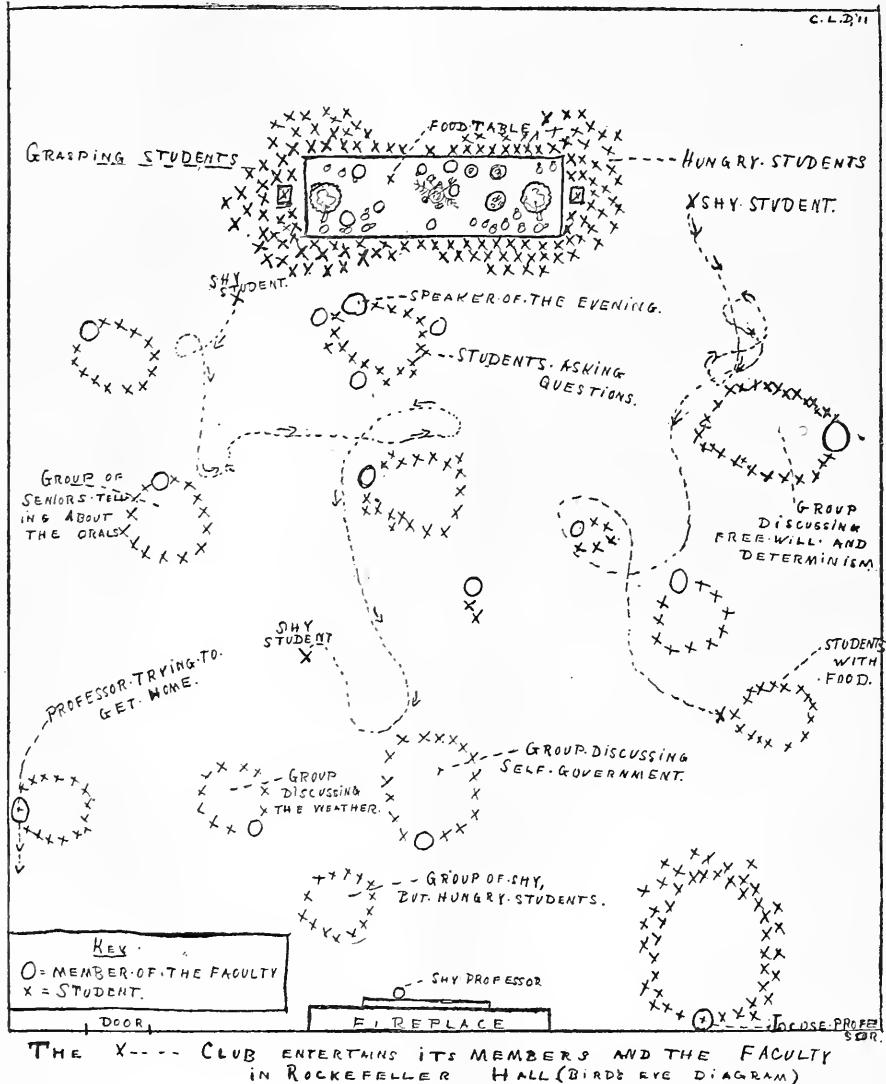
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### *INSPIRATION.*

One night I dreamed an awful dream,  
(Singing paste, ink and a fountain-pen).  
I dreamed my reader passed my theme!  
(Singing paste, ink and a fountain-pen).  
So when I arose in the cold, gray morn,  
(Singing clocks, boots and a buttonhole).  
I wrote that theme as the day did dawn  
(Singing clocks, boots and a buttonhole).

But when the thing came back next day,  
It was marked so low I should not say  
That dreaming English themes would pay!  
(Singing coherence, ease and mass).

N. C., '14.



*THE ELEPHANT.*

After reading an abstruse work on elephant-hunting the other day, I emerged with a very mangled and battered idea, somewhat like this:

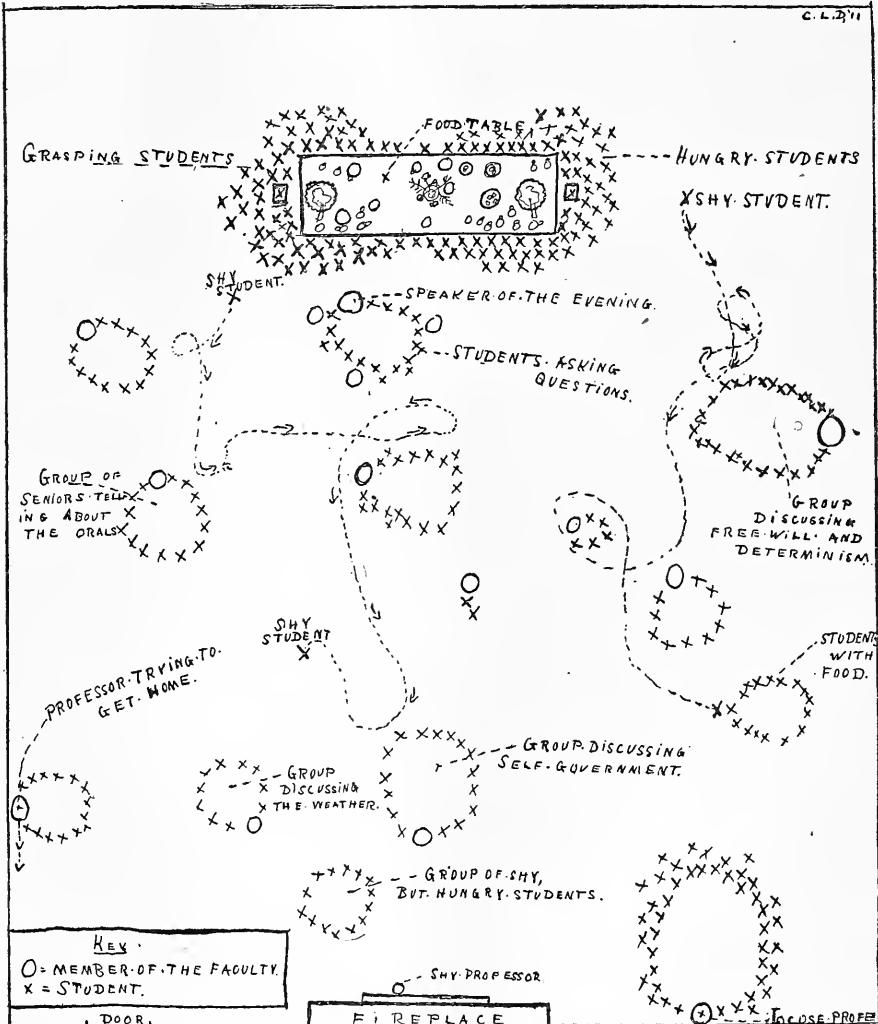
An elephant is an extremely simple thing to catch. First, find a jungle; lose no time, but sit down beside it. Early next morning start off into the jungle, carrying a coil of rope and some nails in one hand and some lunch in the other. Climb gracefully into a tree (I can't think where you'd put the things while you climbed, except perhaps your mouth), and settle down to await the elephant. He approaches by night; as he rushes beneath the tree (which *of course* he will do!) drop onto his neck. It may be a bit hard to distinguish just where his neck is, because of the total darkness so prevalent in Africa, but it is something you shouldn't miss. The infuriated beast will then set off at a great pace, plunging and cavorting, but if you are used to the sea, you will not be disturbed, and you should immediately start driving a nail through his skull. This process will kill him, and he will drop dead on the jungle grass about a hundred and fifty miles from home—or rather camp. Whatever else you do, don't sleep! Sit up all night and keep off the wild beasts. Just explain to them that that is your elephant: they'll be perfectly reasonable about it. At dawn, drag him back through the forest by his foreleg; if there are any places where he gets stuck, simply turn him up on end and push him through from behind. About midday, be generous with yourself: take a sandwich. If a tiger saunters up, smile pleasantly and try not to be snobbish; tigers are very sociable, and might rather enjoy some sandwich, if offered in the right spirit. By dint of great exertion, you should stagger into camp by sunset, having achieved a great and honest purpose. What a noble sport is elephant-hunting!

N. C., '14.

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*"FORTUNA VERSATA."*

This time, dear TIP, I'm not enraged  
    You print no work of mine—  
For, really, I've been so engaged,  
    I have not had the time.



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N. C., '14.

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*"FORTUNA VERSATA."*

This time, dear TIP, I'm not enraged  
    You print no work of mine—  
For, really, I've been so engaged,  
    I have not had the time.

Besides, 'tis sweet to feel that now  
*If only I had tried*  
I could have writ a masterpiece  
To turn the world green-eyed.

Ah, yes, such genius now I feel  
Welling within this breast,  
I almost weep that 'tis concealed  
Forever from the rest

Of sordid, poor contributors  
(Feeble, despiséd lot!)  
Who have the time to try to write—  
And yet can't make a plot!

Ah, could you see, poor dolts, the thoughts  
I'm thinking now within!  
The scintillating essays, verse,  
That urge me to begin!

But no, say I, for Duty calls,  
And when she calls, I go—  
I'm far too noble, friends, to yield  
To selfish pleasure so.

*Envoy.*

Dear readers—nay, contributors,  
For you are whom I love—  
Take my advice, and read this through  
(You may skip all above);

For I've a message serious  
To all young earnest souls  
Who feel they've been frustrated of  
Their literary goals:

If you want fame, without *much* toil  
(Such as with writing goes),  
Just cease your struggles, and assume  
The Overworker's pose.

Go, cultivate a fevered brow,  
An absent-minded air,  
And run where others walk, and when  
They've errands for you, swear.

Pile fourteen books upon your desk,  
Espouse one-hour courses,  
Take Lab. and Heavy Gym each day,  
And read your "Social Forces."

Do each and everything you're asked,  
And several more you like  
(Except—I mentioned them above—  
Those errands on the Pike).

And then each night at ten retire,  
Desk memoranda-lined  
With things to do next day—which friends  
May happen in and find.

Then, some fine day, one of these friends,  
More piteous than wise,  
Will go and lay your tragic case  
'Fore editorial eyes.

Next day the Editor will come  
And take you by the hand—  
Like this—and, gazing in your eyes,  
Will say, "I understand."

"Of course, dear friend," she'll murmur low,  
"We know we can't expect  
That thirty-five-page narrative  
Just now, but do elect

An easier course next year;—meanwhile,  
For TIP's dear sake be kind:  
Do give us *anything at all*  
You chance to have in mind."

I pressed her hand in fond return  
(This is biography)  
And sighed, "Ah, yes, if I'd the time  
How happy I should be!—

Still, since you urge, I will indite  
This wee small verse on 'Fame'  
(A poor thing but mine own, 'twill be)—  
And TIP may print my name!"

D. S. W., '12.

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*ALUMNAE NOTES.*

The annual meeting of the Alumnae Association was held in the Chapel on Saturday, February 4. One hundred and fifty members were present. The chief business before the meeting was a discussion of the conditions of the deed of gift of the Endowment Fund. New appointments and elections are as follows: In place of Mrs. Sybil Hubbard Darlington (retired) Miss Helen Rutgers Sturgis was appointed Vice-President of the Association; in place of Mrs. James Foster Porter and of Mrs. Hand (retired) Mrs. Louise Sheffield Brownell Saunders and Miss Nellie Neilson, Professor of History at Mt. Holyoke, were elected respectively Chairman and member of the Academic Committee. On the Conference Committee were elected: Mrs. Louise Buffum Congdon Francis, Miss Virginia Green Hill, Miss Myra Elliott and Miss Pleasance Baker. Miss Donnelly was elected to the James E. Rhoads Scholarship Committee. After the meeting the members of the Association were entertained by the Directors of the College at luncheon in Fembroke.

- '02. Sara Montenegro was married at Louisville, Kentucky, on January 14, 1910, to Mr. Clayton Becker Blakey.
- '08. Margaret Ladd Franklin is publishing for the National College, Equal Suffrage League a bibliography of woman suffrage entitled "A Case for Woman Suffrage."

'08. Josephine Vorrhees Proudfit was married to Mr. Dudley Montgomery on February 14, 1911, in Madison, Wis.

1909 rejoices in the acquisition of a "class baby," Grace Hedwig Dewes, born in February, 1911, to Grace Wooldridge Dewes. May the silver loving-cup bring all good fortune to this future member of the Class of 1934.

Recent visitors at college have been: Violet Besley and Margaret Morris, '08; Georgina Biddle and Katharine Ecob, '09; Grace Branham, Marion Kirk, Edith Murphy, Mary Nearing, Margaret Shearer, Mary Boyd Shipley and Elizabeth Tappan, '10; Jeannette Allen and Margaret Dulles, '11.

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#### COLLEGE NOTES.

Sunday, February the twelfth, Rev. Roswell Bates, rector of the Spring Street Mission Church, addressed the Christian Association. Before beginning his formal address Mr. Bates thanked the Association quite simply and sincerely for a very liberal contribution of children's garments made by members of the Association during the summer. One practical result of Mr. Bates' sermon was a "benefit" party given on the fifteenth to stock the Mission House with enough sheets, pillow cases and nightly apparel for another year.

On Monday evening a number of people attended an open meeting of the *Woman's Missionary Convention*, then being held in Philadelphia. Kate Chambers, '11, and Ai Hoshino, '12, addressed the meeting.

On Friday, the seventeenth, the Suffrage League presented Mr. George Bernard Shaw's *Press Cuttings*—a play dealing with the question of suffrage and contemporary English politics in a manner delightfully *Shavian*. The play was cast as follows: Margaret Prussing, '11; May Egan, '11; Marion Scott, '11; Carmelita Chase, '12; Agnes Morrow, '12; Nancy Cabot, '14.

On Saturday night the graduate students entertained the Senior Class at a cotillion, held in the gymnasium.

Sunday, February the nineteenth, Rev. Shailer Matthews, dean of the Divinity School of Chicago University, preached to the Christian Association.

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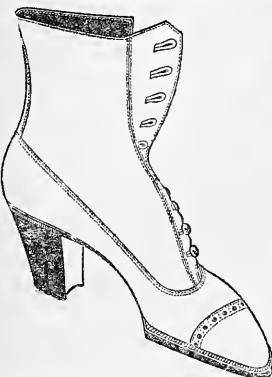
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April, 1911

# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o'Bob

*Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.*

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VOL. VIII

APRIL, 1911

No. 5

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## EDITORIAL.

With quickened breath we lift our faces to the April sun, feeling the spring that is beginning to stir and push and quiver in the earth, but only the youngest and the oldest class in college knows the complete meaning of the miracle. For the Freshman it is the first spring watched for at Bryn Mawr, for the Senior it is the last, and between the two lies all the difference between anticipation and memory. Other experiences have united the two classes, now and again, in some mood of soberness or vivid realisation.—certain seasons and customs have awakened special thoughtfulness as they were entered upon in greeting or farewell; certain rites and observances of college life have yielded delight in fuller measure as they were newly practised or celebrated for the last time. Yet more significant than any other happening and more joyous to Freshman and Senior alike is the coming of the Bryn Mawr spring. Besides all the special events to be waited for—the sudden

purple blooming of the Japanese cherries, the coming of violets in the hollow, the warm lengthened twilights, the waking of the first forget-me-nots in the woods—there are other things,—sometimes little more than the feel of soft turf beneath the feet, or the sensing dim new fragrances, or the first hearing by night the fountain in the cloisters. To the world it may seem but an ordinary spring that we are going out to meet, yet the Freshman and the Senior knows better—the one because of the first ecstasy of initiation, the other by reason of the many memories that strew the way.

H. H. P.  

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*In Praise of the Epidemic.*—There exists no pleasanter task for the undergraduate pen than to write down and underscore and italicise some thrilling bit of college praise. Our trusty stylus, therefore, leaps with unaccustomed joy to its inky task. Do you see, O friends and fellow-students, the great and wonderful thing that has come to pass? We have had an Epidemic, a genuine, unforeseen, unprecedented, convention- and term-breaking Epidemic—a proceeding as irregular and undesirable as can well be imagined—and we have lived through it! Not only so, but with us has survived unimpaired our dignity, good nerves and health. Our homes have not been thrown into a panic, nor have our families taken flight at the sound of our coming. With some haste, perhaps, but with perfect decorum, wardrobes and baggage-checks were we enabled to make our temporary exit from the academic stage, and with equal equanimity to appear before the footlights of the polite world—as personified in our friends' receptive families. Then, after a fortnight's gayety, we managed calmly to reappear from this domestic seclusion, and to go on with our work as though nothing had occurred—save a sudden retrogression of Easter in the calendar.

Truly, friends, we are a wonderful college! Truly, this is a great achievement; and of it all we may boast to our heart's content: for, after all, we are not responsible for it. No, fellow-members, this time we of the Student Body can pat our collective back in a pride that is unselfish and unashamed. The epidemic was handled masterfully—Bryn Mawr is equal to an unexpected crisis—but the credit lies all with the

Administration. We are used to going to the Office with our complaints, and to having Dean Reilly repair and rejuvenate our courses—but how often do we actually realise the care and thought and ability that daily support all this machinery of office and make it *go?* We are so used to “watching the wheels go ‘round” that we forget to wonder. It takes a crisis to make us appreciate what we have. Now that crisis is over, happily over, and the routine of the semester is going on again undisturbed. But with all the pleasure and excitement of getting back, in the midst of all our congratulation, we are not likely soon to forget for whom it is we are boasting, even as we chant aloud, in the classic strain of Chantecleer: “Hooray! *We done it!*”

D. S. W., '12.

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### *ROSE SONG.*

BY HELEN H. PARKHURST, '11.

Where desire and fullness meet  
Sleeps a garden fair and far;  
Hidden in its green retreat  
Many lustrous roses are,  
Nodding skyward fain to greet  
A low-swung star.

Ye whose ways have hither led  
Gather roses drenched in dew,—  
Roses with low-bended head,  
Roses proud of royal hue,  
Roses passionate and red,—  
Oh choose a few.

Others pluck, at their desire,  
Blooms that droop to meet their touch;  
I crave roses growing higher,—  
None may ever capture such.  
Of flowers gathered I might tire—  
These tempt me much.

8.15 on weekday mornings, or better still, between 8.50 and 9.00 on Sundays. Suppose all your day were as full as that? What then, oh, doubter? Would you be thus alone and palely lingering among the sofa-cushions with yellow TIP in your flaccid grasp while Taylor chimes to Lab? Think how easy it is to start off immediately after dinner for the Gym (when you *must* get those front seats for the play), and how hard when your goal is the Library and your motive Shelley. Compare the amount you get done between 3 and 4 in Dalton, or between 4 and 5 on the basket-ball field, with what you accomplish between 5 and 6 in your room. Best of all, perhaps, compare the time it takes you to get dressed just before 6.45 with the time it takes to get undressed after 10.00.

Thinking of these incidents even half-seriously, would anyone contend for a moment that all our time is equally valuable? And yet does anyone deny that it could be made so. There are twelve hours in the day—fully—besides time for meals and sleep and exercise. Why should not each have something worth while in it? Why should so many of them be given over to trifling things when we might be whole-heartedly playing or reading or really getting to know our friends? It is not that we really prefer lounging, merely that so often it seems the easiest and most obvious thing to do. It is a lack of co-ordination, a kind of inertia that for us is really inexcusable.

What we must do, first of all, is to organise the harassing little throng of odd jobs that continually threatens to invade our leisure. We must find stated times for business-letters, committee-work, errands, calls, even cleaning up our room. All these things have their place—but it should be a place subordinate to our peace of mind and that of our friends. As an example of waste hours obviously crying to be filled in, there is the time between breakfast and chapel, between lunch and laboratory, between basket-ball and dinner. Then, for relief from steady work there is the few minutes between classes. Why should we not keep by us a novel to read then or perhaps on the trains?

Secondly, after we have organized our more heterogeneous duties and made them fit into our spare moments, might we not attack the methodology of our big college organizations themselves? Class-meetings, committee-meetings, rehearsals, bill-collecting, room-to-room canvassing in all its varieties—does anyone doubt that a great deal of val-

able time, energy and grey matter is wasted on these things? If only some lively prophet of Systematization would arise in our midst, how all our activities would flourish!

Just how this prophet would accomplish his ends it is not our place to foretell; we can only outline the problem and leave it for wiser and more methodical heads to work out. But for the speedy appearance of such heads we long with a great longing. Oh, friends—fellow-prisoners to time, come and enlist in the cause of emancipation. Join Tip's army, bring your courage and your ingenuity in your hands and win the long day for Science and the Conservation of Collegiate Energy!

D. S.W., '12.

up with this older sister, had lived alone with her since their mother's death. She remembered her mother's face, the tone of her voice when she had laid a burden of responsibility upon the child's small shoulders. "Constance, you must always be good to Mary—and stay with her. She would be too lonely without you." Long afterwards, when the mother had died, Constance had arranged everything: She and Mary should keep up the old place,—an old-fashioned house not too large for their very different needs: for her kindergarten rooms, and for Mary's study. They had been very happy together; at least Constance had taken daily pleasure in the care of their little establishment, and in her conviction of Mary's unacknowledged dependence upon her. And now—what was she doing? Could she go away so soon with Don,—in three weeks, he had said,—go for a year to Vienna, and put all the distance of seas and a new way of life between herself and her sister? Her mind dwelt in spite of herself upon Don, beautiful and young and, by his own word, needing her too. But Don had his work, an all-engrossing occupation, that could make him forget to sleep or to speak for days at a time. And as for her own happiness, what if Don had not asked her at all? She had never in the least expected him to want her for his wife. She had been grateful, overwhelmed with a new sense of his fineness, instantly put in the way of shy imaginings about him, but perhaps she did not love him, yet. Now, at the very beginning of her more intimate thought of him, it was time to check that thought, to bring it back to its old form,—as expressing admiration, friendly affection, perhaps, but not love.

The dawn was reddening through the trees when she laid herself down to sleep at last, actually to sleep, for she had made her decision: to refuse to be Donald Reid's wife, to go on with her kindergarten and with her care for her sister's happiness. Once made, the sacrifice seemed sweet to her. She felt rising within her a wave of ingenuous satisfaction with herself. She fell asleep with the thought of her mother's injunction, and with a smile on her face.

She was up at her usual hour next morning, for her children would be coming at nine, and Mary must not breakfast alone. She went out into the cool, shining garden to gather a few roses for the table. The garden had its wonted look: she could hardly identify its composure with the strange moonlit scene of the night before. She liked it better

as it lay now, warm and familiar, under the June sun. Her resolution was unshaken; she would not so much as tell Mary, or anyone else, about Don.

Mary was already at breakfast when she came in with the roses. Constance went around to her sister's side and kissed her. She noticed the weary lines around Mary's eyes, those gentle eyes that so betrayed and redeemed her severely intellectual face. They were less gentle than usual this morning, and very preoccupied.

"Dearest," Constance said, "I'm afraid you didn't do much sleeping last night." And then, meeting, with her wonted consideration, her sister's reserve, she added, "I hope your headache is quite gone this morning."

Mary's voice sounded in a tired cadence when she answered, after a pause, "Yes, it's quite gone. I shall be all right when I have had my coffee."

Constance had already poured her sister's cup. "You mustn't try to finish your story to-day. Go out and lie in the hammock. I'll get Nora to put it out and bring you a rug."

Mary smiled faintly. "No, I shall not write stories to-day. I'm too busy living just now to write stories."

Constance glanced at her sister, but she did not put the question that rose to her lips. They talked through the meal in desultory fashion. When Constance would have rung for the little maid, Mary spoke, in a tone that arrested her sister's attention. "No, don't call her in just now, Connie. I—have something to tell you." Her grave, dark face looked suddenly old and a little hard. She did not lift her eyes. "I talked yesterday, and last week, with Miss Harrington at Tyler House. And I have been thinking of it for a long time. I have decided that we—that I—that it is time for us to live our lives for ourselves." Her voice was almost harsh.

"Why, Mary, what do you mean? Are we not living our lives for ourselves? Do I interfere with you?"

"No—yes, but not intentionally." She rose and went to the long French window. "You are too good to me. It is time for me to do something—to stop talking. I am going to live at Tyler House, and give all my spare time to work among the Italians on the street."

Constance looked at her sister's back incredulously, but something

in Mary's tone had made her heart contract painfully. "Why, Mary, I thought you didn't believe in settlement work—you have always said that it wasn't good for the people, the poor people, I mean."

"Well, it is good for the workers anyway. We have our own souls to save."

"But, Mary"— Constance felt suddenly bereft and unspeakably lonely. "Do you mean me to go on living here by myself?"

"You won't have to live by yourself very long. There will be somebody who needs you." Mary spoke almost bitterly, Constance thought. "You wouldn't want to stand in the way of my satisfaction in life."

Constance tried to control the tears that rose quickly in her eyes and blinded them. She felt that her reason for living, the very foundation of her life, had been taken away. The little edifice of self-satisfied happiness which she had built upon it collapsed utterly. So she was not necessary to Mary, after all, and all this time she had been standing in her sister's way. Fortunately, she was not left entirely without a place in the world. It was true. Somebody needed her. She thought tenderly of the great sacrifice which she would have made, willingly, for Mary. Now it was evident that another sort of sacrifice was needed. She would tell Mary quite simply, and leave her entirely free to do as she wished to do.

In the long pause she had gained control, and her voice was quite steady when she spoke at last. "You are quite right, Mary dear. But are you sure that you will be happy? Don't make a mistake, because there will be no remedying it."

Mary did not turn. Her voice sounded strange and far away in her sister's ears. "Yes, I shall be as happy as I can expect to be. And you—"

Constance rose and went to her sister's side—put her arm about her shoulders. "Mary, you were right about some one needing me. Don asked me to marry him last night."

Mary's expression did not change. "Of course. It was bound to come. I am very glad. You see—you need me—as little—no. I cannot say it—not even so much as I need you."

"Oh, Mary, are you sure? Because Don can wait, and I'm not sure I love him yet."

Mary kissed her sister, with a curious constraint in her manner, and turned toward the door.

"Yes, I am sure, and I am sure that you do, that you will love him. Write and tell him so."

Constance stood gazing wistfully after her sister. The thing was inevitably settled. She felt a conflict of emotion in which was dominant an aching disappointment as of a child who has found itself in the way and of no importance. And she wondered why Mary had been so harsh. She knew that she did not understand; she was helplessly sorry for her sister. But she turned, with a child's facility, to the new joy: she would write to Don at once.

---

#### *IN DEFENCE OF THE UNTIDY.*

BY ELEANOR BONTECOU, '13.

Why is it that one is always expected to point the finger of scorn at the untidy and to sing the praises of the neat? The latter, it is true, are held up before one as the preservers of the home, the pillars of society, the virtuous remnant; but is it not possible that all this is merely a popular fallacy fostered by the tidy themselves and dully accepted by the unthinking majority? Virtue, like other things, may be carried to excess, and the depressing effect of the spotless house, the idol of these models of virtue, is proverbial. Nothing is more chilling to social impulse than to have the pillows plumped up behind one the minute one rises from the sofa. To be stopped at the most thrilling point of a heated discussion by the cold words, "Excuse me, but your hair is coming down," besides killing all one's argumentative inspiration, makes one feel a hopeless outcast, a miserable worm. She who does such things knows not the meaning of home and of social intercourse. There is, on the other hand, something comforting and inspiring in the idealism of those who ever hope to get everything in the world on the top layer. It is the disillusioned and servile who cringe before circumstances and stack things in neat piles. To hide their shame they brazenly assert that their path is the hard but glorious path of duty, and, as their cries are loud and incessant, they are believed.

But when we consider what a dull existence these poor slaves must lead, we are moved to pity rather than scorn. For the orderly what is

lost is lost. They cannot know the thrill of rummaging through long-neglected closet shelves and coming suddenly upon treasures for months mourned as lost. Experiences such as this broaden one's sympathies; it is because of them, for instance, that we can appreciate so well the feelings of the father of the Prodigal Son. The tidy never know this. Their belongings are all neatly packed away in boxes and labelled with soul-chilling exactness. If they ever should discover an unexpected treasure it would be only to find that romance and moth balls cannot live together. Aside from these delights there are many homelier pleasures that the advocates of order may never experience. The companionship of pets is denied them. A cat to them is but a shedder of hair on the furniture, a dog a tracker of mud on clean floors, and as for a puppy—perish the thought. Perish the reality, too, they doubtless add devoutly. Hand in hand with the desire for order, moreover, there seems to go the unlovely instinct of hoarding and preserving one's possessions. When the untidy own some treasure they place it where it may gladden their eyes, they let the sunlight in upon it that its fine points may be displayed,—if it be a chair they even sit in it that they may feel that the beautiful thing is really theirs. Not so the orderly, they never can enjoy their possessions. Their fine china is packed away in excelsior while they drink from cracked brown teacups of unappetizing thickness, the pictures on their walls are hidden by the gloomy blue mosquito-netting that keeps out flies and sun; in extreme cases even their front doors are not used except, once in awhile, for a funeral, or, still less often, for a wedding. Aesthetic misers, slaves to an idea, they make a virtue of their weakness and in solemn conclave in their sunless parlors gloat over their own abasement. In two realms only do the tidy stand out in unquestioned superiority; in the kitchen and on shipboard. The former is the natural home of slaves. In the latter, where, because of the limitations of space, the tendency of the tidy to spread things out can result only in chaos, where, moreover, hair unsecurely fastened is hopelessly at the mercy of the winds, the leaven of the free salt breezes and the wide expanses enters into the souls of the orderly and ennobles them. Let us then send all the tidy a-sailing on the wide seas where their apotheosis may be effected, while the carefree untidy left behind, unchecked and unchilled, may idealise to their heart's content.

*ONE WAY OUT.*

By VIRGINIA CUSTER CANAN, '11.

For five years Tom Wagner had worked for the Consolidated Rubber Tire Company, and he could not stand it any longer; for five years he had wakened each morning to a day exactly like the one he had just gone through, and he knew that the next day would be the same, and the day after. An eternity of rubber tires is something a man does not want to think about, especially when he has once worked for the railroad. For before these five years, and just after he had finished his college course, he and his friend, Lawrence Norton, had gone to Berkeley and taken the apprentices' course there. They had gone from one end to the other of many miles of "yards;" they knew every inch of the shops along the edge. With ringing blows of their hammers, they had helped to take huge locomotives apart, piece by piece, and put them together again. Sometimes they had done office work; sometimes they had gone out on the road, firing; and once, in the middle of August, stripped to the waist, they had watched the iron melting in the furnaces and had poured it at white heat into the moulds for casting wheels. The whirring and clanking of machinery, the throbbing of engines at work was the song of the siren to them, and the smoke rising from the tall stacks was the heavy incense of the god they bowed before. At the expiration of their term of apprenticeship, the panic came. Hundreds of unused locomotives filled the yards and thousands of unemployed men idled about the streets and grew sullen, waiting for something to do. Tom and Lawrence had to wait also, and Tom grew restless under the strain. He was engaged to be married, and with a salary of less than ninety dollars a month, a panic and no prospects, his future looked gloomy, so that, when the Consolidated Rubber Tire Company offered him one hundred and fifty dollars a month, he accepted it and left the railroad,—for good, he said.

Lawrence, having stuck it out, had risen rapidly, and now, still young and unmarried, held the position of master mechanic at Berkeley. Tom could not have hoped for so much himself (for Norton not only had brains, but "pull"), but he was beginning to realise that a man who has known the fascination of "railroading," cannot easily forget it; that

one who has known the infinite possibilities of varied experiences it offers, cannot manufacture rubber tires for the rest of his life and be satisfied; that, sooner or later, he will want to go back,—perhaps like a dog with his tail between his legs, crawling back to die near the altars of his man-made god. He discussed the subject with his wife for a long time, and they finally decided it was better to go back; he would be happier that way.

With more difficulty than he had expected, he succeeded in getting a rather small position in Berkeley, and he accepted it as an opening, believing that he could do better in a few months. Lawrence Norton received them warmly and helped them to get settled. He came to see them often and he and Tom would talk late into the night about railroads and shops and all the things that were dearest to Tom's heart. He said it was almost worth going away for the joy of coming back again. It was like old times, and Tom was cheerful and happy.

But after they had been in Berkeley over a year, his high spirits began to desert him, for he still held the same position and he had not failed to notice that several promotions had passed over his head. Then there came a time when Norton, going to call in the evening, found only Mrs. Wagner at home, because Tom, believing that he had not been working hard enough, was overcome with remorse, and returned to the office after his early supper to work until ten. Often when he got back he found Lawrence waiting for him, and after an hour's talk he would feel better. But when another chance for promotion came and it went again to the man below, Tom's high hopes forsook him. He felt that the world was looking at him with suspicion, and he looked suspiciously back. He noticed how frequently Lawrence was waiting for him when he got home at ten, and he began to wonder how early he came; he noticed how frequently his wife talked about Norton, and he grew morbid and strange thoughts came into his head. He began to carry a revolver without daring to think why. His evenings at the office, instead of being devoted to his work, were spent in gloomy meditation of his wrongs.

It was when he heard that Norton had received a brilliant promotion that the crash came. His thoughts that night being blacker than ever, he left the office early and started home. Outside the sky was ablaze with the burning gas from the foundry stacks; the myriads of

coloured lights and signals in the yard reeled and danced in his heated brain, and the shrill whistles of the locomotives and the grinding of cranes were no longer the music of the siren, but the shrieking of the demons that were torturing him. He felt like a man tied to the rails, feeling over him the remorseless wheels slowly crushing him with their weight.

When he got home he found Lawrence talking to his wife. They seemed so absorbed in their conversation that they scarcely noticed his arrival. Mad with suspicion and jealousy, he drew his revolver and fired. Then his mind and senses became dulled and he stood like a man in a trance, watching Norton disperse the neighbors and go away himself without giving or demanding explanations. Left alone with his wife, assured that his shot had done no harm, his mind grew suddenly clear and he saw everything in the cold stern light of reason.

In the first place, he himself was a failure and for the first time he knew why. What other men had learned by the same bitter experience, he, too, was finding out. It was one of the laws of the great machine that the railroad never forgets. Let a man with the rending of heart strings once tear himself away, it is well if he never returns; but if the fascinating glitter of the shining steel rails lures him back again, no matter how hard or how long he may work, he will never be recognised, and lost in the intricacies of the machinery, he will be slowly crushed to death by the remorseless grinding of the wheels. His only use in life now was to repair the wrong he had done to his wife and friend. He knew that all the suspicions of his overwrought imagination had been unjust, and matters would have been easily settled had it not been for the shot and the neighbors; they must have seen things. He knew that a ripple of slander would spread all over the city; his wife's name would be dishonored, and he would be the cause of her disgrace. All night he tossed in a fever of delirium, seeking a means of reparation. It would be useless to kill himself now; that would not save his wife, for in the eyes of the world he was blameless. He must ruin himself utterly, so that in the greatness of his own disgrace, the slander upon his wife might be overlooked. At dawn, his mind definitely made up, he fell into a heavy sleep.

The next day, on his way to the office, he stopped in a barroom and ordered whiskey. He hated the stuff, but this was no time for likes and

dislikes, so he gulped it down. He came back in the middle of the morning and drank some more and at noon and in the afternoon,—and at night he staggered home in full view of the neighbors. It was not long before he ceased gulping and began to pour the fiery liquid down a throat hotter than the smelting furnaces. Sometimes he staggered home, but sometimes he never got there. He dared not look his wife in the eyes; he was doing it for her sake, but he knew she would not understand. As soon as he got his discharge, he set out to find Norton. When that scene was over,—all he wanted was to ask Lawrence to look after his wife a little when he was gone,—when he knew that her future was in good hands, he crawled back and with the sound of the grinding wheels in his ears, he drew his pistol again, and this time the shot went home.

*INSURGENTS.**DOCTISSMÆ PUELLÆ**or**NOS MORITURI.*

(Being a Timely Appeal to the Powers That Be.)

Often have the beauties of our cloister been extolled and its joys sung by the carefree undergraduate, yet one most beautiful feature, I feel, has escaped even her ductile pen. None will believe me when I tell from what part of the cloister the novelty springs, yet my words are true: the fountain it is to which I am referring—yes, the fountain in March—for it is functioning anew and its rôle is that of fresh-air reading-room. Hence you see the timeliness and originality of my remarks. Hence my indignation at the selfish, crude and earthly-minded souls who for this many a day have been ribaldly casting attacks, aspersions and printer's ink upon our new but already sacred tradition of Library aération.

What, crass iconoclasts, have you eyes for nothing but yourselves and your own enforced indolence and somnolence? Look at the beautiful submissiveness of your little friends and classmates. See how Necessity becomes the mother of their invention. *They* do not feebly go to sleep at their teakwood desks beating their luminous wings in vain over 24-Page Essays, nor recline book-in-hand panting upon the floor, athirst for knowledge and oxygen the day before a Quiz. Nor even do they waste their patrimony trying to buy up all the Library books to take home and peruse in the privacy of their own humble but aërated rooms. No, if sweetness and light will not come to them, they will go to it. With maidenly submission but undaunted courage they wend their sprightly way to the cloister doors. A breath of early (and characteristically leonine) March wind bursts upon them, scattering from the arms of each 2 loose-leave note-books, a fountain-pen, 3 pillows, a detachable golf-cape and many hair-pins. They laugh. "Ah," cry they, "what fun this is! The exercise will wake us up." They proceed through the echoing walks and over the questionable English turf, admiring the shimmer of the icy pools at their feet and the musical wail of Boreas

about their ears. "See," says one, "how sweetly affecting, a little snowdrop all alone out here, just like us: I wonder if it's cold?" "Hush," says the other, "you'll only make it futilely discontented with its lot: let your teeth go naturally instead and make a noise like a bee. After all, *it* doesn't have to study Adam Smith."

And so they reach the fountain. Very bare and deserted it looks. Its trickling rills are still in Winter's and Mr. Foley's clasp, and no dandelions nod over the mossy edge. Instead, far below, a stolid lining of grey cement looks them coldly and repellantly in the eye. (They know this is a pathetic fallacy [they are well-trained Freshmen and their readers have them perfectly under control], but it does.) For a moment they try to return the stare, but the well's eye gets the better of them and they tumble hastily in without more ado. No sooner are they settled than a blessed comfort envelops them and they can buckle down to a good day's work. The wind has sunk to a mere gusty breeze, the damp walls of the fountain effectually exclude the outside world—even the distracting flicker of sunlight on driven leaves, the air has just enough faint mustiness to be gently familiar—and yet, oh bliss! That good blue sky above shines down through no mediate leaded-glass windows. Moreover, they can take a deep breath without feeling acutely that they must be robbing someone else.



Dismoor

Now this, dear friends and fellow-insurgents, benighted beings that you are, is the attitude and conduct that I would commend. Do not, I pray you, arise and quarrel individually or Undergradually with the Librarian; do not argue with her about the respective merits of Thermolation and Ventilation; above all, do not chide the thermostats and the beautiful but ineffectual Jacobean windows. Instead of all that, buy a golf-cape and rhinitis-pill and hie you to the fountain. Then, if the greater part of the college *does* catch grippe, influenza, measles, asthma, colerabi, laryngitis and house-maid's knee, perhaps the attention of the Powers that Be may be turned toward a complete reconstruction on liberal lines of our beloved fountain (Egypt, we hear, is full of great engineering feats); and perhaps (though this is only a hint) by next year, if They will not cool the Library, They may at least take drastic measures to heat the fountain.

D. S. W., '12.

(NOTE:—In printing this “Insurgent” we wish to congratulate our distinguished contributor (Ourself) on its happy timeliness, and at the same time to disclaim on her behalf any previous collusion with the powers of Darkness, Quarantine and Disease. No, she is (we may say it with modesty) an apostle of Sweetness and Light always, and the great Bryn Mawr Epidemic—breaking out three days after the completion of her appeal on March 11th—was as much a surprise to her as to anyone else. Her ingenuous soul, nevertheless, may well throb with pride at this speedy verification of her prophecy, and it is with editorial complacency that we note this re-enforcement of her protest by outraged Nature—and add to the list of threatened diseases cited above the significant name of Scarlet Fever.—ED.)

(P. P. S.:—As we are going to print, a breathless student informs us that she “*thinks* she saw one of the Library windows open and its string in place—at least that is how it appeared to her through the mist.” Of course *we* are not saying anything; but we congratulate the fountain.—ED.)

*An important discovery.* Two gentlemen were conversing, one a New Englander and the other a Californian. "Don't you mind living so far away?" asked the New Englander in a tone of deep compassion. "Far away from what?" was the surprised response.

This story inspired me to make a scientific investigation. The results are so interesting that I venture to publish them in full.

Problem: *How far away is the magazine-room?*

(Since all distances are relative, I find it necessary to take a basic center; for this purpose I chose that bust of Athena which dominates the lower reaches of Taylor Hall.)

Table of Results:

<i>Distance.</i>	<i>Time Required.</i>
From bust of Athena to Pembroke Arch .....	½ minute
From bust of Athena to Merion Hall .....	½ minute
From bust of Athena to Reading Room .....	¾ minute
From bust of Athena to Denbigh Door .....	¾ minute
From bust of Athena to <i>Magazine-room</i> .....	⅞ minute
From bust of Athena to Gym .....	1 minute
From bust of Athena to Tea House .....	1 minute
From bust of Athena to Owl Gate .....	1¾ minutes
From bust of Athena to Upper Athletic Field .....	2⅛ minutes

The results are indeed amazing. I had been led to believe that the Magazine-room, that sheltered spot hidden in the towers of the library, was a long and arduous journey from any given starting point. And lo! it is nearer the shrine of our clear-eyed goddess than either the Tea House or the Gymnasium. I grant, of course, that one must first learn the secret windings of the labyrinth that leads to this sequestered nook. But the maze is not over difficult. It is possible even for Freshmen, if they are clever, to find the way by the second semester. Once the path is found it is not hard to remember.

Although I felt that my discovery was of inestimable importance, my modesty has hitherto restrained me from publishing the results. Now I feel that the time has come to bring them to light. The whole college is in a ferment of zeal over General Culture. Wells and Galsworthy are devoured with avidity, and the student body is trying to master the intricacies of present-day politics. The contents of the Magazine-room are of priceless value in the pursuit of this quest. Why

should the blind ignorance of our forbears close this door of opportunity in our anxious faces?

Alas! Too long have we immured ourselves in our cloister, and fed our souls on the lore of the past, forgetting that history is being made, that science is being built up, that literature is being written, even now; oblivious to the world outside the stack and the laboratory. Some of us are living two thousand years behind our own day, some five hundred, some only five or six. When we emerge from our retirement we find ourselves horribly behind the times. We make poor citizens and we have nothing to talk about at dinner parties. Not that I should advise any over eager student to devote too much energy to the magazines. *μηδεὶς ἀγαν*—nothing in excess. The *Nation*, the *Academy*, or *Revue Bleue*, can be read in one half hour. The juice can be squeezed out of a monthly in two hours. Three hours a week spent in the Magazine-room are pleasant, profitable and sufficient.

Now that I have demonstrated the fact that the Magazine-room can be reached in seven-eighths of a minute from the center of college life, and so rendered it accessible to countless numbers, I hope to be able to show that in the equation

$$\text{General Culture} = A.B. + C$$

(where C is a constant)

$$C = 3 \text{ (hours a week in Magazine-room)} + x.$$

The determination of x is a problem I shall leave to future generations for solution.

M. J. H., '11.

## DULCI FISTULA

### BIOLOGY.

(*With apologies to Ethelbert Nevin.*)

The hours I spent in Dalton's halls  
Are as a weary waste to me;  
I watch the clock's hand till around it crawls  
And sets us free.

O particles that float and flee  
Upon my slithy, slippery slide,  
Ah! show your plasm unto me,  
And do not hide!

Ye hunter of bacteria  
Armed with the eye of AA<sub>2</sub>,  
Art verging on hysteria?  
I'm going mad, comrade!  
Gone mad with you!

N. C., '14.

---

### BRIEF TAKEN FROM "MY LAST DUCHESS."

One hesitates to startle with ridicule any performance attempted with serious purpose—especially when the methods are, as here, clearly most scholarly. Yet to the unserious a performance of this kind offers matter for wonder; and we herewith present to the public an example of what your proper academic training can accomplish.

THE EDITOR.

#### *Introduction—*

- I. The question arises from the fact that
  - A. The Duke has had the Duchess murdered—
- II. The Duke asserts that he is justified, for
  - A. The conduct of the Duchess was unbecoming in that
    - i. It caused him to stoop and he ought not to have to stoop, since
      - a. His name was nine hundred years old.

- III. The Duke waives the charge that he might have corrected her for
  - A. Such correction would involve some stooping.
  - B. She would not take correction.
- IV. The special issue is
  - A. Was the conduct of the Duchess unbecoming in that
    - i. It showed disrespect to the Duke—

*Brief—*

- I. The conduct of the Duchess was unbecoming, for
  - A. She did not show respect to the Duke, for
    - i. She was indiscriminate in her distributions of favours, for
      - a. She was too free and ready with her smile, for
        - x. She thought it courtesy to smile at all.
    - 2. She did not value sufficiently his gift of a nine hundred year old name, for
      - a. She classed it with all other gifts received, for
        - x. She allowed anything to please her, for
          - (I) She had a heart too soon made glad.

*Conclusion—*

- I. The Duke had the Duchess murdered with perfect right, for
  - A. She insulted him, for
    - i. She smiled the same smile at him that she smiled at all others.

M. J. H. '11.

*COLLEGE NOTES.*

The results of the annual track meet (held Friday, March 3d, and Friday, March 10th) were:

Winner: 1911—34 points

Second place: 1913—25 points.

Third place: 1914—20 points.

Fourth place: 1912—18 points.

The individual championship cup was won by Helen Emerson, 1911. The college record in vaulting was broken by Louisa Haydock, 1913, with 4 ft.  $10\frac{3}{4}$  in.

On March 5th the sermon at the Sunday evening service was preached by Hugh Black, M.A., of Union Theological Seminary, New York; on March 12th by Prof. Edward A. Steiner, of Grinnell College, Iowa.

On Tuesday, March 14th, it was announced that the college would close until March 25th as a precautionary measure against a threatened epidemic of scarlet fever, three mild cases having developed in different halls. Academic work ceased at 10 o'clock on Tuesday, and by 6 o'clock that night the college was practically empty. A few students, under rather amusing quarantine regulations, were allowed to remain in Merion and Radnor. By vote of the faculty, this enforced holiday of almost a fortnight was substituted for the regular Easter vacation.

On Tuesday, March 28th, the Senior Class went through two triumphs, the one being deferred because of wintry weather, the other because of quarantine. The first was the hockey championship for the year 1910-11. Owing to illness and bad weather, this final game with 1913 (score 4-2) could not be played off until spring, and it was gratifying to see the good effects of team training persisting in both teams so long after the fall practice. The second and greater triumph was the record grade of this year's European Fellow, Helen Tredway. She has achieved the academic average of 91.62 per cent.

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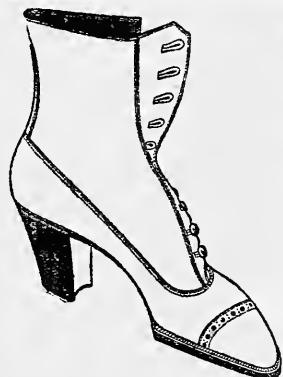
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# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o'Bob

*Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.*

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VOL. VIII

MAY, 1911

No. 7

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DOROTHY WOLFF, '12

*Assistant Editors*

VIRGINIA CUSTER CANAN, '11.

MARY ALDEN, '12

MARY TONGUE, '13, ROSALIND FAY MASON, '11, *Editor of Dulci Fistula*

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EMERSON LAMB, '12, *Business Manager.*

ELEANOR BONTECOU, '13, *Treasurer.*

MARJORIE THOMPSON, '12, *Assistant Business Manager*

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*EDITORIALS.*

*The Individual and the Communist.*—An accepted definition of community is a collection of individuals living together for the common good, but we, who have demonstrated community life for four years, more or less, know that a community is made up of two classes of people, who completely disregard any idea of common good,—Individuals and Communists. Now between the Individuals and the Communists, in the phrase of our cherished Kipling, “The difference is great,” but it manifests itself in many ways and habits. An Individual, for instance, always closes her door. In the fashion of a monk, she secludes herself in her own little cell and issues forth only for meals, and these she eats in silence, unless another and sympathetic Individual sits near. A Communist, on the other hand, never closes her door except under violent protest from the proctor. An Individual, growing sceptical as to the “closedness” of her door being intrusion-proof, puts up an “Engaged”

sign, but the Communist does the same thing when she is feeling a little grumpy or out of sorts, so that, if you wish to ascertain which she is, you must knock. If the latter, she will greet you warmly, saying she was *so* afraid no one would dare come in; but if the former she will remove her glasses deliberately and inquire: "What is it?" The Communist pretends to despise the Individual, and looks with scorn upon her self-sufficiency, but towards the end of the four years, gazing retrospectively over her course book, she sometimes wishes that the "Engaged" sign on her door had denoted an intelligent scepticism, rather than mere intellectual grumpiness.

V. C. C., '11.

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As spring advances there is a diminishing of the insurgent spirit. We dare not believe that, owing to the simple device of plain speaking employed in our Insurgent department, all, or even a few of the evils we deprecate have been reformed. The explanation of the present peace, we take it, must rather be this: in addition to all our other sins we have acquired a new one, and are now actually losing our "divine discontent," the one virtue on which we prided ourselves. As a matter of fact even while we appreciate to the full the glories of Bryn Mawr we can, by careful scrutiny, still detect flaws in our college life and spirit.

Let bygones be bygones; we permit to rest in peace the question of the library ventilation and the futility of fire drills. There still remains ample matter for comment and reform. We might, for instance, restrain our desire to make the lawn a highway to the lecture room, remembering that the pleasure of evening strolls across it is still ours. We might try to find it not incompatible with our academic pursuits to attend chapel with more enthusiasm and in greater numbers. We might bethink ourselves that the high privilege of exemption from a cut rule deserves to be met by the employment of moderation. We might warn ourselves that the day was intended for work and the night for rest, and by a more judicious apportioning of study and conversation, make possible for ourselves a little more sleep before midnight. Most important of all, we might consider rather seriously that our chief task here is not the amassing of facts only, or the making of friends, but that it is rather the labour of learning to live deeply, to maintain that ecstasy which in Pater's words, is "success in life."

For a single editorial to refer even thus casually to these many subjects for thought may seem unwarranted. And yet, as for some of us the time of all reforming here draws to its close, the temptation grows strong to make very vivid that ideal of perfection for Bryn Mawr on which we meditate. The finest proof of devotion to any cause is a willingness to see, not its virtues only, but its defects, and so, as a supreme tribute of loyalty to our Alma Mater, we would bravely call to mind whatever seems to keep it from its perfect development, thus claiming for ourselves some small part in the splendid task of its upbuilding.

H. H. P.

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*In Scientific Management.*—The phrase is an alluring one, and when first we hear it we may think it describes happily our life at college. We are not frittering away our earnest young lives on Society, Shopping and Swains (the three deadly failings of the unacademic world). We work hard, play hard, and hope to be good for something when the owl gates have closed behind us. Is our self-satisfaction quite justified, however? What though we are a chosen few, the most privileged of little privileged classes? The four free years committed to us are a trust. To fulfill it we must use our opportunity to the full, and hand down to future classes the most abundant college life we can fashion—and that in the face of the hundred-and-one things with which our time is already overflowing, means assuredly a great searching of hearts and engagement-calendars.

Our actual academic work needs little comment. That has been pretty thoroughly organized already. Most of us do not habitually cut our lectures or take them down blindly, waste our free morning periods or study late at night when we are blind with sleep. And we all quite easily point the finger of scorn at the weak sister who breaks down over a quiz and does three-quarters of her work the week before Mid-years! No, what we really need to organize is our so-called leisure time. We must learn to get the most out of our spare moments so that we can put the most into our avocations.

As a shining example of what *can* be done in a few minutes, note the amount that is habitually accomplished between the hours of 8.00 and

*SHELLEY*

BY MARION D. CRANE, '11.

"The great secret of morals is love—or a going out of our own nature and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action or person not our own. A man to be greatly good must *imagine* intensely and comprehensively. . . . *The great instrument of moral good is the imagination.*" So Shelley sets forth, in his essay on *Poetry*, what might be called the chief article in his poetic creed.

Certainly all other claims for his art must give place to this which bears directly on life, which gives to the imagination a superior function in what must be for all of us the main business of life. But it is in the nature of the case an audacious claim, a doctrine not to be taken on faith. For imaginative genius is not only apt to outdo itself in representation, to pass the limits of common understanding, but to bungle the actual practice of living, even as Shelley is said to have done. His work must answer the accusation of vagueness, of incoherence. And a book might be written in defence of his life, or against it. It is perhaps not too much to ask that the poet's imagination should lighten the man who writes as well as the man who reads.

Furthermore, the whole question of ethics and aesthetics and their interrelation is opened by the quoted definition of morals. There are those who believe that the great secret of morals is will, who hold with Kant that the moral law is at war with the natural inclinations of man, that morality is purely prohibitive. Moreover the conception of beauty as one face of a triangle with goodness and truth, or as the outward and visible sign of these, is a Platonic doctrine hardly borne out by the law of the survival of the fittest, in a world of means suited to material ends. If however, reassured by the first and great commandment, we for the moment accept Shelley's identification of morals with love and admit beauty as a handmaiden and interpreter of love, we may ask ourselves a simpler question which may brook an answer comparatively brief. What is the scope of Shelley's own poetic imaginings, and what is their moral effect upon the reader? The answer will be hardly more than a single impression, a mere example rather than matter for proof. But the mustering of examples does lead at last toward certainty.

The outer world of Shelley's verse is vast, ethereal: a dream world which somehow possesses verisimilitude. The whole universe is comprehended—wherein “golden worlds revolve and shine,” where stars swarm like golden bees and where meteors flash down their infinite pathways. We are somehow convinced, as if the poet had watched it all from the vantage point of the gods. Detail is of fair, fleeting things—“an azure mist of elemental subtlety.” The air is laden with exhalations, delicate and sweet; we hear the sound of wind, and the fall of spring waters. Ephemeral insects flit with wings more sheer and shining than the wings of butterflies, or lend their pinions to dream spirits scarcely more frail and lovely. The *Witch of Atlas* lives in a miraculous domain of fire and frost and feathery snow, with cloud colour overhead. Dawn, the hour of restraint, when the day promises the imagined splendours of a later time, silvers the horizon, or hangs its crimson panoply across the sky, heralding again and again the coming of the mighty sun. The strong light of the sun burns passionately upon a world which is almost too rare and frail, too full of swift movement for our perception.

“On the brink of the night and the morning  
My coursers are wont to respire  
But the earth has just whispered a warning  
That their flight must be swifter than fire:  
They shall drink the hot speed of desire.”

The effect upon us is not by way of definite phrases, illuminating sensation, but comes rather from the whole web of melodious words. But for all its strange and indeterminate character, the representation of this world has a definite meaning for the imagination. It sets us in pursuit of a beauty which will not stay our unsteadfast desire, but which we know to be in its fullness and permanence the absolute beauty for which in our divinest moments we seek. Here and there contrasting ugliness appears, as in the neglected garden of the *Sensitive Plant*, but it is a perverse or superficial ugliness, “a foul disguise” cast over reality.

We discover eventually that reality is evanescent for us because it belongs to the world of thought, to the world as it appears in the poet's imagination. Even for the poet the vision sometimes fails, and he is left lamenting “our cold common life” and its inadequacy. In the

*THE EXPECTED.*

By AMY GORDON HAMILTON, '13.

Once I wrote a story that nobody would believe; it was true, but I could not get it printed because the editors thought it was not sufficiently plausible. Another time I wrote a story that everybody would believe, but I couldn't sell it because it was so commonplace. That's what the reading public is like. And now I'm going to write a story which some people will believe and some won't, according to their several dispositions and temperaments. It isn't a very good story on the whole, but that's the fault of the facts. Have you ever hunted for marigolds—marsh marigolds—in the springtime? They grow in pools of water and you reach them from tussocks of grass. The pools look two inches deep and rather pretty. It's when you fall off the tussocks that you become aware of the deceptive appearances of things. The state of your temper will then be in accordance with the length of the distance home, and whether your way home lies along the main street. That's what Mulvany calls a "digreshun," and the real tale has nothing to do with marigolds.

I fancy one of the great questions of the world would be answered if people could ever decide whether life was dramatic or not. We were trying to decide the other night. Willis said that it was not.

"Your life isn't dramatic, mine isn't, none of our friends is."

"Just what do you mean by dramatic?" I asked him.

"Unexpected," he replied promptly. "Now, with us, the most unexpected things are missing trains and one's dinner and that sort of thing."

"Unexpected is too loose a definition of dramatic, but what you say isn't true anyhow," I answered. "Life is full of surprises."

"Surprises," broke in Willis with intense scorn. "Why we even know the exact minute of an eclipse, and when to expect a comet. Come now," he went on, "consider the newspaper. There you have a record of the most interesting, the most unexpected events in people's lives—all sorts of people. Yet it's only perhaps once or twice a month that one ever reads anything approaching the dramatic—and then the account is written doubtless by an imaginative reporter lacking copy."

I arose with dignity. "Sometime I'll prove you're wrong. Things *are* unexpected. I'm not quoting Richard Harding Davis, but I tell you, nothing runs in its natural course to its end. Unforeseen factions are always at work, and mostly we come croppers when we're riding easiest." Willis laughed and I went to bed.

The next morning, going in to Philadelphia on the seven-forty-five, I read my paper with attention, thinking of our recent conversation. I tried to imagine wrecked lives resulting from the low quotations of several stocks, I tried to see romances in the marriage notices and tragedies in the deaths. It was no use. Certainly the element of unexpectedness and chance was noticeably lacking. Then a thought occurred to me. I would take the dullest thing on the page, investigate it, sift it to the bottom and see if there were any dramatic features. Running my eye down the lost and found column I saw the notice:

Lost.—Valuable white terrier, black marking, answers to name of Mimi; 4:30 yesterday, near City Hall. \$25 reward if returned to C. W. S—, 337 ——.

"Now why," I repeated, "should a white terrier be lost at City Hall? And if he was valuable \$25 is an absurd amount to offer for his return. Perfect inducement to dog thieves. High pedigree advertised like that—ridiculous." Wherefore, because I had resented Willis's attitude I turned my steps to City Hall to investigate.

Now the obviously unexpected thing would be to find the dog. White terriers are common enough, but one doesn't generally find them about City Hall. Wherefore having passed under the arch I was considerably startled to see tied with a piece of string to a rock near the police horses an unmistakable white terrier. When I spoke to it the dog leaped to its feet and tugged at the string. "Willis *is* wrong," I muttered, and then said sternly to a policeman standing near:

"Where did that dog come from?"

"He's mine," he replied, "wotcher want to know for?"

"It's not yours," I said, "it belongs to a—a lady, and I have come to restore it to her."

The policeman shifted uneasily and then blustered:

"He's mine I tell you, d'you reckon you can tell me—an officer of the law that—I *stole* him! Then with a sudden change of tone—"Now Willy, "if wotcher want is to buy him I could manage to sell him to you maybe." He grinned.

I choked with indignation and then said grimly, "How much?" "Twenty-six dollars," he answered, and grinned again.

I pulled out my pocket-book and handed it to him. "Very well," I said, and added inwardly as I noted his number, "and you'll lose your position for this, my good man."

He looked uncomfortable as he took the money, and as I started to lead the dog away—

"Oh, I say, look here," he began, "I'll see you another time," I said without pausing. He was still looking after me oddly as I turned the corner.

Since it was then late I went straight to the office and did not leave till five.

After dinner that night when the dog had been fed, I referred to the advertisement to get the address of the owner.

"Lost," I read again, "valuable white terrier. . . . Near City Hall. \$25 reward if returned to C. W. S., 337 Broadway."—Broadway! Not Broad Street. I glanced hurriedly at the top of the paper.

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There are two things I wish accounted for. How my perfectly dependable newsdealer managed to give me a *New York Times* without my observing it and how came that peculiar expression on the policeman's face.

I happen to hate dogs, but that of course has nothing to do with this story.

*THE EXECUTIVE WOMAN.*

BY MARION D. CRANE, '11.

Let us at the very beginning show our hand, and admit that she is indispensable. Without her, corporate activities, even corporate gayeties, go but lamely, and a May-pole dance is impossible. It is not that anyone of us lacks intelligence and energy to skip and wind properly; it is just that no one of us cares enough about the common good to get everybody else into form. That, of course, is the strong point of the executive woman: a tremendous enthusiasm for the common good. Among common individuals there is always some doubt as to just what is the common good—but that doubt is just what incapacitates them for the management of corporate May-pole dancing. The executive woman has no doubts. She not only knows what ought to be done, and how to do it, but also how to get it done. Her assurance inspires confidence; the common individual, glad to discover certainty, meets and rejoices with another of like modest propensities, and the two form the common herd—the element of the executive woman. It is a very available element—to do as you are told being so much easier than to do as you think best. So follows the development of executive ability.

Someone has said that Macbeth might have been an honest thane to the end of his days, if Lady Macbeth had not had executive ability. As a matter of fact Lady Macbeth was far too modest to succeed in the rôle of a modern executive woman. Lady Macbeth confined her activities to the management of her husband; it is the intention of the executive woman to direct all the lives which touch her own. She is a professional influence. Usually she is a person with a very simple philosophy of life, applicable to humanity in general. The intimate psychological complexities of her fellows do not embarrass her at all. She rushes boldly in where angels fear to tread, and the frequent rewards of her temerity save her from discouragement over her occasional failures. After all, we common individuals are very simple and very much alike.

And what if the executive woman becomes a little hard and mechanical in the course of her development? Surely machinery means

saving of labour, and the saving of labour is a sure means to success. If it be "off with his head" she bows to necessity, but success, the aim of all execution, is the watchword of the executive woman. Inefficiency is abomination in her eyes, and though she be a democrat by profession, she is in her secret heart committed to the aristocracy of the successful.

But we leave her with peace: after all, success is contagious, and it is pleasant to be gay together.

### *THE "FRENCHMEN."*

BY KATHERINE A. PAGE, '13.

Beyond the hills lived the "Frenchmen." It was forbidden ground to us—my cousin and me—and there was little then to invite us to disobey orders and trespass. They lived on a bare hillside in forlorn little houses. The women in white aprons would stand in the doorway looking across to the pines on the opposite hillside. The men—old and bent—worked in their little patches of cotton and corn. They looked harmless enough, but the "Frenchmen" were to be feared. When they talked, no one could understand them—hence they were evil and could conjure the nose right off your face. So Aunt Frances said—and Aunt Frances had been a slave before the war—could remember General Washington, and on occasions had been known to lapse into reminiscences about the flood. So when she said that the Frenchmen could conjure the nose right off your face, it was well to believe her—and while my nose has never been all that it ought to be, I preferred it, even then, to none. Accordingly we left the "Frenchmen" severely alone.

What prompted Bob Carter, who was older, and should have known better, to tell us that the "finest arbutus in the world" grew along the "Frenchmen's" fence is more than I know. Some day I shall ask him. We wanted the finest arbutus in the world very much. For some reason we were obliged to have arbutus. It was connected, I think, with our whole future life—consider its importance! But what this mysterious connection was, I can't remember. Only, arbutus was a sacred flower, and we had to have the best there was, at the expense of the noses on our faces, if need be.

We set out obviously in the opposite direction. But we cut back through the swamp, across the rickety old bridge and up the railroad for miles and miles. Briskly and cheerfully we walked at first—but now more slowly and silently as we approached forbidden ground. On the hill opposite grew violets big and blue and in great quantities. We stopped under the pines to gather them and to muster our disappearing courage. In childhood, weather plays a minor part, unless, perhaps, it is inconveniently rainy—but as long as I live I shall never forget the joyousness of the wind and sun and air that day or the hill under the great long-leaf pines. Perhaps I remember it vividly because of the startling occurrence which followed. Simultaneously we saw the futility of postponement and got up bravely to set off across the valley. A lone man, bent over as usual, was working in the field, and as we approached cautiously we heard him singing a plaintive song. We skirted the edge of the fence with bated breath; we turned up the mould of last summer's black-jack leaves and found that Bob Carter had spoken the truth. The fragrance of the delicate pink blossoms and the smell of the upturned earth rose from the leaves like the warm breath of spring. The plants were perfect—with black gnarled runner roots. They were tough, but we had managed to pull up several when suddenly I became aware of something approaching across the field at a terrific rate uttering an uncouth sound.

My first panic-stricken idea was that the "Frenchmen" were upon us. I looked more closely and saw that it was not a man, but a beast, much like my conception of the bull of Bashan making a corresponding noise. The fence between us looked as thin as paper. I stopped to see no more, but fled incontinently and my cousin passed me on the way. How we crossed the valley I don't know. At all events, it was rapidly. We threw ourselves down under the pines, gasping for breath. It had never occurred to me to be glad I was alive. It seemed too natural, but one has sudden insight into deep matters when one is so near to death. After some time we sat up and looked furtively across the valley. A more peaceful scene could not be described. The hillside lay bare in the sunshine; smoke curled from the gray little houses, and the bent old man worked slowly up and down his rows.

We returned home empty handed and made no mention of our expedition. Sometime later an older brother remarked casually that

the "Frenchmen's" Newfoundland puppy was growing to be quite a big dog. At the "Frenchmen's" name we pricked up our ears, but it was many years before I permanently connected the dog with the bull of Bashan. My cousin says that he knew it was a dog all the time. I don't believe him, and you wouldn't either if you had seen him run.

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*A DISTINCTION IN TERMS.*

BY MARGARET HOBART, '11.

Injustice is done to many people by the indiscriminating use of adjectives, and seldom is the confusion more unfair than in the case of *common* and *vulgar*. Here, as generally, the difficulty has arisen from the fact that the terms *common* and *vulgar* are often applicable to the same person. That, however, does not make the words synonymous, but rather renders it advisable that we have clear in our minds what each denotes.

Commonness is a social defect; vulgarity is a trait of character. Commonness is a superficial roughness; vulgarity is an ingrained blemish. Commonness means that a man is not raised above the *οἱ πολλοί*; vulgarity means that a man's attitude is wrong. Commonness means that a man's delicacy of distinction is dormant; vulgarity means that his sense of proportion is perverted. Commonness arises from want of education; vulgarity, from incapacity for education.

For the word *education*, which I am using in its broadest sense, should perhaps be substituted the term *intellectual and spiritual training*. Education then, we shall define as that which refines the intellect by contact with the learning of the ages; and refinement as that which educates the spirit by the development of sensitiveness. These two processes raise the common man above his fellows. They do the work of the diamond-cutter, shaping and polishing the rough stone and making of it a crown jewel. Some stones at first are smoother than others, but that is no cause for discouragement. After the patient hand of the workman has wrought, the roughest diamond may be the most brilliant gem. Only when there is a flaw ingrained in its composition is the stone

cast aside as hopeless. Everyone, whatever his heritage, is common until he is trained. His mind and spirit are born undeveloped as truly as his body. But no one is necessarily vulgar any more than he is necessarily blind or deaf.

The vulgar man is often said to be well-educated. At least he may be acquainted with history and literature, be something of a scientist, or well-versed in the classics. Indeed, and this often happens, he may be a clever scholar in his own special line. But somehow his judgment is warped; his taste, as we say, is not good. He has no appreciation of learning, no grasp of the broadening and humanising purpose of intellectual studies, no vision of what all this knowledge means.

The vulgar man may be superficially refined. But he is not sensitive to things of the spirit. His sensibilities are gross. He has not learned to recognise beauty. As I said, the terms *vulgar* and *common* are frequently applicable to the same person. In point of fact most vulgar men and women are found among the uneducated and unrefined. If the intellect and the spirit is neglected in any group of people, the intellectual and spiritual capacity of their descendants will surely degenerate.

The most important part of refinement is religious training, for this develops the highest side of our spiritual natures. The fact that, even where intellectual and social training were denied the poorer classes, the priests taught them the elements of Christianity, explains why to-day the "common people," the *οἱ πολλοί* are not all vulgar.

Vulgarity, then, is a flaw in the intellectual and spiritual constitution of man; a sign of degeneracy. Aristocracy, on the other hand, is proof that the common men who were the forefathers of our aristocrats were refined and educated. But it is not necessary to be an aristocrat in order to be cultured. Every common man may become cultured; but a vulgar man may not. For the *sine qua non* of culture is that we do nothing in excess, a state to which the vulgar are incapable of attaining.

## INSURGENTS.

*Spring, Sweet Spring.*—The spring has come. The Gulph Road is a glory of dogwood. The Judas bush is a gorgeous splash of color on the Denbigh green. Our visitors are commenting on the curious white bark that gleams through the pink glow of the Japanese cherries. The campus has welcomed Proserpina with lavish display.

The students are honouring her, too. Each one has undertaken the cult of one of the dryads or water-nymphs that inhabit the campus. One has spread her prayer-rug under the Rockefeller firs; another, beside the cloister fountain. Each of the trees in Senior Row has its devotee, nor are the bushes in the hollows and the stream by the Powerhouse forgotten. An altar of sofa cushions has been built to each deity, and on it is offered a daily sacrifice of notebooks and theme pads while the worshippers throw themselves in various attitudes of devotion before their gods. It is an impressive sight as one ascends the hill to Taylor—the erstwhile pale and sombre students transformed into bright-eyed priestesses in gay attire, in glistening white or gorgeous colours, prone at the feet of the dryads and nymphs, in the ecstasy of their devotion oblivious to passersby. The rites are prolonged far into the night, and the shouts of the revellers at their Bacchanalian feasts in the dells and groves of the campus sound in the ears of the philosophic band communing with the soul of Plato in the library.

Some have complained that it is not meet that the followers of Pallas should join Dionysus. They have inveighed against the wild-haired Maenads who have cast aside their tattered gowns for the thyrsis and the tennis racquet and whose frenzy of devotion to Ceres and Proserpina detracts from the dignity of our scholastic cloisters and academic row of maples, and whose shouts break the stillness of our meditative night.

But far be it from me to dispute the supremacy of any divinity. To those Maenads in whose hearts Pallas is still enshrined, I would say that devotion to the gods of Nature and *graceful* repose under the shade of some tree, is not incompatible with academic virtue if the Dionysiae worship be not carried to excess; and to those who have given themselves up

entirely to the rites of the gods of the spring, I would repeat the wise song of the *Bacchae*:—

"Love thou the Day and the Night;  
Be glad of the Dark and the Light;  
And avert thine eyes from the love of the Wise,  
That have honour in proud men's sight."

M. J. H., 1911.

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William James says that "Habit is the enormous fly-wheel of society." If this is true a great danger is threatening the college and therefore, of course, the world. For the fly-wheel is slowing down, or to use an expression which strikes nearer home, the dynamo is about to collapse and we know what the result will be. You wonder perhaps at this assertion, but it is true; for when the student body is expected to be at a certain place at a certain time, instead of Habit taking us there at that time, it takes us there just ten minutes later. "Men may work and women may weep," but it does no good. Habit keeps us back and we can't get there until ten minutes past. You may smile superciliously and say, "Why not? Ten minutes isn't long." But consider the question seriously for a moment. Suppose you plan to get to breakfast at 8 o'clock, but are delayed by habit until 8.10. Then you are ten minutes late for chapel, that is to say, you don't get there at all. You lose thirty minutes of your three lectures. You are ten minutes late at luncheon, class meeting, lab, basket-ball, dinner, Bible class, and water polo, making in all a pure loss of two hours a day, fourteen hours a week, fifty-six hours a month, and 728 hours a year. I won't go any further and multiply it by the number of students in college, or by the average age of the student body, for the result would be too depressing. And it really isn't our fault; something is radically wrong with our impelling force, Habit.

L. H., '11.

*On the Singing of Songs.*—Now the spring and the time of the singing of birds is again with us, it seems that we, too, like the merry song-sparrow, must burst into melody. On each separate one of the occasions with which April and May are replete, each class must be ready to respond with a spontaneous overflow of sentiment—witty or sad—mingled with harmony—classic or rag-time. This is, of course, in its way, happily appropriate and fitting, besides being distinctly utilitarian from one point of view; for if we did not accumulate a sufficient number of songs in our progress upward from Freshman year, what, forsooth, would the Seniors sing on Taylor steps? Then, too, singing is in itself a pleasant pastime, and I am not one to suggest that it is not a very charming part of our college life. But isn't it, really, like the proverbial good thing, carried too far? Most people, I fancy, have experienced the agonies of the exhausted player who, walking wearily up from the athletic field after an afternoon's exertions, which may or may not have been crowned with victory, is met at the door by solicitous friends who cry:

"Have you written a song?"

Of course you haven't. Possibly you do assist in the labored production of a few vapid lines to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," or some equally original ditty, forced out during a hurried toilette. This is produced later in the dining-room by a select trio—the only ones who know the words—and their dubious rendering brings forth perfunctory applause from the bored hearers.

The curtailment of such a custom would be no great loss to the community, I fancy; much useless racking of brains would be saved; and there would be so much energy the more to expend on songs for Orals or other occasions where, I grant you, singing is a seemly mode of expression.

P. R., '11.

## *DULCI FISTULA*

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### *A BAD PUNISHMENT.*

If Mr. Goose asked Mrs. Hen  
Away with him to wander,  
Would he, think ye, entitled be  
To be called propaganda?

Then if, on high adventure bound,  
They, without hesitation,  
Sopped in a belfry near the sky,  
Wouldst call it in-spire-ration?

And if the TIP accepts my rhymes,  
Hoping they'll make you smile,  
Won't you—please do!—forgive the puns,  
And name me versatile?

P. R. '11.

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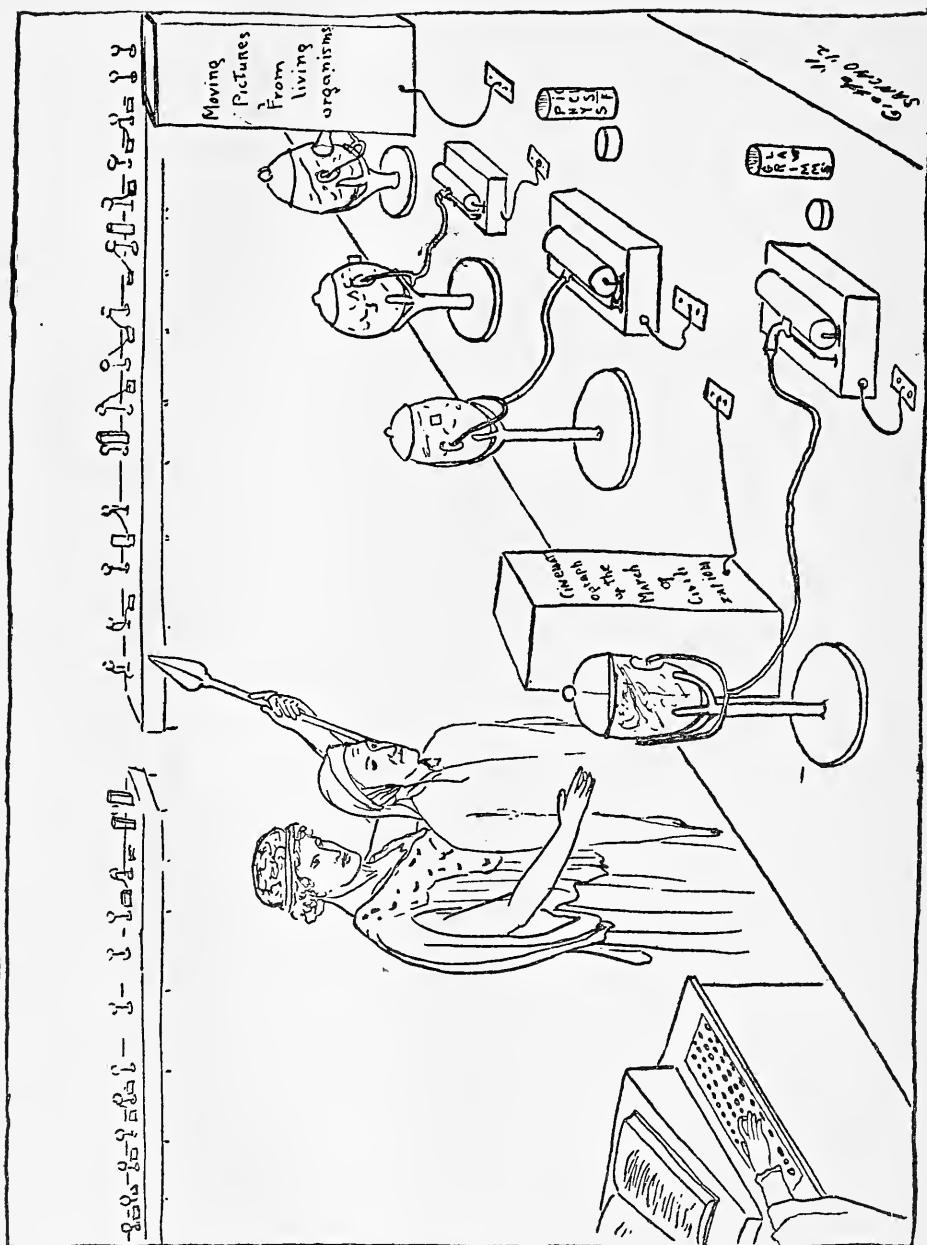
### *SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT.*

In lectures, I take down my notes with one hand,  
And copy my theme with the other;  
While all the time humming a gay air from "Faust,"  
And writing a letter to mother.

So highly efficient I am that when I  
At the Glee Club am taking my ease,  
I sing alto or melody, tenor or bass,  
Or all four at once, if you please.

"Oh, how does it come you're so awfully bright,  
And get all your work done this way?"  
I manage by science, my child, and it is thus  
I get ninety-six hours from each day.

N. C., '14.



## DANTE E BEATRICE A BRYN MAWR.

*Od il Paradiso Rivisto.**Canto Terzo.*

Minerva breathed :

"Me Beatrice hath sent from mine own place,  
And if thou lookest unto thy right hand  
In the first rank thou shalt behold her, there  
Upon the throne her merits have acquired."

Without reply, I lifted up mine eyes,  
And saw her as she pressed an ivory key,  
Directing with her hands electric force.  
Advancing near, we saw upon our left  
A wondrous sight of high, supported globes  
And whirring cylinders thereunto joined,  
Performing fervently a teacher's task  
More fruitfully than by articulate speech.

"Oh, thou who lovest strange and mystic lore,  
Give heed unto my words." My guide began.

"At morn is the acquiring particle  
Removed painlessly, with artful skill,  
From every soul who on our campus dwells.  
These jars, with sentient avenues replete,  
By day then feed the particles with lore.

At evening, each rejoins the cerebrum  
And therein doth impress indelibly  
The wisdom which that day it hath acquired.  
While, wot ye well, the souls from quizzes freed,  
Gambol in glee upon Elysian Fields  
Or eruditely chat with Faculty.

GIOTTO, '11.  
SANCIO, '12.

*REVENGE!*

(*With apologies to Kipling.*)

When the scarlet-fever is over  
    And we're boiled in formaldehyde,  
When the oldest bacteria's vanquished,  
    And the smallest germlet has died,  
We'll come back (and we hope you'll have missed us),  
    And we'll give you some work to do;  
We'll lend you plenty of matches,  
    And maybe a bomb or two;  
And each shall have joy in the working,  
    And each shall be glad and free—  
For the work that we give you to work at  
    Is to burn the Infirmary!

R. F. M., '11.

### THE WEEK-END CONFERENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The close of the College Christian year is marked by the annual Week-End Conference. It is the last thing arranged for by the old Board, the first thing accomplished by the new. It focuses the aims and endeavours of the past year and strikes the keynote for the year that is just beginning. As Bishop Johnson said in his sermon to us last December, it takes us up into the Mount of Transfiguration that we may work with higher courage and greater zeal when we descend again into the plain.

On the evening of April the sixth the Christian Association elections were held, and the Senior Board gave place to the Junior. It was a memorable meeting, marking as it did the completion of the first year of united Christian work at Bryn Mawr. The report of the retiring president was of intense interest, for it reviewed the history of the founding of the association and of the first beginnings of its work. The Christian Association owes more of counsel and help to Dr. Ross and Dr. Barton than it can ever hope to express. Our method of showing our gratitude was characteristic. We asked another thing of our spiritual advisors. So they were present at this meeting, and in their kind addresses to us encouraged us in the work we have undertaken and set before us a high ideal toward which to strive.

During the following week-end we had the meetings of the Conference. The subject chosen was the Christian life in its two aspects, the spiritual and the practical, or in other words, the aim of the Christian Association. The meetings, all of which were well attended, were characterised by a spirit of earnest devotion. The first meeting was held on Saturday morning at half after ten. The Reverend Robert Johnston, rector of the Church of the Saviour, in Philadelphia, spoke on *The Spiritual Life*. His theme was the Parable of the Prodigal Son or, as he would rather call it, the Parable of the Pharisaical Brother. On Saturday afternoon, Margaret Reeve, 1907, spoke especially to the Federation Committee. Her subject was *Work at Home*, and her emphasis fell upon the necessity of loyalty to our own churches. At the Vesper service on Sunday afternoon Dr. Talcott Williams roused our mission-

ary zeal by his splendid vision of a world empire that waits ready for us to conquer for our Master.

The Conference was closed by Bishop Lloyd in his sermon at the regular Sunday evening service. His subject was the union and interdependence of the spiritual and the practical in our Christian life. His plea with us was that of the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, that we put aside artificiality and use naturally each one the gifts God has given her; that we avoid the peculiar dangers in our path, the sacrilege of complacency and the slough of the commonplace; that we make our Christianity so rich and sincere that our abundance of life may overflow in helpfulness and find its outlet in our spirit of missions. The climax of the Conference was reached when the Bishop inspired us by the example of our two latest recruits to the mission field, Grace Hutchins and Katherine Scott, with the assurance that what they are doing we too can do.

Later in the evening the Bishop said to some of the students, "If you would keep the discipline and the enthusiasm of your college years throughout your life, the world would be sweetened within your generation." It is a wonderful possibility. Is it not in our power to make it a glorious actuality?

M. J. H., '11.

---

#### *THE FRESHMAN SHOW.*

There occurs each year a curious evidence of the large place occupied by Required English in the minds of the Freshmen. Their annual show is more reminiscent of the Eddas and Grimm's law than of any other fact, ancient or modern with which the class has come in contact. The entertainment given on Saturday, April 1, by 1914 to 1913, formed no exception to the rule, for the scene was laid in Valhalla and the heroes were Norse gods. Decidedly, the spectacular parts were more successful than the attempted hits on college life. The dances were no less charming than the costumes. Some of the songs, which were all composed by Nancy Cabot, won enthusiastic applause, and the dramatic introduction of the class animal, the blue bird, was most effective. The Freshmen are to be congratulated on a very effective piece of work.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

On April 6th occurred the election of officers of the Christian Association for the year 1911-1912. The results were as follows:

President, Catherine Arthurs, 1912.

Vice-President, Elizabeth Faries, 1912.

Secretary, Ida Pritchett, 1914.

Treasurer, Eleanor Bonetrou, 1913.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman, author of *Woman and Economics*, delivered an interesting lecture under the auspices of the College Equal Suffrage League, Friday evening, April 7th.

The second formal meeting of the Philosophical Club was held in Taylor Hall, Friday, March 31. Professor Edward Thorndyke, of Columbia, spoke on *Mental Fatigue*.

The last of the Whiting concerts for the season was given on April 21 in Taylor Hall. Mr. Whiting was assisted by the Kneissel Quartet.

On April 22, Mr. George Santayana, of Harvard University, spoke under the auspices of the English Club on the *Influence of Shelley's Opinions on His Poetry*.

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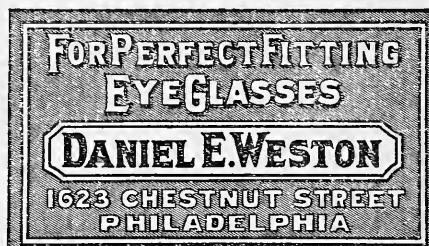
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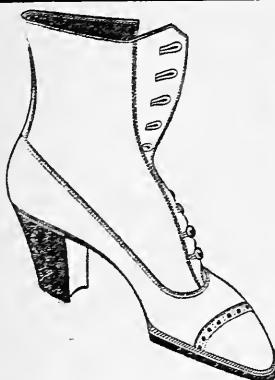
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# Tipyn o' Bob

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# Tipyn o'Bob

*Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.*

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VOL. VIII

JUNE, 1911

No. 8

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*Managing Editors.*

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## *EDITORIAL*

We, whose part it is to drop the pen and turn the last leaf of our own musings, feel called upon to make the act a formal leave-taking. Everyone, not Presidents only, or Editors, discovers at the last that the essential part of her passing out from undergraduate days is a surrender into the hands of those who remain some things that are very precious. The Senior who sits on Taylor steps in the twilight and watches the shadows gather down the green vistas toward the sunset, knows there is in store for her, as a final trial, the giving up of those steps. And each one who goes finally through the Owl Gate, never to return in the old way, realises that that going indicates a resignation of her peculiar right to places that have been hers—in the lecture room, in the cloisters, in all the intimate recesses of College life. Yet we who, besides these relinquishments, are called upon to make an additional one, feel that our leave-taking may be more complete, because articulate.

To us it is permitted, before we part, to speak for a moment, and we welcome and claim our privilege.

This magazine which it is now our pleasure and regret to give into your hands, editors and contributors of next year, means to us something more than a monthly publication with which it happens to be our good fortune to have been connected. To-day, more than ever, it represents some rather serious thoughts and feelings. And so, as the visible token of much in our Bryn Mawr life that is very dear, the TIPYN O' BOB is hard to part with. As it passes to you it takes with it many memories. For here it is that we have tried from time to time to record our enthusiasms and convictions, have rejoiced together over our liberty, and commemorated, haltingly but very sincerely, our finest pleasures. Here we have criticised the happenings of our small world and registered our appreciations. If for ourselves we only regret that all this is past, for you who remain we rejoice that so much lies before you. We cannot know what new interests with you will go into this little magazine, but you have our faith that as the years pass there will be increased effectiveness and value in your words. We can do no more than wish for you the same supreme content that we have known, and express our belief that you will prove worthier than we have ever been of all that Bryn Mawr has to offer.

H. H. P., II.

*BALLADE OF WATTEAU*

By HELEN H. PARKHURST, '11.

In old-time gardens where began  
    Of yore the dance and minuet  
To sound of tinkling lutes, we scan  
    Brave lords in blue and violet  
By courtly, jewelled dames beset,  
    Who outworn ways of grace possess  
That charmed, by quaint French etiquette,  
    Watteau, the prince of gentleness.

The savour of a sandal fan  
    And perfumed laces mingles yet  
With strains of antique song that ran  
    Through mazes of the minuet.  
Here, gay and gracious, still coquette  
    Ladies in gold brocaded dress,  
Who down bright tulip pathways met  
    Watteau, the prince of gentleness.

And all live blithesome through their span  
    Of fadeless youth, nor yet forget  
Their portion in the artist's plan;  
    They dimly smile, while in regret  
For days of dance and clarinet,  
    We too would meet, with languid pace  
Loitering through glades of mignonette,  
    Watteau, the prince of gentleness.

## ENVOY

Painter, nor lai nor triolet  
    With pipes or singing could express  
These charms of stately quaint vignette,  
    Watteau, the prince of gentleness.

*SHELLEY*

BY MARION D. CRANE, '11.

"The great secret of morals is love—or a going out of our own nature and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action or person not our own. A man to be greatly good must *imagine* intensely and comprehensively. . . . *The great instrument of moral good is the imagination.*" So Shelley sets forth, in his essay on *Poetry*, what might be called the chief article in his poetic creed.

Certainly all other claims for his art must give place to this which bears directly on life, which gives to the imagination a superior function in what must be for all of us the main business of life. But it is in the nature of the case an audacious claim, a doctrine not to be taken on faith. For imaginative genius is not only apt to outdo itself in representation, to pass the limits of common understanding, but to bungle the actual practice of living, even as Shelley is said to have done. His work must answer the accusation of vagueness, of incoherence. And a book might be written in defence of his life, or against it. It is perhaps not too much to ask that the poet's imagination should lighten the man who writes as well as the man who reads.

Furthermore, the whole question of ethics and aesthetics and their interrelation is opened by the quoted definition of morals. There are those who believe that the great secret of morals is will, who hold with Kant that the moral law is at war with the natural inclinations of man, that morality is purely prohibitive. Moreover the conception of beauty as one face of a triangle with goodness and truth, or as the outward and visible sign of these, is a Platonic doctrine hardly borne out by the law of the survival of the fittest, in a world of means suited to material ends. If however, reassured by the first and great commandment, we for the moment accept Shelley's identification of morals with love and admit beauty as a handmaiden and interpreter of love, we may ask ourselves a simpler question which may brook an answer comparatively brief. What is the scope of Shelley's own poetic imaginings, and what is their moral effect upon the reader? The answer will be hardly more than a single impression, a mere example rather than matter for proof. But the mustering of examples does lead at last toward certainty.

The outer world of Shelley's verse is vast, ethereal: a dream world which somehow possesses verisimilitude. The whole universe is comprehended—wherein "golden worlds revolve and shine," where stars swarm like golden bees and where meteors flash down their infinite pathways. We are somehow convinced, as if the poet had watched it all from the vantage point of the gods. Detail is of fair, fleeting things—"an azure mist of elemental subtlety." The air is laden with exhalations, delicate and sweet; we hear the sound of wind, and the fall of spring waters. Ephemeral insects flit with wings more sheer and shining than the wings of butterflies, or lend their pinions to dream spirits scarcely more frail and lovely. The *Witch of Atlas* lives in a miraculous domain of fire and frost and feathery snow, with cloud colour overhead. Dawn, the hour of restraint, when the day promises the imagined splendours of a later time, silvers the horizon, or hangs its crimson panoply across the sky, heralding again and again the coming of the mighty sun. The strong light of the sun burns passionately upon a world which is almost too rare and frail, too full of swift movement for our perception.

"On the brink of the night and the morning  
My coursers are wont to respire  
But the earth has just whispered a warning  
That their flight must be swifter than fire:  
They shall drink the hot speed of desire."

The effect upon us is not by way of definite phrases, illuminating sensation, but comes rather from the whole web of melodious words. But for all its strange and indeterminate character, the representation of this world has a definite meaning for the imagination. It sets us in pursuit of a beauty which will not stay our unsteadfast desire, but which we know to be in its fullness and permanence the absolute beauty for which in our divinest moments we seek. Here and there contrasting ugliness appears, as in the neglected garden of the *Sensitive Plant*, but it is a perverse or superficial ugliness, "a foul disguise" cast over reality.

We discover eventually that reality is evanescent for us because it belongs to the world of thought, to the world as it appears in the poet's imagination. Even for the poet the vision sometimes fails, and he is left lamenting "our cold common life" and its inadequacy. In the

world of human thought and feeling which Shelley gives us there is a very real understanding of pain. Sometimes it is this disheartening sense of the barren facts of life, although the clear note of hope is rarely lacking

“Oh Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?”

Sometimes a kind of terror rings in the cry:

“Ah woe is me!  
“What have I dared? Where am I lifted? How  
Shall I descend and perish not?”

Again there is a great and tender sympathy with the suffering which is universal, the travail of broken hearts, “the else unfelt oppressions of the earth.”

But there is a constant failure to understand evil. It is regarded as a transient and negative condition, like the shadow of ugliness on the natural world, unsubstantial in spite of its apparent persistence. Sometimes crime is but a sad mistake; more often it is wilful blindness, a strained negation of the universal good. The poet declares

“It is our will.  
That thus enchains us to permitted ill:  
We might be otherwise; we might be all  
We dreamed: happy, high, majestical.  
Where is the love, beauty and truth we seek  
But in our mind?”

Virtue is our natural state, and the will of the universe for us. We have but to submit with open eyes and without a struggle to the domination of the good.

Unhappily sin cannot be explained away so simply; nor can the working of the human mind be understood in view of such an explanation. Shelley's imagination as a consequence fails to deal successfully with character-drawing. Count Cenci, a monster whose sin is as abortive and unmotivated as the ugliness of a noxious weed, stands apparently for the very incarnation of evil in the poet's mind. But Count Cenci is not a sinner; he recks not of good or evil. He acts with

the grim madness of a man under an evil spell. A word, or the healing touch of some magic wand, might restore him to virtue.

Orsino is supposedly a more complex character than Count Cenci, but his moral complications fail to convince; he has fallen under the same enchantment, and he is as incapable of remorse as Beatrice, who moves in a proud and youthful consciousness of innocence. The stern voice of conscience is brought into peculiar disrepute. It is the instrument of evil and is regarded as a mere feeder to the despair which accompanies evil-doing. Virtue shines apparent by its own light, and he who faces it needs no guide or goad to the path of duty. In spite of his romantic temperament the poet is not given to moral introspection. His dejection never comes from moral depression, for his intent runs with his most passionate desire.

References which must have been to himself are indeed wholly naive and very lovely. We feel that he went quite simply to his idea of himself for the poet in *Alastor*:

“But thou art fed  
Like some frail exhalation which the dawn  
Robes in its golden beams. Ah! thou hast fled!  
The brave, the gentle and the beautiful,  
The child of grace and genius.”

This is not however the naïveté of a child, it is far too wise in its simplicity. Indeed it is not safe to think of Shelley as an immortal child, whose toy is the universe. The explanation of his vernal grace of soul is not so easily discovered. If we cannot call him a man, we do him scant justice by calling him a child. It is perhaps a present-day inclination to make simplicity and childishness synonymous. But regeneration is an advance rather than a return. We are so preoccupied with self-analysis, that we forget the power of a great idea passionately maintained to resolve mental complexities. Shelley is not a child, except in his ignorance of life and the evil of it; he is an apostle of perfection. All his verse is inspired by this idea; his conception of the beauty of the natural universe is an expression of it, and the women to whom he sings are clothed in its splendour.

It is at bottom a moral idea, a conception of the nature of man appearing in the measure of perfection. It includes all virtue—“what-

soever things are lovely." Demogorgon, who breaks the spell of evil and crowns the Promethean sacrifice with triumph, may stand for Wisdom—the light by which perfect virtue walks. And liberty is the atmosphere in which it prospers. All repression, all prohibitions are galling bonds and hindrances to its perfect development. For the whole of virtue is summed up in the one word *love*, and the end of life is to live

"As if to love and live were one."

It is the Platonic idea, for this love is of the mind and not of the body. The Beauty

"Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world"

is at once its object and its expression. But though it wields the world, Shelley does not think of it primarily as the tremendous soul of Nature, harmonious and yet impersonal in its universality. Its prototype for him is in human hearts, and it works by way of gentleness and compassion and generosity, making man

"One harmonious soul of many a soul."

The poet, rapt as Plato himself never was in the single minded contemplation of perfection, is transfigured for us in the pages of his verse. Evil and the thought of it vanish away from his presence like mist before the glory of the sun. His feet are not set upon the earth to follow the tortuous paths of men. His looks are indescribably gentle, but he is not of us. He shines above us like an archangel, and walks upon the clouds.

Whether or not we can still consistently aspire to the perception of absolute beauty, or to the attainment of absolute goodness, is necessarily left for the moment an open question. Some of us at least are bidden to be perfect. But moral good comes unsought, as Shelley himself would have it, to one whose impression of his poetry centres around this idea of perfection. The power of this all-inclusive affirmation is irresistible. Hedged around by many prohibitions—all too necessary for erring humanity,—struggling passionately with the evil which strikes root deep into our hearts, we are suddenly confronted by this vision of love which casts fear and all else out

of its presence. Here there is room neither for self-love nor self-contempt. This is what it is to inherit the kingdom of Heaven. The gracious phrase takes on afresh its original significance. We may believe that Shelley the man was a little lower than the angels; we cannot believe that we shall very soon come abreast of him on the way of eternal life.

After all, though we may not be Platonists, are we all committed to pragmatism? Are there no laws which shall free us from the limitations of the useful? We look for an idealism that shall stand with its feet on the earth and its head in the clouds, that shall find in the hearts of men the significance of evil and pain as well as of love. Here is a task for an imagination greater than Shelley's—to the end that we may some day act for love's sake without thought of pleasure or utility, and yet find that a higher end than either has been most perfectly served—

“Our feet now, every palm,  
Are sandalled with calm,  
And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm;  
And, beyond our eyes,  
The human love lies  
Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.”

*THE WOMAN IN GREEN*

By OLGA KELLY, '13.

Jeanne Hunston was one of many visitors at the opening night of a picture exhibition. She moved among the noisy, warm throng, nodding a greeting here and there as she passed an acquaintance, and rather wearily wondering whether there was really anything on the walls worth looking at. She had found nothing among the canvases that really interested her, and with a few critical glances she passed them all, lingering only a moment when her eye caught a promise of blue sea or misty mountain. The crowding and the buzzing of voices annoyed her greatly to-night. The pictures were poorly arranged, and the comments she overheard were dull. She wished for her husband who had been unable to come with her on account of a business engagement. He had promised to call for her at ten, so she decided to wait for him in one of the small side rooms. The crowd was too great for her to make her way through quickly, so she passively drifted with it until she found herself stopped abruptly by a mass of people standing before the portrait of a famous musician and listening to the comments of Marlino the critic. Marlino she knew well, but did not care to stop then. An acquaintance turned and asked her opinion about the canvas in question. She dismissed the query with a gay little flash of a remark and a smiling nod, and edged her way out of the densest part of the attentive group. She soon came to a smaller room that she had not entered. There were only a few people in it, so she decided to wait there. Perhaps some friend might drop in and talk to her. She sat down on the green seat in the middle of the room, and rested her head against the high back.

She was a noticeable figure in her white satin gown, for she was very dark and rather distinguished-looking. Though not beautiful she was a woman that one would look at with increasing interest. She was rather large-boned, perhaps somewhat gaunt, and very pale. Her French blood was revealed by the heavy black brows and brilliant but not beautiful black eyes, deep-set. The mouth was large, but quite definite in line, the nose straight, and the forehead low and broad, with the thick soft black hair lightening the severity of the face by its wav-

ing lines. It was a face that held one's attention not only by the modelling of the features but also by the remarkable mobility of its expressions,—such power of expression as belongs to a great actress. Her voice was deep, at times harsh, with a foreign R which trilled strongly under excitement. To-night her position alone showed how very tired she was: her eyes lost none of their alertness and penetration.

For a few moments she kept her eyes fixed on the floor to rest them from the wearying sea of impressions that exhaust one in a picture gallery. Then she looked around her and took in the pictures at a rapid glance,—uninteresting and peculiarly ugly in colouring. All but one, which she found directly opposite her. At the first glance, it gave an unpleasant impression of black and green. Then the masses of dark and light adjusted themselves into the full-length figure drawing back in horror from something at her feet. What the object was, could not be seen, for it was not in the picture except as a bright white streak in one corner, that contrasted strongly with the heavy shadow in the back of the picture. Against the black background and emerging from the shadow, the vivid green gown made the figure clear. The woman was half turned away, but her eyes were on the invisible object and there was a terrible horror on her face. Not terror alone, but also sorrow and suffering were there. One might trace strength and cleverness in the contours of the face with the heavy black brows, but what charm there had been was marred by the painful dilation of the big dark eyes and the strained lines of the open, back-drawn mouth.

Jeanne saw it first with a slight wince and a catch of the breath. Her eyes remained fastened on the terrible face; it struck a kind of answering terror in herself, and she felt herself growing stiff. The weariness left her and she sat up. She could not quite understand why this face should have so strange an effect on her, and the horror in her own heart grew. By this time her body was almost rigid, her hands involuntarily took the position of the repelling gesture of the woman in the picture, her eyes stared with the horror that was in the other eyes. Her mouth drew back, open, causing a painful tension of the face muscles. She was the exact original of the Woman in Green! She grew more and more frightened at her own unaccountable horror: she could not move from her position.

At this moment an exclamation of fear broke the spell.

"Madame!" cried M. Marlino, who, passing by the room, had seen Jeanne and had come in, horrified. With a slight, nervous, but relieved laugh, she sank back again, exhausted.

"Madame frightened me so!" he said in French. "I thought you were ill. You are too good an actress! Why do you sit here with that?" Marlino was an Italian, and his French had a rich liquid sound.

Jeanne, who by this time had recovered herself, explained that she was waiting for her husband. M. Marlino began to talk about the picture before him. He told her that James Prend, the artist, was a painter of portraits, mediocre enough, but still not entirely without merit, as he put it condescendingly. This was the best piece that he had so far done, and here Marlino began to criticise it, pointing out the marvellous concentration revealed in the composition, and the power of the depicted terror over the spectator. It was not a portrait, he said, merely a composition from the artist's own mind. Jeanne was uneasy as long as they remained before the picture, for whenever she was forced to look at it, she felt the stirrings of that strange terror in her heart. At last, Marlino took her off to find her husband, and Jeanne left thankfully.

Some weeks later, Marlino introduced James Prend to Jeanne and William Hunston. Jeanne had been curious to see the man who had painted the Woman in Green, for the picture haunted her and left her restless. There was almost a foreboding in the memory of it; she could not account for the strange effect it had had on her. Perhaps, after all, it was only her instinct of imitation that had overpowered her as she looked at it. She wanted to ask the artist what it was that so horrified the woman and why he had chosen to paint such a subject. Another fact that troubled her was that the picture looked like her.

James Prend was a middle-aged American, who had spent much of his life in Europe and had collected many curious and beautiful things, of which his house was full. He was of a restless, searching temperament, and when a problem presented itself forcibly to his mind, he could not rest until it had been cleared. Because he often went out of his way to find causes and reasons, he was called eccentric. When he first saw Jeanne, he looked at her very attentively, with a trace of surprise which she caught, and which raised a query in her mind as to

whether he had seen her before. The truth was that he had found the original of the Woman in Green, the woman of whom he had caught a hasty glimpse months before, whose face had so impressed him as a wonderful medium of expression for strong emotions. But he said nothing about his surprise, both from a wish to study the face with its unconscious changes and from the fear of her displeasure. Prend was keenly observant, and his artist's mind held a store of interesting experiences and adventures that he recounted in his queer, somewhat foreign manner, lingering over details of beauty and strangeness. He interested Jeanne immediately and from that time Prend became a frequent visitor at the Hunstons' house. William Hunston liked his rambling tales and his vigorous criticism of men and events.

At their first meeting, Jeanne asked Prend about the picture. He was a little embarrassed, she saw, but he told her that he had once seen a face that struck him strangely by its mobility and he had immediately realised the possibility of such a face for expressing the emotion of horror. It had been almost a physical exhaustion that wore him out while painting the strained face: he had felt at the time much of the emotion that came out afterwards on the face of the woman. When the picture was finished, he had felt calmer, and, in a measure, forgot the struggle. But when he saw Jeanne, the question flashed into his mind: "What could bring that expression to her face?" It struck him as an insistent query and began to make his life uneasy; it was a problem that must be cleared. His mind dwelt on it, he pondered, he guessed, he imagined, he even began to have a desire to see Jeanne's face with that expression.

One day Jeanne came to the studio. It was a high, well-lighted room, with the usual paraphernalia of brushes and paint, half-finished sketches on the walls, and canvases with blank faces leaning in corners. The Woman in Green she did not at first see, but Prend, harassed by the insistent question in his mind, could not help referring to the picture, and lifting up the covering from an easel, he revealed the green and black canvas with the strange dash of white. He was looking intently at Jeanne, searching anxiously for traces of the expression. Jeanne was seized by the old fascination, and could not move her eyes from the picture. As she looked, her mouth began to twitch and her eyes to assume the fear in the pictured eyes. Prend became excited: he

forgot that Jeanne looked as if she were suffering, that it was a friend at whom he was looking, he forgot all except that one face was the exact counterpart of the other. Jeanne lost control of herself and swayed back. Prend caught her, and she turned her head away from the fatal pictured eyes. He dropped the covering over the canvas, and Jeanne gradually regained her natural manner; with it came the certainty that it was a portrait of herself. Then a sudden anger swept her. What right had he to make such a terrible thing of her face? What right had he to this strange power over her? She felt a desire to mutilate the picture with a knife, to destroy utterly that deep horror which she felt might some day come to her through Prend. All this she felt within herself, but she said nothing, only looked at him with hard, brilliant black eyes. Suddenly the anger vanished, and she laughed, not mirthfully but with a harshness that he noticed. She began to talk about other things, and they turned away.

When Jeanne left, Prend became moody. He took the cover from the picture again and looked at the face for a long time. Then he tried to go on with another painting that he had left when she came, but he found that he could not mix his colours satisfactorily; he was continually mixing an ugly green with the other colours, and he could not manage the lights. He stopped work and sat down with a book of adventure; even that failed to distract his thoughts from Jeanne's expression. He opened a portfolio of old drawings collected on his various travels on the continent, and took out one by Leonardo da Vinci. It was the head of a Fury,—the Fury with the unearthly sorrow in her face mingled with the horror of realising some human crime. He laid the sheet aside with a half resolution to show it to Jeanne. In fact, he did show it to Jeanne, one day, and told her how Leonardo was always fascinated by the strange and terrible, how he studied the faces of people in pain, apparently without pity and merely from an unquenchable scientific curiosity.

After the unfortunate visit to the studio, Jeanne had never felt entirely at her ease with James Prend. She was beginning to dislike him, and also somewhat to distrust him. Certainly, she resented the picture with its unpleasant power over her, and sometimes she remembered the ugly feeling that Prend might have the power to call up that expression to her own face. When he came to the house, Jeanne was

inwardly troubled and restless until he left. Prend came more and more frequently now. The Hunstons noticed that he was changed, that he had become moody and that he sometimes cast queer, searching glances at Jeanne. He was utterly unable to answer to his satisfaction the question that had been tormenting him for weeks; characteristically, too, he could not rid his mind of it. His work suffered, because of the tension of his mind, and often he let whole days glide by without handling a brush or a pencil. Leonardo's strong fascination for the terrible seemed to have settled on his spirit; but he never spoke of the thing that haunted him. His friends, however, found him morbid, even when he repeated the old tales of curious adventure that had once been so delightful; he seemed to stress beauty less and strangeness more, until the strangeness became at times grotesque, and even painful. For long periods, he was absent-minded, and even forgot to go to his meals. He watched with curiosity the expression of anyone who was suffering or even frightened, and when he went back to his studio, he made dozens of little rough pencil sketches of the person's face.

One night, Prend went to the theatre with William and Jeanne. Prend sat very quietly and listlessly until the last act of the play, where a man was murdered at his wife's feet. His face suddenly hardened as he leaned forward to see better the horror on the woman's face. He did not hear the cry, nor any sound from the lips of the actors; it was the woman's face that was moving him so strangely.

As they left the theatre, William saw that Prend's face had changed. A burden seemed to have gone from him and his brow was almost calm again, but his eyes had a strange fire that made them alert and restless. In the crowding, someone stepped on the train of Jeanne's gown and tore it; at her exclamation Prend turned and noticed for the first time that she had on a green dress. The realisation of this fact excited him for a moment, recalling as it did the green and black picture with the dash of white. On the steps, they had to wait for some time before William could find a carriage. Jeanne and Prend discussed the play, he rather eagerly, she indifferently. As they drove home, William caught sight of Prend's face in passing a street lamp; it was working strangely and unaccountably, in a way that startled and worried William. Also, William caught sight of a gleaming metal thing

in Prend's hand. His uneasiness increased the more he tried to account for what he had seen, and he sat very silently.

When they reached the house, Jeanne got out first and walked up the steps, followed by Prend. William had stopped to pay the coachman; he was carrying Jeanne's white scarf over his arm. He unlocked the door, and Jeanne entered the hall which was in shadow except for the light that came through the door of the sitting-room. The night was, warm and Jeanne threw off her evening wrap immediately. She heard the carriage drive away. William had just shut the front door. Then suddenly, she heard a half-uttered cry behind her, and a heavy fall. Half turning she found William, fallen at her feet, with the white scarf over his arm and chest, and a knife in his heart. The lamp-light was pouring full upon her as she stood with a background of dark portière, and Prend was standing stiffly, gazing with horrible fascination at the counterpart of the Woman in Green.

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*OF THE CELEBRATION OF MAY DAY  
(AS BACON WOULD SEE IT)*

BY MARY SHENSTONE, '13.

May Day is a sweet feast and ought surely to be kept; for it is a day that celebrates the new awakening of nature and the coming again of gentle summer. Moreover, it is a day that the first instinct of man hath taught him to celebrate.

Even the ancients in Egypt and other Eastern countries did have a feast with the same intent; though because of the difference of seasons in those countries, the festivities were in the month of December. It is seemly that on this happy festival, man should lay aside his sorrow and solemnity; for, as the wise Solomon hath it, "Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop" and "He that hath a merry heart hath a continual feast."

If the day be fair, the rejoicing ought not to be within doors; for the beauty of the day is in the beauty of nature, and, I do hold it, he that hath any desire to be within on this day, hath no true heart. Let the gaiety begin in the early morning, while yet the dew glisteneth on the grass, and the ground beneath be yet cool and fresh. For the birds sing sweetest at that time, and you will not hear the thrush in the noon of the day. It is best that every man deck himself in gay silks and that there be all manner of dancing and piping. Let the maidens, decked with merry gold and daisies, and the youths, sing and dance across the green, carrying the May pole. The pole may be very sweetly adorned with daisies woven in chains and twisted about it. A pleasing delightful place for a May pole is beneath a hawthorne or cherry bush; and, if it be possible, let the white petals be falling slightly that the finely shorn grass may be decked with them. There should be chosen from among the damsels, a queen, who should sit in the centre of the dance about the pole, to be crowned after the dance, with roses and other fresh-looking flowers. It is preferable, to my thinking, to choose one who hath a quantity of golden hair as the gold blends more sweetly and gayly with the fresh flowers than does the darker shade.

The older ones who feel themselves beyond the age of dancing, may stand about and view it, adding in whatever way they may to the merriment. The rest of the day may be spent as seemeth to each best; but the main matter is that it be full of jollity and pure pleasure; for Solomon again says: "That every man should eat and drink and enjoy the good of all his labour, it is the gift of God."

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### *THE BLIND GOD*

By ELIZABETH BALDERSTON, '14.

To be one of a family of six girls,—even if it is a good, old family, whose one failing is a lack of ready money, is apt to present difficulties; especially if one's four elder sisters are very beautiful, and one's younger sister already a seventeen-year-old inspiration to youthful poets and artists. Such circumstances as these, in conjunction with others equally painful would have partially crushed a nature less cheerful and logical than that of Eliza Howell. Her father was a poet and her mother an artist; both were dreamers, and lacked more in practical common sense than they gained in genius. Mr. Howell's keenest delight over his first four girls was in the beauty of their names, and in the pride of seeing them grow up to fit those names. Valerie's stately grace, her tawny auburn hair, and Helene's madonna-like face gave him the keenest pleasure, rivaled only by his joy in the perfections of Guenever and Viola. The four names, so great a joy to the fond father, were, however, one of the tragedies of the family history. There was an aunt, stern of tone and temper, who had demanded that the first girl should be called for her—Eliza. The situation was a critical one for George Howell, for the good lady had no other heir, and in most things he would have endeavoured to conciliate her. He could not, however, crush the longings of his artistic soul; and when he stood in the little country church, waiting to pronounce the name of the first baby, he looked into its wide grey-green eyes, and at its soft bronze curls, and could not bring himself to the sacrifice. And so the fear of

poverty gave way to the dictates of Art, and the child was named "Valerie."

Four times, moved by the great beauty of the four children, he yielded to the same temptation; but at the next arrival, the family bane of loveliness not having been bestowed upon the baby, the father sighed relievedly and gave it the long-deferred name. The first visit, however, paid by Aunt Eliza to her namesake was likewise her last. The baby was plain; so was Aunt Eliza, and she felt the circumstance strongly. On the lady's demise some few years later it was found that she had left her property to be divided between the county poor-house, and the ne'er-do-well son of a distant cousin. Declining to put the blame upon his poetic prejudices. George laid it instead upon the unoffending infant, whose lack of beauty was responsible for the sudden downfall of the family hopes. The name of Margaret May, bestowed upon his youngest and sprightliest daughter somewhat soothed and consoled the disgusted parent.

In this aesthetic but antagonistic atmosphere Eliza grew up, so far fulfilling the promise of her childhood that she quite lacked the dazzling charms of her sisters, but blessed with a nature which shook off worry as easily as a duck does raindrops, and a sense of humor which achieved the impossible, and gained amusement even from her father. If she was unappreciated at home, such was not the case outside; for while Valerie of the Rosetti-red hair awaited the Fairy prince of her father's dreams in the old Tudor homestead, Eliza led the boys of the neighborhood in their games, and ruled in their May-dances. She romped steadily until her eighteenth birthday; upon which day she lengthened her frock, and heightened her hair, having suddenly come to the conclusion that it would be superfluous to await the apparently far-distant day when her luminous-eyed sisters would be snatched off to the homes of fairy princes. So she looked around among the various youths who were placidly waiting for her to decide which of them she should make happy. Her carefully considered choice fell upon Edgar Platt who had awaited this decision since the time when she was twelve, and he was eighteen. They were quite happy in their own prospects, and Mr. Howell's poetical blessing, until a cloud passed over the scene in the shape of an American millionaire of forty. He met Eliza Howell on Saturday and on Tuesday laid himself, a London

mansion, a worm-eaten German castle, and two million dollars at her feet. Her answer was to be forthcoming on the next day; so that evening she put the matter to Edgar frankly and without prejudice. Valerie and the others must have a chance,—they must be taken to the city. Beauty like theirs was never meant for a Wiltonshire village. Edgar wouldn't mind particularly, and as for herself, although she cared nothing for the two million dollars and the German castle, she could be happy anywhere, and was too young as yet to be really in love with anyone. Her logical speech was followed by an equally logical silence, in which she gave him time to deliberate. His face was hidden in the gloom of the vine-covered porch, and when he spoke his voice was quite steady and judicial. He agreed with everything she said, as usual. He was glad to be the first to congratulate her on the prosperity thus assured to her whole family. Then he shook hands cordially, and departed a little abruptly, leaving her a little more quiet, and less practical than usual. The gratification of her father, to whom she next broke the news, cheered her somewhat. There was no bitterness in her amused laughter, when she discovered his joy was entirely occasioned by his awakening hopes for Valerie and Helene.

Upon receiving his answer, Horatio Robert Jameson was transported to the seventh heaven of delight. After all he was only forty, and very romantic. He was interesting and agreeable, and told many tales of foreign adventures and youthful exploits. Eliza grew very fond of him as the wedding day approached, and was quite happy as she planned the dresses of the four lovely bridesmaids, and that in which Margaret May, as maid-of-honor, was to vie with the July roses in beauty. All would have been well, but for some ancient village gossip, who imparted to Horatio Robert Jameson, in strictest confidence, the story of Eliza's engagement to Edgar Platt. Horatio Robert Jameson, the romantic, was thunderstruck. Tremendous clouds of dust enveloped his touring car as he sped to the Howell homestead. Eliza, sweet and fresh in muslin and sweet peas, came to him in the cool, prim parlor, and listened with puckered brow to the distracted millionaire as he apologised for his unpardonable interference, lamented his importunities, and marvelled at his conceit in entertaining for a moment the idea that such a peerless maiden could ever be content with an antiquated, brainless crank. He wished them impossible heights of joy,

and if they ever came to the city, he needed a competent manager of his estates, and—farewell.

Eliza's brain worked quickly, and before he could escape Horatio Robert Jameson was seated opposite her, listening to a practical explanation that fairly took his breath. She told him of the lack of eligible young men in the neighborhood, reminded him of the difference in size of the Howell family and the Howell means, and then gave him a brief account of her two engagements. The millionaire strode up and down the parlor, seeking the solution of such a problem. At last he stopped in front of her, admiration struggling with embarrassment in his anxious but half-smiling face.

"You are not romantic," he said shortly, "is Valerie? That is, has she any previous attachment?"

Eliza shook her head mutely, for the first time in her life surprised beyond the limitations of logic. He shook her hand kindly; "Good-bye, sister-in-law," he said, and laughed aloud at her wide, startled eyes, "Good-bye until supper time." After he had gone out toward Valerie's rose arbour, she put on her big garden-hat, and walked down the lane which Edgar used as he came from his office.

And so before long the Howells moved to the city, all except Eliza, who stayed in the big, old-fashioned Tudor homestead. But then, she was no longer a Howell.

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#### TWENTY YEARS LATER

In a *Highly Elastic* frame of mind, I stroll through Pembroke Arch, and the sight of the old buildings makes me feel *Most Jolly H'English*. On Taylor steps sits one of *Music's Adoring Follower(s)* who, with a *Madly Screaming Syren* surely *Makes Harmony Hopeless*. My *Merry Sallies* on the subject are replied to by *A Managing Woman*, who says: "It can be improved by this *High Hellenic Priestess* who *Averts Fracas by Looking Heavenward!*" I answer: "No, thank you! Bring me this *Easily Scared Creature* who, in her *Prettily Romantic* way, *Makes Acting Perfect*." At this, up strides a *Kindly Executive Captain*, who with *Ready Wit* says: "Call in this *Auburn Locked*

*Maiden, who Leads the Singing Roughhouse.* Although she is *Very Crushingly Cross*, and *Dotes on Cats*, still she *Is Beautiful* and a *Joyful Chorister.*" Before I can answer, there *Flies Past a Cross Country Walker* who is not *Especially Young*, but *Just Wonderfully Clever*. Say I, "She looks so *Marvellously Demure* that you would not guess that she *Ever Earns Credits!*"—"Not only that," replies my friend, "but she is *History's Supreme Shark*. Moreover, she *Captures Insects Cleverly*, and *Manfully Advocates Whiting!*"

"Well," I exclaim, "Give me a girl who puts *Athletics Before Ph.D.'s.*, and who, when she jumps, *Hits the Top*." As we talk, a *Languidly Indolent Mortal* wanders by, and asks: "Why do these girls sing so badly?" My first informant replies: "It is because one of them is a *Repeatedly Fumigated Martyr*, who is *Always Exuberant*; another is *Everlastingly Reading a Clergy's Limitless Directory*, or else *Reads Heavy Greek*; a third is an *Ever Friendly, Mardigras Jobber*, who *Hauls Much for Dramatics*. Being *Fearfully Keen on Classics*, she offends a *Hopelessly Happy go Lucky Humorist*, who *Charitably Laughs at Jokes*. She, in turn, cannot get on with this *Muddle of Mixed Enthusiasms*, whom *East Loves Fearfully*, because of her *Room-mate's Roses.*"

Just then, from the Library, we hear a noise which sounded like a *Mathematical Mind Working Terribly*, but which turns out to be an *Eternal Everlasting Physicist*, in conflict with an *Enthusiastic Language Reader*. The latter, although she *Murmurs D's Carefully*, is *A Caustic Debater*, and *Has Fine Mentality*. Meeting a friend who *Adores Polecon Work*, and *Works on the Bible Actively*, she approaches the steps. "Courage," she cries; "Every one of you *Has Marrying Relations!* If you will only *Eat Minutely* and keep your *Ankles Superb*, likewise *Indefatiguably Manage Riches*, I am sure that there will be more than one among you who *Makes an Exquisite Heroine* and *Marries a Handsome Lover!*"

L. H.  
C. L. D., '11.

*JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONGS*

1912 to 1911.

Swiftly the days of Spring  
 Bring with them lengthening light,  
 Measures of joy and times of gladness  
 Moments and fancies bright.  
 Though Seniors you must go  
 And our days no longer share,  
 May the joy of the Spring and our friendship true  
 Bring you a journey fair.  
 And guide you on your way  
 To a morrow filled with gladness.  
 Joy then in the days of May  
 Love, faithful, and gladsome way  
 Be yours to-day and ever  
 "Nineteen eleven."

A. H., '12.

1912 to 1911.

(Tune: *Reginald de Koven "Spring Song."*)

Now behind the curtain  
 Breathlessly we wait  
 Tremblingly uncertain  
 What shall be our fate.  
 While the moon in splendour,  
 Round its glory pours;  
 Can we fail to render  
 Romantic charms indoors?

Gallant lords and ladies,  
 Charming, bold, demure;  
 Would you to Arcady's  
 Bowers now allure?  
 Shall we gain your favor,  
 Ah! we tremble so,  
 Come, we must be braver,  
 Let the curtain go.

H. D. B., '12.

*JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONG*

From 1911 to 1912.

(To the tune of *Untreue*)

Upon a windy hilltop  
Where swallows circle high,  
We've dwelt in cloistered places  
Beneath a quiet sky,  
And sowed old dreams together  
That still ungarnered lie.

Yet sweet has been the sowing,  
Oh Juniors at our side;  
For you who stay may harvests  
Of many fruits betide,  
While we on other pathways  
Go forth at eventide.

Though distant scenes may greet us  
And other joys we learn,  
These early bonds shall hold us,  
This faith more brightly burn,  
Until from far way-faring  
To these first haunts we turn.

Once more may we be gathered  
As in this farewell hour,  
Nor thought of parting trouble,  
Nor fear of change have power,  
And dreams we've sowed together  
Shall bear their perfect flower.

H. H. P., '11.

1913-1911

(*Air: Oh wert thou in the cauld, cauld blast.*)

Oh swiftly pass these last glad days  
    Of spring together at Bryn Mawr,  
E'er we each take our parting ways  
    We shall remain; you go afar.  
You first smiled on us when we came  
    When we were sad, when we were strange  
You welcomed us and made us glad  
    Our thoughts of you will never change.

Farewell our very best of friends  
    With all good will, remember still  
Your Freshmen though they careless seem  
    Remember still, remember still.  
'Neath blossoming trees and grey-stone towers  
    Together we awhile shall dwell  
Wearing in light and shade the hours  
    And then farewell, alas!—farewell.

R. M.—S. A.—R. S.

## *DULCI FISTULA*

### *SPRING FEVER*

Beneath a tree by Taylor, I  
Sat neatly on the grass  
With Sidney's sonnets (yet unread),  
And watched the college pass.

The Lib. door opened; out there came  
A dreamy maiden meek;  
A single tear stood in one eye,  
Then sauntered down one cheek.

"O spring," I heard her murmur,  
And a sob rose from below;  
('Twas perception of the beautiful  
Not grief that shook her so).

She passed; I heard an argument  
Approaching from behind:  
That same required English  
Which fills the Freshman mind.

"Now who was Sidney? Why? and where?"  
"If so, when did he live?  
And what marked contribution  
To our poetry did he give?"

"I do not know," the answer came,  
"So do not question me,  
But let us to the tea-house go,  
And drown our crit. with tea."

They passed, then hobbling came on one  
Encased from head to toe  
In hobble skirt, worn since she thought  
That it became her so.

A conscious smile was on her face,  
And murder in her heart,  
For walking hobble, let me say,  
Is something of an art.

Now shall I best, my valued friends,  
Go rhapsodise on spring  
And make the tea-house remedy  
The cure for anything?

Are costumes chic that clog the form  
Worth all my time to me?

\* \* \* \* \*

I'd rather sit and criticise  
Beneath the cherry tree!

N. CABOT, '14.

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### *IT'S ONLY THE SENIORS*

We're sitting now in shady dells  
We're thinking of those sad farewells  
And writing poems on anything  
To rhyme with violets or spring.  
We're looking out on sunset skies  
Which make us think of ecstasies  
Throughout those four years at Bryn Mawr  
And how we're going out so far.  
Oh how the moments quickly fly  
Traditional tears spring in the eye!  
Our rhymes are manifestly old  
The tale—you see—is quickly told.  
We're silly seniors, and we all  
Feel sadness unoriginal  
But pity us, oh you who here  
Will sit upon the steps next year  
You know we'd like to stay and play  
It is so hard to go away.

R. MASON, '11.

*INSURGENTS*

## A DIATRIBE AGAINST THE FEMININE

The Insurgents have attempted to wrong many rights and right many wrongs, but until now they have neglected the serious task of censuring the feminine woman. To a casual and superficial observer such censure in such a spot may seem farcical, but it is with sadness that we deplore the threatened destruction of the college woman under the invading influence of the feminine. With spring, we all know, the fountain bubbles, the sap runs, the buds burst,—and insects return. The legion of the red ant flocks over our window seats, the myrmidons of centipedes storm our walls, the pioneer-mouse has long since planted encampments in the midst of our tea things. This is all, as we know, according to nature and as it should be. But the feminine element that is weakening our erstwhile Spartan frame is heard loudly to deplore, nay even to scream. In this season of books of collected verse underneath the bough, the friendly ant and beetle find charming runways in the persons of the undergraduate body. And the undergraduate, almost in a body, shakes vigorously and frequently utters staccato accents of dismay. Is this as it should be? Have the sheep-choppers of Major Bi other and less scientific egos which scuttle cravenly from the diminutive *Insectuora*? Have the rat-catchers of Major Psych moments when they eschew the Rodentia in the cracker box? Is it a sign of firm and strong womanhood when a General Psych student writes shudderingly "hair," as the magic induced by the word "bat"; If these be signs of the times how are we to produce our parallels to the great men of history; where is the dawn of our feminine St. Patrick? Bethink you, my young friends, that your clothes, *and shoes*, are not effective costuming for a panicky leap from a small mouse; that a hockey stick is of weight sufficient to crush the largest of lightning bugs; that however you scream there is none but the Night Watchman and your unfeeling sisters to hear you. And so, planting your feet firmly, I adjure you to go on regardless of the caterpillar that wallows beneath you in the dust.

“And he nas nat right fat, I undertake  
But looked holwe and ther-to sobrely.”

Gentle readers of the TIP, this is how Dan Chaucer described our prototype. Now we are told that scholars of all ages should be characterised by the same traits, so when I observe a discrepancy between our students' body and that of the classical Clerk of Oxenford, I fly in anxiety to these columns to spread the alarum. For it is a painful fact, proved by the health statistics, that learning does not make us as lean as it used to.

The reason for this state of affairs is not far to seek. We are suffering from the faults of our virtues; our laudable generosity is depriving us of our academic earmark. Consider teas, mid-morning feasts, midnight orgies, and all the race of between-meal bites designed to rob the students of appetite and make them complain bitterly of college fare. Consider, also, breakfast parties, supper parties, picnics and like dissipations whose object is to substitute rich and fattening dishes for plain academic food. The hostesses are actuated by motives of benevolence. The guests are hurried from one function to another by Christian charity (that is fear of hurting a friend's feelings through lack of appreciation).

The motives for providing these private opportunities for eating, it is true, are sometimes mixed, although generosity predominates. But the motives for public guzzling, (I have to use this unaesthetic word because I am out of nice synonyms), those motives are purely philanthropic. As Freshmen we first fall into temptation by being told that for the sake of the Students' Building we must visit the Tea House *at least* daily. We gallantly eat sandwiches from four to six during the hockey season, and ice cream during the basket-ball season, for the sake of College Settlements in Philadelphia. We drink a glass of lemonade these pleasant spring afternoons every time we cross Pembroke West green, for the sake of the new Infirmary. At the melodious sound of a brass dinner bell we flock from all parts of the campus at all hours of the day and night to eat ice cream cones for the sake of the “College Charities Fund.”

The conflict is between academic traditions and altruistic instincts. One must be sacrificed to the other. Which shall it be? I leave it to you to decide, or bravely, battening Student Body. M. J. H., '11.

### "ARMS AND THE MAN"

Of course the play was given for us—and we had been prejudiced for *Shaw* for over a year. So the mere program won instant approval. But after all the play was the thing. At first glance the technique of a play by Mr. Shaw seems scarcely a matter for praise or censure. Every movement is amply prefaced with several paragraphs of stage directions. But such odd directions! The heroine is told to blush now faintly, now visibly. A sturdy alarm clock is directed to announce the hour with a sickly tinkle. A sofa, properly placed at the left of the stage is transported to the right—with no visible means of transit. But Margaret Prussing, as stage manager and assistant villain, seemed quite capable of translating Shaw-in-Italics, of arranging impossible exits and constructing an impossible balcony. As for the rest of the play there is but one hard-worked word that may fit—convincing! You knew that the Chocolate Soldier was sleepy. You were sure that the hero was good-looking and quite capable of winning a battle—by mistake. You were convinced that the Man would be captured, that Arms would be well tamed, the blue suspenders were becoming to the Major and that the Captain could consume chocolate creams with astonishing ease and rapidity. In fact you realized it was a clever play, well acted.

M. B. A., '12.

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### THE JUNIOR PLAYS

In accordance with 1912's usual tendency to give full measure, pressed down and running over, they honored 1911 at the Junior-Senior Supper, not with one play, but with two. After the curtain had been rung down on the last act of "Les Romanesques," and the Seniors were still laughing in their joy at the sheer prettiness as well as the delicious wit of that delightful comedy, a sentinel in the uniform of Napoleon's army hurried into the room and handed to each guest a despatch with news from the front announcing that 1912 would now give "The Man of Destiny."

From the moment the curtains parted on "Les Romanesques" and

disclosed lovely Sylvette and gallant Percinet reading together in the entrancing gardens of Bergamin and Pasquinot until, after a series of fascinating tableaux and sparkling dialogues, they closed at last on the gay merrymakers, the charm was potent, the illusion complete, and we shared with happy abandon the idyllic beauties and the clever pleasantries of those joyous *Romancers*. Jean Sterling and Leonora Lucas as the lovers were inimitable in their winning grace. Dorothy Wolff as *Straforel*, and Anna Heffern and Zelda Branch as the irate fathers, brought out most effectively the delicate humour of their roles. One and all, the actors transmitted to the audience the gaiety and prettiness of this most delightful of Rostand's comedies.

Quite different from the light-hearted simplicity of the first play is the enigmatical character of "The Man of Destiny." Here again the actors created and sustained an *atmosphere*. Julia Haines's *Napoleon* was an admirable piece of acting, clear-cut, interpretative, convincing, while Mary Morgan's subtle impersonation of *The Lady* was a finely finished and interesting portraiture of one of Mr. Shaw's most remarkable heroines. Helen Barber captivated the hearts of the audience as the *Lieutenant* with the predominating better side to his nature, and Florence Leopold got a well-deserved laugh by her amusing rendition of the grotesque *Giuseppe*.

M. J. H., '11.

*COLLEGE NOTES*

On April 20th, in melancholy rank and file, 1911 held a gym drill, forming fours in front of four for the last time.

On April 21st, President Thomas returned from Egypt. The college rejoiced to have its president back again—and to be emphatically reassured that even the veiled charms of lady Turks could not compare with the health and intelligence of its average undergraduate member.

*Founders Lecture*, on April 26th, was delivered by Professor Moore, Chaplain of Harvard University.

On Saturday the 29th, the class of 1911 presented its Senior play, *Arms and the Man*, to the Class of 1912. The members of the cast were: *Arms*, M. Margaret Egan; *The Man*, Marion Scott; *Major Petkoff*, Louise Russell; *Nicola*, Agnes Murray; *Lieutenant*, Margaret Friend; *Raina*, Margery Hoffman; *Catharine*, Esther Cornell; *Louka*, Margaret Prussing.

May 1st was celebrated this year by a hymn of Magdeline College sung from Rockefeller Tower, erected for the purpose in 1900, by the Bryn Mawr Band and four carefully prepared May Pole dances.

On the 4th the annual elections of the Athletic Association were held. Carmelita Chase, '12, was elected president; Fanny Crenshaw, '12, vice-president; Louisa Haydock, '13, treasurer, and Leah Cadbury, '14, secretary.

The results of the Undergraduate elections were: Julia Haines, '12, president; Natalie Swift, '13, vice-president and treasurer; Yvonne Stoddard, '13, secretary, and Laura Delano, '14, assistant treasurer.

On May 5th, Dr. Flexner, of New York, gave an address on the subject of *Bacteriology*, under the auspices of the Science Club.

The water polo games are finished—1914 won from 1911, and 1913 from 1912. 1914 won the finals after three very exciting games, thus winning the championship for the year.

In the tennis tournament 1914 won from 1912, and 1913 from 1911. The finals are being played off between 1913 and 1914.

t

The first basket-ball game of the season was played May 7. 1914 won from 1912 with a score of 15-11.

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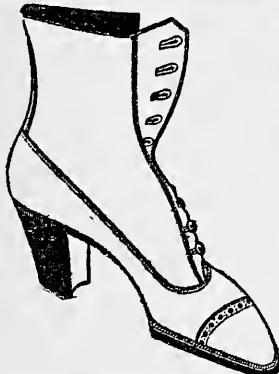
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